THE

TRAVELS OF A HINDOO

TO VARIOUS PARTS OF

BENGAL AND UPPER INDIA.

56958

BY

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WITH AN INTRODUCTION

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TRAVELS OF A HINDOO.

CHAPTER I.

November 1.—Up at dawn to proceed to *Futtehpore Sicri*. Indeed, fate must have destined us to try all sorts of carriages, for the one that was to take us on this morning had to be drawn by a camel. There was the gharry waiting at the door with the head of the camel on a level with the head of the coachee, and affording an oddity for a caricature in *Punch*. But it is the extreme obedience of the animal, and the unflagging equableness of its pace, that must have always recommended the camel in a long journey, and that fast wore out the prejudices which had been at first felt against our utterly strange mode of travelling.

In passing by the artillery practice-ground, we were reminded of the tomb of the Empress Jodh Bai, that at one time stood there, ranking among the architectural curiosities of Agra. But 'the walls and magnificent gateways that surrounded it, had been first taken away

and sold by a *thrifty* government,' and then the tomb itself was experimentalized upon for a practical lesson in mining. No palliation can ever be urged to defend an outrage upon the dead—far less can any plea extenuate the act of blowing up into the air the remains of a woman, no other than Akber's favourite Sultana, to whom 'the people of India owed much of the good they enjoyed under his long reign, by inspiring not only her husband, but the most able Mahomedan minister that India has ever had, with feelings of universal benevolence.'

From Agra to Futtehpore Sicri is twenty-four miles, or a good six hours' drive in a gharry. 'The whole way,' says Fitch, 'resembled a market, as full as though a man were still in a town.' To confirm this, numerous mosques, tombs, and houses, all more or less in ruins, still occur along the road. But much of the country appears to have been brought under the plough, and turned into fields for rice crops and the growth of other staples.

Futtehpore Sicri was something like the Windsor Palace of Akber. The town is situated on the crest of a hill, rising abruptly from the plains to the height of a hundred and fifty feet, and enclosed by a high stone rampart with battlements and towers, five miles in circuit. The whole extent of this space, in its present state, is one scene of desolation, strewed more or less with the ruins of broken columns, walls, gateways, and porticoes, in huge fragments of stone and masonry. Formerly, a great part of the surrounding low country

had been laid out in an extensive artificial lake, twenty miles of circumference, the dam of which is still traceable in many parts. The hill at first was little frequented by men, and on its top lived in seclusion a hoary and holy *fakir*, under the name of Sheik Salim. But few places in India have become famous under more romantic circumstances than Futtehpore Sicri. The Emperor Akber was of an age verging upon thirty. He was then monarch over the fairest provinces of Hindoostan Proper. But he was unhappy on the score of having no child in his royal household. From physical causes, little understood in that age, all his offspring died in their infancy. To avert such domestic calamities, parents in all ages have either sought the aid of charms, or the intercession of gods. In ancient Rome, the ladies wore the phallic emblem to overcome their sterility. It was a mango-fruit, given by a Rishi to Jarasindh's father, and eaten by his mother, which begot that famous Maghada Prince of old. To this day, very often do barren Hindoo women, and those who lose their children in the cradle, repair to the most reputed shrine of Shiva in their neighbourhood, and by fasts and vigils insure his blessings for progeny. In the place of gods, Mahomedan saints have dispensed similar favours to matrons of their nation. By domestic afflictions, the greatest minds are so unnerved as to follow the practices of the common herd. In his parental yearnings for a son, Akber undertook, in conformity with the prevalent superstition of the day, a pilgrimage to the shrine of Moinuddeen of Ajmere.

There is not a greater name in the category of Mahomedan sainthood than that of Moinuddeen, who was a Persian of Cheest, but whose holy dust remains in Ajmere. To make such a pilgrimage, it is a necessary condition, however, for its efficacy, that the pilgrim should go on foot, and be accompanied by his wife. Akber himself was a famous walker, who could travel on foot thirty or forty miles in a day. But it was beyond the power of a woman to accomplish a journey of three hundred and fifty miles at such a rate. It was, therefore, broken in easy stages of three *coss*, or six miles a day. That the begum might not hurt her feet, carpets were spread on the road. That her *purdanashin* honour might not suffer, *kännäts* or cloth-walls were raised on each side of the way. High towers of burnt bricks were also erected at each stage, to mark the places where they rested in their imperial progress. In this manner did the royal pair proceed to the destination of their journey. On arrival there, the Emperor made a supplication to the saint, who at night appeared to him in his sleep, and recommended him to go and entreat the intercession of the holy old man, who lived on the top of Sicri. This was Sheik Salim, then ninety-six years of age. To him the Emperor came, and he was assured that his Begum Jodh Baie would be delivered of a son, who would live to a good old age. The Empress happened to be pregnant about the time, and remained in the vicinity of the old man's hermitage, till the promised boy was born, and called after the hermit, Mirza Salim—the future Jehangeer of Indian

history. They show you to this day 'the little roof of tiles, close to the original little dingy mosque of the old hermit, where the Empress gave birth to Jehangeer.'

By himself, the hoary Sheik was a sufficiently venerable-looking man, but he now appeared doubly or trebly so in the eyes of Akber, who thereafter took up his residence at Futtehpore Sicri, and founded a magnificent town upon its height. By building, planting, and digging, the rock was converted into a scene rivalling the splendours of Agra. Often, from the glare and dust of that city, did Akber retire to this suburban retreat, to breathe purer air, and enjoy lovely rural sights. Here were his vast stables, his hawking establishments, and the kennels of his dogs. Here was the stud of his *shikaree* elephants. Here did he make himself jovial with his favourites, and spend life in slippers. And here always he left his harem when he set out on his expeditions. To this day the whole hill bears marks of terraces, gardens, wells, cisterns, and palaces, which 'give a more melancholy sense of desolation than ruins that appear to have mouldered away under the natural touch of time.'

The most striking object of all at Futtehpore Sicri is a colossal gateway, one hundred and twenty feet in height, and the same in breadth. The span of the arch is forty feet broad, by sixty feet high. In Sleeman's opinion, 'the beholder is struck with the disproportion between the thing wanted and the thing provided. There seems to be something quite preposterous in forming so enormous an entrance for a poor diminutive

man to walk through—an entrance under which ships might sail.' The broad flight of stone stairs, twenty-four feet high, is perhaps the grandest in the world. It is however getting fast dilapidated—the annual rains sweeping down the hill are here loosening a slab and there dislodging another. On the right side of the entrance, is engraven on stone in large letters standing in bas-relief, the following passage in Arabic: 'Jesus, on whom be peace, has said, the world is merely a bridge; you are to pass over it, and not to build your dwellings upon it.'

Nor is the quadrangle in the interior a less grand affair, being a square of 575 feet with majestic cloisters all round. In the centre of the quadrangle stands the tomb of Sheik Salim, a beautiful modest little building, but much too costly over a hermit. The material is all fine white marble, carved with a tasteful elegance. The sarcophagus is enclosed in a latticed screen of marble, and inlaid with mother-of-pearl. To the left is a large mosque, surmounted by three beautiful white marble domes. The old Sheik lived to see the grand works completed. He died at the notable age of 108 years.

The Palace of Akber.—It is dilapidated, and mutilated, and reduced to a desert, full of ruins, and fragments of pillars, domes, and porticoes, presenting a sad picture of departed greatness. Near the *Hati Durwaza* —a huge and massive gateway—are seen 'two figures of astonishing elephants of the natural size, carved in stone with admirable skill and truth.' Not far from

this is a tower, nearly fifty feet high, built, according to local report, of elephant's tusks, 'but actually of composition, moulded and enamelled into a resemblance of those natural substances.' It is much to be deplored that such skilful arts of the Indians have perished. There is also in existence a beautiful octagonal pavilion, said to have been the emperor's private study. 'It has three large windows filled with an excellent tracery of white marble, and all its remaining wall is carved with trees, bunches of grapes, and the figures of different kinds of birds and beasts, of considerable merit in execution.' By Aurungzebe's bigotry the birds and beasts have been disfigured, as savouring of idolatry. Shade of Aurungzebe! why did you spare the trees, when they too are worshipped by many men?

Nothing is so great a curiosity in Futtehpore Sicri as the raised marble floor, which Akber used as a dice-board, while women were his counters. The platform is paved in squares of different colours, after the fashion of a dice-board. 'Here, as legends tell, was played a "royal game of goose," termed *pucheesee*, the pieces in which were thirty-two ladies of the zenana, sixteen on each side; the emperor sat as umpire; the nobles stood as spectators; two favoured lords who had been selected as combatants, manœuvred their forces with all the skill and attention of dice-players, and the victor carried off the thirty-two damsels.'* This is unparalleled in

* The following account of Akber's Pachisi-board is from an old Agra periodical:—'The game is usually played by four persons, each of whom is supplied with four wooden or ivory cones, which are called

history. The Ranee of Ravana invented Chess to beguile the martial propensities of her lord. The Pandava princes staked away their wife, and the throw of the dice made her the property of their rivals. Runjeet Sing challenged General Ventura to seduce away a Cashmerian girl from his zenana, promising to put no obstacles in the way,—and 'in eight and forty hours the lovely Lotus (the girl's name) was transplanted from her royal lover's garden to the Italian's.' But this game of Akber can be accounted for only by the well-known Mahomedan saying, 'that women have no souls.'

Our fathers and grandfathers, whose 'Pierian spring' of knowledge is the Persian, still quote many of the witty sayings of Beerbul, which amused the court of Akber. But the impression that is now abroad is, that he is as much a myth as the Giaffir of Caliph Haroun Al Raschid. Those who want to have their doubts removed about his authenticity may come and see 'a small but richly ornamented house,' which is pointed out to

"gots," and are of different colours for distinction. Victory consists in getting these four pieces safely through all the squares of each rectangle into the vacant place in the centre,—the difficulty being, that the adversaries take up in the same way as pieces are taken at backgammon. Moving is regulated by throwing "cowries," whose apertures falling uppermost or not, affect the amount of the throw by certain fixed rules. But on this Titanic board of Akber's wooden or ivory "gots" would be lost altogether. 'Sixteen girls, therefore, dressed distinctively—say four in red, four in blue, four in white, four in yellow—were trotted up and down the squares, taken up by an adversary, and put back at the beginning again; and at last, after many difficulties, four of the same colour would find themselves giggling into their *dopattas* together in the middle space, and the game was won.'

have been the residence of Beerbul in Futtehpore Sicri.

November 2.—To *Secundra.* On the road to that place are still met with a few of the *Badshahi coshminars,* or milestones. In form, they are solid circular stone obelisks, little larger than our usual milestones. The coshminars were put up to mark the ancient Mogul royal road in India, at the distance of every two miles. Near each of them was stationed a watch-tower, to afford security to travellers. The road was two hundred and fifty leagues from Agra to Lahore. Trees, twenty or thirty years old, had been transported from the nearest woods on the backs of elephants, and planted to shade the way. There were serais to halt for the emperors in their royal progresses, and wells at frequent intervals for the drink of passengers as well as for the irrigation of crops. Tavernier often safely traversed this road with his diamonds. Bernier, too, bears a testimony to its state of efficiency. Fanciful as is the description of 'Lalla Rookh's' progress, it has enough of truth to give an idea of the imperial route of the Moguls. It is not very improbable, that on such a highway, guarded by patrols almost within hail of each other, a purse of gold may have been exposed and found untouched on the next day, to justify the boasts of Oriental historians.

The name of Secundra is probably from Secunder Lodi. The best part of the town is now a wide-extended scene of ruin, telling the mournful tale of the Rebellion. Only a solitary man was ploughing the

fields alongside the road, and two little boys came runing on their nimble legs from a grove at the rattling noise of our gharry. In Secundra sleeps the Great Akber his last sleep of mortality. The quadrangle of his mausoleum is enclosed by high embattled walls, to break the monotony of which there are four octagonal minarets at the four corners, and four colossal gateways on the four sides. The space within is laid out in walks, flower-beds, orangeries, and groves of mango. There is the graceful tamarind as well as the mourning cypress to diversify the scene. It was a lovely morn, and the spot was delightful with verdure. The branches of the lime and citron were pendant with crimson fruits. The shrubberies exhaled a sweet perfume, and the silence brooding over the place had a solemn effect. The mausoleum is quite a sovereign building in its magnitude and splendour. There seems to be stamped on it that air of tranquil majesty, which so much distinguished Akber in his character as well as in external appearance. It is as if the architect has exerted his utmost skill in the work of impressing the emperor's features upon it—of making it the medium to reflect an image of his person, and possibly a type of his mind. The noble structure at once calls up before us a strongly-built and stalwart man, which his Majesty had been—'with a very agreeable expression of countenance and captivating manners.' The building is four stories high, on a pyramidal principle—each story diminishing in circumference and height towards the top, till at the apex it terminates in a terrace of the utmost grandeur.

The towers at the corners rise in tiers, crowned with the most elegant of cupolas. They are many of them enamelled, and the number of the principal towers is fourteen, to correspond with the fourteen soubahs of Akber's empire. They are said to have had a name each bestowed upon them, after the soubah they were meant to represent. Under this view, the mausoleum furnishes to posterity a miniature of the court and empire of Akber. The first and farthest towers stand for the remote soubahs of Bengal, Cashmere, Guzerat, and Scinde. The next higher ones are those that were in a closer proximity to Agra. The terrace itself represents the seat of the Emperor. It takes a delightful hold on the imagination to view the building in this light—that we were told to do by the Mussulman attendants acting as our ciceroni. In death, as in life, Akber is seen to hold his state. There, by a stretch of the fancy, may you see in those graceful towers,—which are meant for the soubahs, and the soubahs for their soubahdars,—Aziz, the Khani Khanan, the Rajah Maun Sing, the Rajah Toder Mull, and the other lieutenants of the empire, to surround their royal master, each in his respective grade—while, on the terrace above, as on his throne, sits Akber presiding over them all. Herein lies the secret charm of this superb tomb. The works of art are perfect only when to them is imparted a meaning—when upon them is imprinted the reflex of an object to speak itself in a mute eloquence to the spectators. The imperial sepulchre designed by Akber, and completed by Jehangeer, is admirably con-

structed to perpetuate a durbar-scene of the Great Mogul.

The square terrace on the top has the most princely magnificence. Nothing but beautiful white marbles enter into its composition. The sides are built up in walls of light and exquisite lattice-screens of the same material. Through their apertures, the meandering Jumna breaks in upon the sight. The inscriptions which run all round the frieze are panegyrical transcripts from the Akbernameh of Abul Fazil. In the middle of the terrace is the Emperor's cenotaph of polished white marble, carved with elegant flower-wreaths, and the name and titles of Akber in Arabic. The slab is also beautifully inscribed with the 'Now Nubbey Nam'—the ninety names or attributes of God from the Koran. Formerly, the terrace was hung over with a gorgeous awning embroidered with gold and jewels. It was too rich a temptation for the Jaut, who took it away in the days of his ascendancy. Since then, the terrace has remained open, communicating with the overhanging firmament, and letting in the light of its luminaries. It is as if the eye of the Divinity looks down upon the man, whose reign was a blessing to mankind.

Inside the galleries and cloisters, the gloss of the plastering is so excellent as to vie with the polish of marbles. In places it is defaced with scratches of names by those who have been too fond of recording their visit. There was one name which had been written in huge English, with charcoal. The characters

had become faint and illegible—so the poor man, who had thought fit 'to attach himself to a mighty body and plough with him the vast ocean of time, like barnacles on the hull of the *Great Eastern*,' has been at last doomed to that very oblivion from which he was so anxious to have himself rescued.

Through a long narrow passage, gradually inclining towards a deep vault under the centre, lies the way to the actual tombstone which covers the remains of the mighty dead. The subterranean chamber is dimly lighted, and filled with that 'silence, how profound,' in which the least noise startles echo to break forth into the most solemn reverberations. The tomb is of the finest white marble, plain and unadorned, as all true greatness loves to be, and as Akber was wont to appear in life amidst surrounding splendour. It exactly corresponds in position with the cenotaph that is on the terrace above. There appears on the unornamented slab no other inscription than that of the name and titles of the Emperor. The large massy sarcophagus measures the length of the tall and stalwart man that Akber had been. One feels the hallowed spot as impregnate with the spirit of his departed majesty,—and no man can approach and stand by his grave without a respectful homage to his manes, and solemn reflections on the ultimatum of human greatness. 'Considering all the circumstance of time and place,' says Sleeman, 'Akber has always appeared to me among sovereigns what Shakespeare was among poets; and feeling as a citizen of the world, I reverenced the marble slab that covers his

bones more, perhaps, than I should that over any sovereign with whose history I am acquainted.'

Lord Bacon thought Julius Cæsar to be the most complete character in all history. Had he lived in our age, it is likely that he would have expressed that opinion in favour of Akber, one of those prodigies of nature which appear on the earth at the interval of many centuries. The Judishthira of Hindoo history has been immortalized rather as the ideal of a philosophical prince, than an actual model king for the imitation of sovereigns. The fame of Akber recalls to mind the pod of musk which his father broke and distributed among his followers, to make the customary presents on the birth of a son, with the fond wish of a parent that the boy's fame might be diffused through the world like the odour of that perfume. In the language of the poet, his 'thoughts were heard in heaven,' and his wishes fulfilled beyond the utmost expectations.

Only two old Mussulmans now attend upon the monarch, at whose behest a hundred thousand swords had often leapt into the air from their scabbards. The duty of these men is to read the daily prayers over the dead and to show the *cheragh* at night—to light 'the lamps in a sepulchre.' Their grey beards are well suited to the gravity of their task, and, as ciceroni of the place, they possess the necessary fund of intelligence.

In the outer verandah are two small sepulchres, of Akber's two grandsons, who died in their infancy. They seem to keep company with their grandfather, who was so very fond of children. Beyond the quad-

rangle lie the tombs of omrahs and officers, who, serving in life, at last gathered themselves to sleep round their beloved sovereign.

In 1805, two British dragoons found comfortable lodgings in this immense mausoleum. The horses used to be tethered in the splendid garden. The troopers ate, and slept, and pursued their sports among the tombs. Could the mighty men of old have started into life, they would have been amazed to hear sounds and behold sights most strange and marvellous to their ears and eyes—they would have wondered to see the descendants of those who had danced attendance upon them with bribes of diamonds for the favour of a *firman* to erect a little factory turned into masters of the land, and arbiters of the fate of their own descendants. It is but justice, however, to the men, that though they were rough dragoons, unused to the mood of relishing or reverencing works of art, they had the English feeling of respect for the dead, and offered no violence to the sanctity of the tomb—leaving the marble slabs and ornamented niches, the carvings and mosaic pavements, and the cupolas and minarets, uninjured and entire.

Three days ago, there had come hither a party of gentlemen to amuse themselves in exercises upon a subject fully worth photographing. The *Secundra*, by which name the tomb is commonly known, does not receive from travellers the same justice that is often done to the Taj. No doubt, the latter has by far a decided superiority, but not so as to throw the other entirely into the shade. The two have their own re-

spective merits. In the Secundra, the emperor is conjured up as standing in a serene majesty, with all the paraphernalia of state about him. In the Taj, is contemplated the image of a superlative beauty, angelic and undying in her charms.

'The homage that is paid to greatness seems to be as much a law in the moral world as the attraction of smaller bodies by larger ones is a law in the physical world. Indeed, something like a fascination holds a man to the spot where sleeps the greatest monarch of all history alone in his glory. 'The idea of vanquishing time by a tomb,' says Chateaubriand, 'of surviving generations, manners, laws, and ages, by a coffin, could not have sprung from a vulgar mind.' By it, the dead makes himself a contemporary with the generations of future ages. Though it is now two hundred and fifty years since the mortal remains of Akber have been consigned to the grave, and that a heavy mass of marble presses upon them with its weight, still he may be fancied as surviving to this day, and filling the spot with his august presence. But the solitude and stillness of death are around him—and leaving his Majesty to sleep out undisturbed his sleep of eternity, we took our last look at the mausoleum, and made our exit from the spot.

Munee Begum's Tomb.—There was in Akber's harem a European lady of the name of Munee Begum. Probably she had been forwarded by the Government of Goa on the request of the Emperor,—or that the Catholic Padres of that city thought the most useful missionary who could

be sent to Agra would be a handsome woman of their race and faith to win over the Emperor to Christianity by the persuasion of fair lips. The Emperor survived his Lusitanian mistress, and showed his affection for her memory by erecting over her remains a handsome tomb at Secundra. In this tomb was located for many years the Press of the Church Mission Society, and its premises afforded shelter to 300 orphans in the famine of 1838.

In proceeding from Secundra to *Muttra*, the most careless observer cannot fail to mark the indications of a poorer country than any left behind. The region spreads for the most part a dreary expanse under the sky, unenlivened by any grazing cattle, or rich sheets of cultivation, or a rapid succession of happy little village-communities. There are few of those umbrageous topes, which enrich the prospect of an alluvial land with their luxuriant boughs and foliage. The soil is partially of a sandy nature, and all herbage has a stunted growth. The crop on the ground was a decided failure—the thin sallow stalks standing several inches apart each from its neighbour. This is certainly to be attributed more to the unusual drought this season than to other causes. But the striking local changes cannot be mistaken to announce the beginning of the country, which further westward has terminated in a wide sea of sand—never so pithily described as in the memorable words of Shere Shah, 'that he had nearly lost the empire of India for a handful of millet.'

Nor less does the traveller happen to find himself among a race of people, differing from the other Indians as widely in their moral as in their external characteristics—the transition of a country being never without a transition of its people. Next to the Bengalee, the Beharee, the Khottah, and the Doabee, is the turn of the Jaut, whose Hindoo or Getic origin is yet an undecided question. But all accounts agree in representing him as having originally settled on the banks of the Indus, and subsequently emigrated to the banks of the Chumbul and Jumna. It has been his lot to live always under an ungenial climate, and to combat with the sterility of a sandy soil. He is, therefore, a marauder as much by necessity as by his antecedents. Physical causes sufficiently account for the ethnic variety and dissimilarity of the habits and customs of the Jaut, which are erroneously thought to be the characteristics of his non-Hindoo origin. The Mogul's difficulty became the Jaut's opportunity, and the latter rose to that wealth and power which gradually brought on his fusion into the Hindoo nationality. He has yet, however, many of his original peculiarities to single him out from the rest of his nation. The people of the Doab have for the most part well-formed features. The rude Jaut has a coarse, mean physiognomy.

The thinness of cultivation is always an evidence of a thin population. In the Doab, the calamity of a famine is yet looming in the distance. But in the country hereabouts, the distress has already made its appearance. The roads have become insecure after

nightfall. More than one instance of solitary pedestrians having met with mishap has occurred.

Halfway on the road-side stood a little solitary hut, before which we stopped the gharry to procure some water. The owner was not at home to answer to our call. There came out a little lad at the door to hear us, while a woman sat peeping from a corner at our strange faces. On making known our errand, she hastily got up to fetch us a *lotah* of water. The woman was healthy and stout. But the sore red eyes of the boy told of his suffering from ophthalmia—the common disease of a dry climate and soil, generally afflicting children. There was another little boy, hardly a twelvemonth old, whom the woman took out from her breast. The poor little thing could scarcely open his eyes, and, unable to stand any sunlight, gave a scream.

In a tally-ho and four were passing a party of ladies and gentlemen towards Agra. It entered into the head of one of the gentlemen to play a prank of big-folkism, by waving his long whip over our companion-gharry.

Encountered a body of itinerant Chowbay-Pandas from Muttra, on the look-out for pilgrims. No sooner did the approach of our gharry betray us to the Hindoos than they gave us chase, and kept running along by the side of our carriage. In vain we feigned ourselves from *Christiangunge*, and assumed sham names to make them give up their pursuit. Rather the humour gave them a zest to persist in it the more.

The suburbs of Muttra were announced in the distance by the thickening belt of topes and other planta-

tions that usually surround the site of a human abode. The cantonments, scattered over an extensive plain, next caught the eye,—and then the town itself was full in sight. From reminiscences of Mogul antiquity, we are now to enter the region of Hindoo antiquity. A reader of the nineteenth century—who is a thorough practical man, and keeps a profession little connected with the indulgence of a classical humour, and is always under a tugging at his heart-strings by wife and children—turns pale at the word antiquity. He has had enough of plunging after plunging into it, and would fain rest awhile from duckings into 'a sea without bottom and shore—in which he has fished long, but has not found any pearl.' * But we are not exploring either an El Dorado or the Source of the Nile, and have not to tell of any 'antres vast,' or of 'hills whose heads do touch heaven,' or 'of cannibals, and anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders,'—to hear all which not only a Desdemona, but many mustachioed men would seriously incline. India has been explored, and examined, and written upon, till the subject has been left threadbare. In the age also that we live in, things go on so regulated by a clockwork Government as to leave no margin for any 'moving accidents by flood and field,'—or 'hair-breadth escapes' from the mouth of a tiger or the hands of a brigand. The reader must either bid us good-bye, or give up his horror of another dip into antiquity. But business always before pleasure: one of our first inquiries was for the shelter

* Firdousi's satirical description of Mahmood's Court of Ghizni.

of a roof and a breakfast. The day was near noon; the road had begrimed us with dust; the sun was penetrating to our very bones—what has a man to do with sentiment, when all his thoughts are bent upon a bath and breakfast? The native Sub-Assistant Surgeon in charge of the Muttra Dispensary was a Baboo from Bengal. To him we repaired, and he was glad to receive us under his roof, and entertain us with every hospitality. Not more was the East India Company indebted to sons of Esculapius for their first factories in India, than we for our breakfasts and dinners in our tour to the North-West.

Muttra boasts almost as high an antiquity as any city in India. It is the *Sursena* of Valmiki and Menu, the *Methora* of Strabo and Arrian, and the *Mo-thou-lo* of Hwen Thsang. Long before Kunsa reigned or Krishna was born, Muttra was a jungly tract occupied by the aboriginal Dwaitas, who were probably the ancestors of the Mairs and Meenas of our day. Their king, contemporary with Rama, was Lubbun. This Dwaita king must have been a more substantial power than a Santhal chieftain of the present day, to defy the authority of the great Aryan monarch of the Solar House. But he fell in the war with an enemy of superior genius and resources, and his kingdom was annexed to form a part of ancient *Aryaverta*. It was at this early period, that Satrughuna, the brother who had been intrusted by Rama with the expedition against Lubbun, first laid the foundations of the city, which stands on our map under the name of Muttra. In a subsequent age, there ruled here a king

called Sura—the father of Koonti and Vasudeb, from whom the people of his kingdom became known under the name of Sursenii, and his capital under that of Sursena. The next account of Muttra is blended with the histories of Kunsa and Krishna, whose names are so familiar to every Hindoo from his boyhood.

That the great Brahminical city of Muttra, and the sacred birth-place of Krishna, had once and for many centuries been a heretic Buddhistical city, is a fact known to not a single Vishnuvite, and which would never be believed by a Chowbay in his five senses as authentic. In the time it had been visited by Fa Hian there were seven great *stupas* or towers containing the relics of Buddha and his principal disciples, and twenty monasteries with three thousand monks. Fa Hian and his companions 'halted at Muttra for a whole month, during which time the clergy held a great assembly and discoursed upon the law. After the meeting they proceeded to the *stupa of Sariputra,* to which they made an offering of all sorts of perfumes, and before which they kept lamps burning the whole night.' In Hwen Thsang's time, the number of towers and monasteries was the same, but that of the monks had been reduced to 2000. The king and his ministers were all zealous Buddhists. The three great fasts of the year were celebrated with much pomp and ceremony. There were 'processions carrying flying streamers and stately parasols,'—while 'the mists of perfumes and the showers of flowers darkened the sun and moon.' In the midst of all this Buddhism, the number of Brahminical tem-

ples was five only. It is not told whether the gods worshipped in those temples were images of Vishnu or of Krishna, or emblems of Shiva, to enable us to know whether the modified worship of Vishnu in the character of Krishna had already commenced. But though Buddhism was apparently so flourishing, it must be considered to have really begun to wane, and that the zeal of the people of Muttra must have lessened considerably, when in the interval of time from Fa Hian's visit to that of Hwen Thsang, the body of monks had been so materially reduced as to two-thirds of their number. Indeed, that secession of the Buddhists had commenced, which gradually culminating in their downfall, made Puranism flourish in a progressive ratio, and covered the face of Muttra by the tenth century with Brahminical temples popping from all sides.

Just at the entrance of the town, is a long and lofty earthen mound, resembling the spur of a low, diminutive hill. The vast and solid mass, overgrown with grass and herbage, wears the usual venerable appearance of an ancient pile of ruins. Fragments of stone and brick protrude from its surface, as if struggling for resurrection. Perched on the summit is a small white unpretending temple, embosomed in a grove of trees. The mound excites not a little curiosity, and it is pointed to the pilgrim as the *Kunsa-tila*, or the ruins of the abode of Kunsa. The mansion of that ancient Raja is described in the Vishnu Pooran to have been a palatial building, enclosing ample court-yards and having high-storied apartments for the women,—a building, with a vignette

of which it is now attempted to illustrate the page of a Bengalee Almanack. Judging from the dimensions of the huge pile, the tradition which identifies it with Kunsa's abode seems to have an air of plausibility. But in truth, the mound represents the vestiges of one of the seven famous Buddhistical *stupas* in a subsequent age. There are six other such mounds around Muttra, all referring now to Brahminical divinities, but which are unmistakably Buddhist. Under the common impression of its being the ruins of Kunsa's mansion, the Chowbays or the priests of Krishna, put up a figure of that tyrant on the summit of the mound, and annually, on the ninth day of the moon in Kartick, they vent their wrath against him by a mimic assault of his castle by some hundreds of robust church militants, with long clubs bound with iron rings, and by burning his effigy.

As the birth-place of Krishna, Muttra is as sacred to the Vishnuvites as Bethlehem is to the Christians. But in the same manner that Christian pilgrims to Bethlehem are shown a grotto to represent the house of Joseph and Mary,—a marble star, as the star that conducted the Magi to the house where Christ was born,—and a recess hewn out of the rock, as the manger where he was laid upon straw; the Hindoo pilgrim to Muttra has to see no dark cell as the apartment occupied by Vasudeb and Devaki, no crypt to indicate the hallowed spot of Krishna's nativity, and no door or window as the one through which he was carried away to Gokul.

There is much that has a striking coincidence in the history of Herod and Kunsa. The Governor of Judæa

had been alarmed by the birth of an infant, destined to rule for ever over the house of Jacob, and so 'he sent forth and slew all the male children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under.' In the same manner, it had been foretold to Kunsa that a nephew would be born to him who would slay him and put an end to his house, and so he held his sister and brother-in-law in perpetual imprisonment, and one by one destroyed their seven children, till the eighth, who was the promised Avatar, was born, and saved by a miraculous escape. Not only the names of Krishna and Christ bear so great a similarity to each other, but many of their adventures and miracles seem dictated by causes not less analogous. The presumption is strong, that one of the two religions has been founded upon the other—that the Vishnuvites, in all probability, have borrowed their story from the primitive Christian emigrants to India, and, adapting it with variations and classic ornaments of their own, have built upon it a creed antagonistic to Shivaism—preserving however this grand line of demarcation between the Bible and the Bhagbut, that while the religion of Christ appeals to the nobler faculties of man, the religion of Krishna appeals to those which the more easily take in people.

In Muttra, the sentimental traveller is apt to neglect the *present* about him, and to indulge in the pleasing recollections of antiquity—the illusions of poetry and fable which lend a charm to the spot. He treads here upon the soil trod by *Ugrasena* and *Okoor*. He tries by a

little stretch of his imagination, to recognize *Kubja* in a homely maid passing the streets. He meets a washing-man, and fancies him to be the descendant of the individual who furnished Krishna and Buldeo with becoming clothing to appear at the court of Kunsa. This Dwaita prince had overthrown the Sena dynasty, and re-established the aboriginal domination at Muttra. It was the mission of the *Lord of the mace and discus* to lay the proud usurper low, and to seat himself upon the throne of his ancestors. Time has left no trace of the palace, the gate of which had been besieged by Nanda and Jushoda, by the Gopis of Brindabun, and by the swains of Gokool—all making a piteous application to the porters for admission to behold once more their beloved Krishna, elevated from a shepherd to a sovereign. Jushoda outdoes Rachel in lamentation and bitter weeping—Jeremiah must yield the palm of pathos to Bopdeva.

The Jumna below Muttra presents in this season a low shallow stream, fordable at many places. Had it been in the cold weather, or in summer, none would have doubted the story of Vasudeb's wading through the stream with the new-born Krishna in his arms. There would have needed then no jackal to precede him to show the way across the stream. But Krishna was born in August, during the height of the rains. The day also was the eighth day of the moon,—one usually rainy in the meteorologic calendar. The Jumna then gets swollen nearly thirty feet high, rolling with a current *which cuts a reed in twain*, to quote a common

native saying. Vasudeb could scarcely have stemmed the force of such a current with a babe in his arms, unless he had been one of those sturdy and expert swimmers who are seen to drift down the Ganges or Bhagiruttee, with a pail of milk or ghee on their heads, and a bundle of reeds in one of their arm-pits to keep them afloat.

Some three or four miles off, over on the other side of the river, was seen a high column of smoke almost to touch the horizon. Doubtless, such a column as this rose from the enormous pile of faggots collected by the swains of Gokool to burn the corpse of the haggard *Pootna*, and which met the eye of Nanda, then come to Muttra to pay in his *kist* of revenue to his liege lord, Kunsa.

In Muttra, the ghauts are light and graceful—in Benares, they are severe and simple. The red sandstone temples overhanging the ghauts are highly wrought and ornamented. What time, and skill, and labour, have been expended in reducing rough blocks to polished shafts, in adjusting their proportions, in carving their rich capitals, and rearing them where they stand! The sun was beating with intense heat, and we sat down on the steps of a shaded ghaut, quietly to smoke a cigar. There were men bathing before us in the poetic Jumna, and taking up mud to smear it on their foreheads, and saying their prayers in waist-deep water. Parties of women, with pretty faces and well-developed persons, came to fetch water in *ghurras* poised on their heads. Milkmaids came over in small

crafts from the villages along the river, to sell the product of their dairies like the Gopis of old. But the wives and daughters of the modern *Gowalas* are far from being light, fairy creatures to captivate and enchant you, though you had all the sentiment about their famed ancestresses in your head.

The most sacred spot in all Muttra is the *Bisram-ghaut*, where Krishna and Buldeo rested from their labours of slaying Kunsa, and dragging his corpse to the river-side. They had also washed their bodies and clothes at this ghaut; in imitation of which the pilgrim also has to perform his ablutions and devotions here. But the ghaut abounds in shoals of tortoises, from which the pilgrim is in danger of being bitten at the toes. There is no broad flight of steps properly to deserve the name of a ghaut. The top, however, is crowned with many beautiful temples and shrines. It makes a gay scene every evening to perform here the vespers in honour of the Jumna. Large crowds assemble to witness the ceremony. The spot is illuminated. Bells and cymbals ring on every side. The women shower flowers from the high balconies, and incense is burned loading the air with a sweet perfume. In the Bisram-ghaut is annually held a great bathing *mela*, called *Jumna-ka-Boorkee*, on which occasion the gathering of men from Behar, Bundlecund, and other remote parts of India, exceeds more than a hundred thousand. The festival takes place on the second day of the new moon in November, when a bath at this ghaut is said to enable a man to escape the

purgatory of Yama, the king of the infernal regions. The crowd, the noise, and the rush of men and women for a dip in the stream, are singular to contemplate. The police is stationed to prevent accidents. One lad had been drowned, but he was fortunately rescued from a watery grave. The thick shoals of tortoises always swarming at the ghaut happen to be scared away from it on that day. To the Chowbays, the occasion proves a great harvest of gain. The pittances offered to the images of Krishna and Buldeo at the ghaut sometimes amount to thirty or forty thousand rupees.*

The Greeks saw the Hindoos worship Bacchus in ancient *Methora.* This may, possibly, refer to 'the curious Greek-clad statue,' which, with his portly carcass, drunken lassitude, and vine-wreathed forehead,' is considered by our antiquarians to be the 'well-known figure of the wine-bibbing Silenus.' The statue was discovered along with a Bacchic altar, in 1836. It does not appear probable to have been worshipped by the Buddhist Hindoos of olden time,—and the way in which the question of its presence can most reasonably be solved, is to assume the residence of 'a body of Bactrian Greek sculptors who found employment for their services amongst the tolerant Buddhists of the great city of Muttra, about the beginning of the Christian era.' Long has any Buddhist or Greek god ceased to be worshipped in Muttra. The most favourite local deity now is Krishna, who is adored in nearly all the temples abounding in the town which owns his exclusive juris-

* During a second tour we were an eye-witness of this mela.

diction. Shiva has no right, title, or interest in this city. He has only one temple dedicated to him, and appears to have been permitted to reside much as a foreigner holding a passport—as an interloper.

From the accounts of the Chinese travellers, it would appear that the Buddhist establishments in this city must have been of considerable importance and grandeur. But the ascendancy which in the fulness of time Brahminism gained over Buddhism seems to have given a greater prosperity and splendour to Muttra than had met the eyes of Fa Hian or Hwen Thsang. This may safely be concluded from the memorable words which have been left on record by Mahmood of Ghizni:—'Here there are a thousand edifices as firm as the faith of the faithful, most of them of marble, besides innumerable temples; nor is it likely that this city has attained its present condition but at the expense of many millions of dinars; nor could such another be constructed under a period of two centuries.' This high admiration is a valuable testimony to the excellence of ancient Hindoo architecture, to which but little justice is done in our age. The passage is also illustrative of the civilization and splendour of Indian life in the eleventh century. It is not without reason, therefore, that Colonel Tod remarks, 'that if the traveller had journeyed through the Courts of Europe, and taken the route by Byzantium, through Ghizni, to Delhi, Kanouge, and Anhulwara, how superior in all that constitutes civilization would the Rajpoot princes

have appeared to him!—in arts immeasurably so; in arms by no means inferior.'

Mahmood is said to have spared the temples either through admiration of their beauty, or on account of the difficulty of destroying them. But there is no monument, or column, or ruin of any kind—nothing, absolutely nothing, which has been left behind to recall an image of those times. The truth is, that during the twenty days that he tarried here, he sacked and burned the place, and rifled the temples of their gods. There were 'five golden idols whose eyes were of rubies, valued at 50,000 dinars,' or two lacs and fifty thousand rupees. A sixth 'golden image weighed one thousand one hundred and twenty pounds, and was decorated with a sapphire weighing three and a half pounds.' Besides 'these images, there were above one hundred idols of silver, which loaded as many camels.' The Buddhists had no such rich idols—their statues were all of stone or copper, though some of them had been very colossal figures.

The pictorial Muttra of the tenth and eleventh centuries having been reduced to ashes, lay in obscurity for many a century. No notice of it has been taken by Baber, though he lived in close proximity at Agra. The modern town seems to have grown up from the time that Vishnuvism received a new impulse from Choitunya, and his followers enjoyed toleration under the mild government of Akber and of his two successors. It is beautifully situated along the bank of the Jumna,

Contiguous to Muttra are those great sandstone quarries which, for ages past, have furnished materials to the architects of Upper India for building the houses, shops, temples, and ghauts of its principal cities. The main street is a feature of great beauty. This town, too, must have cost to build several millions of dinars, and is inhabited by bankers and traders of princely wealth. The ancient orthodoxy of the people has not suffered a jot of abatement. But the wealth and splendour of old Muttra must have far exceeded the wealth and splendour of the present city. There is not a single idol of gold, with eyes of rubies and sapphires, that we saw in any of the temples, though we had visited nearly some twenty of them.

The finest building in the town is that of Paruckjee, the richest banker of the day in India. He was Scindia's treasurer, and retired from service with two crores. He is now reputed to possess nearly ten crores. By faith a Jain, he has, in front of his house, dedicated a temple to god Dwarkanath of that sect. The fane is magnificent, and remarkable for highly-wrought carvings on stone. In the building, which is supported by a triple row of pillars, and situated in the centre of the square court, we saw a respectable assembly sit squatting at an entertainment of music and song. The room occupied by the god is richly decorated. Its ceilings are silver-gilt. The image itself is apparently all gold—the figure being life-sized, and standing with closed eyes in the act of meditation. Buddhism, in one shape or another, seems to have always existed in Muttra—main-

taining its ground under the modified form of Jainism, after the votaries of Sakya Muni had lost their footing. Tavernier saw in his time at Muttra a hospital for apes, which was unquestionably an institution of the Jains. In our age, the wealthy establishment of Paruckjee resembles a Buddhist monastery of the olden times.

The *Katra,* or market-place, towards the south-west of the town, is an oblong enclosure, about eight hundred feet in length by upwards of six hundred and fifty feet in breadth. In the midst of this square stands the Jummah Musjeed of Aurungzebe, on a large mound nearly thirty feet high. From the remains of Buddhist pillars, railings, figures, and inscriptions, discovered in clearing out a well at this spot, it is believed to have been 'the site of the famous monastery which was founded by the holy Upagupta during the reign of Asoca.' The Brahmins overthrew the building of their rivals, and made use of its materials in erecting the temple of their god *Kasava Deva,* or *Keso Ray.* Judging from the dimensions still traceable, this temple appears to have been one of the largest in India. In its turn, the great Hindoo temple was overturned, and on its foundations was raised the mosque of the Mahomedans. Owing to many dangerous cracks in the roofs and walls, the mosque has long been disused.

Nothing but the ruins are now seen of the old fort of Muttra, built by Rajah Jeysing on an elevated site on the bank of the river. The observatory erected by that scientific prince on the roof of one of the apartments is also in a ruinous state. From the fact of this observa-

tory, it is to be inferred that Muttra must formerly have been a seat of learning, which it has ceased to be in our day. The decay of the fort and observatory may be attributed to the pillage and massacre which Muttra suffered at the hands of Ahmed Shah Durani, just a century ago. The city was surprised during the height of a religious festival, and the unoffending votaries were slaughtered with the same indifference and barbarity, that, in our day, left only one European and two Natives out of an army of 13,000, to tell of its sad end by the treachery of Akber Khan. In the words of Tieffenthaler, 'Muttra is a populous city, abounding in wealthy inhabitants. In this city, and in another town called Brindabun, the Affghans practised great cruelties, and displayed their hatred of idols and idolaters, burning houses together with their inmates; slaughtering others with the sword and lance, hauling off into captivity maidens and youths, men and women. In the temples of the idols, they slaughtered kine regarded as sacred by the superstitious people, and smeared the images and pavement with the blood.'

It is time now to say something about the Chowbays, who abound in such large numbers at Muttra. From a similarity of name by which they are distinguished, and from the clubs which it is fashionable for them to carry in their hands, they are thought to be most likely the Sobii whom Alexander found settled in the Punjab. However it be, the Chowbays in our day are noted for being one of the four great classes of high-caste Hindostanee Brahmins, who have the exclusive privilege of minister-

ing in the temples of Krishna in the city of his birth. They have all the local traditions on the tip of their tongues, to din into the ears of pilgrims. But none of them appeared to us to be very devout in their professions—fleecing pilgrims being more their vocation than moralizing. Those who had pertinaciously followed us on the way had fondly lingered about us for a time in the hope of reaping a rich harvest. From a dozen, their party had increased to thrice that number, as the news of our arrival got noised among their brotherhood. There were many of them who had fat paunches and protuberant bellies to denote their easy condition. Others who had often to rub shoulders with rivals, were particularly clamorous and importunate in their application. But among the Chowbays thrift follows not fawning. Their preferment goes by service, of which each had in his hand a scroll of vouchers and certificates to substantiate his claim. It mattered little to us to know who had or had not served any of our ancestors in the duties of a Panda, or religious attendant upon them—we turned a deaf ear to the solicitations of those, who contrive to gain their ends by worrying a man with the din of a clamorous application. Our cool indifference and imperturbable equanimity upset all their calculations, and when they found that they spoke to a dead wall, they gradually dropped away one by one to their great chagrin—amazed at our wonderful thick-skinnedness. There are 1400 families of Chowbays, making about 3000 persons—the same number that is spoken of the ancient Buddhist monks by Fa Hian. The greatest of

all the Chowbays was created by Akber. He had 52 *jujmans* or religious patrons, mostly out of the great Hindoo officers of that emperor's court. None of his descendants are now living. Gymnastic exercises are a great favourite with the Chowbays. There is a slur upon their character, that they are the illegitimate offspring of Hindoo mothers and the Affghaun officers of Ahmed Shah's army, in consequence of which the Vrijbashees do not marry in a Chowbay family. The Chowbays intermarry amongst themselves, and never make connection in a house from which they cannot have a son or daughter in exchange. It is peculiar with them to celebrate at once 20 marriages on a day, to avoid incuring a large expense in the feeding of their relatives.

The Chowbaynees are in the grandest style of beauty. The whole class is superb, and the general character of their figure is majestic. Their colour is the genuine classical colour of the Brahminees of antiquity. In returning back to our lodge, we chanced to see a creature who was going to pay her evening devotions at a neighbouring shrine. The veil was so drawn over the head, as to leave the face open to the admiration of passers by. It was a perfect unmasked battery—her large, black, rolling eyes charging with the artillery of their charms. As she passed along with 'the inceding tread of a Juno' —bearing a platter of flowers in one of her hands, the throngs drew themselves on either side of the street to make way for her, and gaze for a moment at her sovereign beauty—at the delicacy of her figure and complexion. Though well aware of the fact that all eyes

had been turned upon her, she did not falter a step in her motion,—nor did a muscle move in her face, or a blush rise to her cheeks. Called often by their profession to be out of doors, the Brahmin women are more accustomed to such trials than any other class of Hindoo females; hence they acquire a firmness of mind which makes it no easy thing to stare any of them out of countenance. Her elegant costume was admirably calculated to set off the personal graces of the Chowbaynee. No attire is so becoming to the delicate form of a woman as the Hindostanee garment, *angya*, and *dopatta*. It is the opinion of an accomplished English lady, that 'a woman in European attire gives the idea of a German mannikin,—an Asiatic, in her flowing drapery, recalls the statue of antiquity.' The up-country women are in the habit of darkening the edges of their eye-lids, a practice originally Hindoo, and prevalent from a long antiquity. Not less so are the uses of the betel and henna in dyeing the lips and fingers. Hindoo female taste does not err so much in deepening the black and red of nature, as does Mahomedan female taste in preferring to blacken the lips, enamel the teeth, and cover the eye-lids with gold-leaf—absurdities giving a ghastly appearance to lovely countenances.

On return from our stroll, our host took us through the hospital to see his patients, among whom one case particularly attracted our notice. The patient, a tall man of about sixty, was lying insensible for eight and forty hours. He was brought out into the open air for examination, and on a bucket of water being poured over

his head and face, began to move his limbs and feet. Two or three more buckets were poured, to bathe his whole body, but no efforts could revive him to utter a single word, or take in any kind of food. It was not till the next day that he was to get back his senses—people generally taking three days to recover from such stupefaction. This is the second instance of the kind which has occurred in one week. The victim in the first instance had been a poor rustic fellow, who had been coming home after nightfall from a relative with a brass *lotah* in his hands. However slight the temptation, it set upon him one of those professional poisoners, called *Dhutoreeas*, who formerly infested every road in India. In a little time the rogue ingratiated himself into the confidence of the poor traveller, and as they sat in a roadside hut to have a pull at the hookah, the poisoner took the opportunity to put the noxious drug of *dutoora* in the tobacco, and gave it to his companion to smoke. Before long the traveller became stupified and fell asleep, when the other man very conveniently made off with the lotah, with nobody to give the alarm. Unquestionably, this is Thuggism in a milder type, the outbreak of which is apprehended as the consequence of dearness of food.

Though probably a city given up to an eternal round of fêtes and tomfooleries, society in Muttra is greatly mercantile. In the long street of shops, we were not prepared for the sight that met our eyes. It was gay, animated, striking, and beautiful, thronged by Mahrattas, Marwarees, Chowbays, and others, in their vari-

ous costumes, and all mingled together in agreeable confusion. The different shops were well supplied with from knick-knacks to the most costly goods, and you hear there men talking about cotton, and opium, and indigo, and exchanges, and other topics of interest, in the literal meaning of the word. The houses of the higher mercantile classes are large, neat, and in good order, with ornamented balconies and painted windows. Just on the floor above the street, sits the grave and sedate *guddee-wallah*, with the pipe in his mouth, now casting his looks at the mohurrurs bringing up his books, and then attending a broker to hear his report of the market.

It was a season of festivity, and two of our friends tarried behind to enjoy a *nautch*, while we proceeded on the same evening to Brindabun. The *ruth*,—from which, no doubt, has been derived the word chariot,—the *ruth* is decent enough, with its scarlet screens and canopy hung with fringes. But it is set upon two wheels without any springs, and drawn by a pair of bullocks, whose jog-trot pace keeps the light concern in a perpetual oscillation. In such a car did Okoor bring Krishna and Buldeo to the Court of Kunsa,—and in such a car did we proceed to Brindabun. But with all our veneration for the classics, and our recollections of the heroic ages, we soon felt under the joltings of the *ruth* as if an abscess was forming on our liver. Rocks have altered, worlds have changed, and nations have worn away, but no improvement has taken place in the vehicular architecture of the Hindoo.

From Muttra to Brindabun is three *gow-koss*, or the distance that is measured by the audibleness of the bellowing of a cow from one extremity to another. This curious mode of measuring distance is natural to a rude pastoral people, and significantly speaks of the pastoral state of the country in ancient times. But a fine road now presents itself skirting the river, and though not well laid down it is good enough for driving a buggy, one of which was actually seen to roll away past by our *ruth* of the fifteenth century B.C. The last streaks of sunset faded away from the clear blue sky of a beautiful climate, and the mellowed light of an Indian twilight helped us for two miles of ground. On our right flowed the classic waters of the Jumna. To our left, the country opened charming woodland sceneries, abounding with flocks of wild peacocks, the plume of which is so prominent on the coronet of Krishna.

November 3.—This is the sixteenth day, and we are at *Brindabun*. Our grandfathers and great-grandfathers had to make their wills before setting out on a pilgrimage to this *Ultima Thule* of their days. By land, the journey was unsafe from wild beasts, from highway robbers, from Thugs, and from Mahratta rovers. By water, the voyage was unsafe from *Nor-Westers*, from pirates, and from the river-police. Those were days of might over right—of *tera ke mera*, in which the timid Bengalee, who quitted his home, scarcely hoped to escape the thousand accidents by flood and field. But travelling thus far we have not lost a pice, and not a man has dared to approach us either in the mountain

gorge, or upon the lonely heath. In a few years the Railway shall further abridge this distance and time, and inaugurate an era of security to life and property which has been never known to these regions.

The news about our own selves must have travelled before us, or otherwise our family *Panda* could not have had the intimation to show us his face early this morning—the first face which a pilgrim has to meet with in Brindabun. Though we looked with an unfavourable eye upon all Pandas, the young man—for he was only two and twenty years old—who was so opportune in coming to wait upon us with his welcome and offer of services, had a mild appearance and modest demeanour to bias us in his favour—good looks, as the saying goes, being the first recommendation. He was quite a stranger, and introduced himself to us by taking the names of several of our relatives—which it is a more useful thing for his brethren to treasure up in their memory than the names of worthies taught in the *Shasters*—and handing to us at the same time a scroll of old papers for our inspection. They were the certificates of services which had been rendered by his predecessors to such of our ancestors and to those of other people, as had come on a pilgrimage to this holy town. There is a pleasure to go through these testimonials, and chance upon the autographs of a grandfather or great-grandfather, that interest us by being the only relic of their handwriting yet in existence. The only name among our ancestors which turned up to meet our eye, was that of a grand-uncle bearing date the year

1825. His certificate further increased our amiable feelings towards the young man who had brought it, and in the end so fully established him in our graces as that we accepted the offer of his services by subscribing our name to his paper below that of our grand-uncle—a paper that is to be bequeathed by him to his descendants, and preserved as a precious heir-loom in the family. Few of the vouchers or certificates were found to be older than three generations, or beyond the age of our grandfathers. This is a proof, that pilgrimages to Brindabun were less frequent when British rule had not extended to these provinces—when the inroads of the Mahratta and Jaut, of Holkar and Ameer Khan, had plunged the valley of the Jumna in misrule and anarchy.

Our *Panda* fixed, our clothings put on, and the sun up enough for all the gods to have got out of their beds, we sallied out on our ramble. The birth-place of Krishna is not half so sacred as this place of his amorous adventures. He appears to owe his apotheosis more to his *liaisons* than to his miracles. He excites the enthusiasm of his followers more by the stories of his early gallantries than by those of the honourable exploits of his maturer years. In Brindabun he tended cattle, stole milk, played upon the pipe, and danced, sported, and philandered with milkmaids; and the scenes of his gay amours are reckoned as objects of the holiest veneration. To the Vishnuvite, Brindabun is the land of poetic dreams—the Elysium of his fondest aspirations. How it has been immortalized by the Muse, and has called

forth the noblest and most melodious lyric in the language! If there be a spot of ground on earth in which the historical, and the poetical, and the fabulous are so charmingly blended together that we would not separate them if we could, it is the little town of Brindabun, which lies under a pure sky, and is washed by the waters of a crystal stream. The mendicant *Byragee* traverses many countries, and at last ceases from his wanderings to pass the evening of his days and lay his bones in the classic soil of *Vrij*.

More than one emissary had been sent by the tyrant Kunsa to seek the life of Krishna, and the herdsmen of Gokul emigrated with him to Brindabun—then a very secluded place, from the many woods in which it had been embosomed. This is the earliest story about Brindabun that is on record. But it cannot fail to strike a man, how, in a place only six miles distant, the infant could have been secure from the tyrant's reach. The exile of Krishna, his concealment under the roof of an humble cowherd in an obscure village, his association with shepherd boys, and his pastimes with shepherd girls, are all common events in the annals of mankind. But it is difficult to account for how he could openly do all these things so near to the abode of his implacable foe, and still that foe remain ignorant of his whereabouts. It is the story of the prophecy of Kunsa's fall, that causes the hitch in our belief. By dropping that story, all doubts would be silenced. But it is by the invention of that story, and of the miracles performed at a tender age, that Krishna as-

sumes the celebrity of an *Avatar* in the eyes of his followers.

Taking Muttra as a centre, the circle described by a radius of eighty-four miles would give the extent of ancient *Vrij*—the seat of all that was refined in Hindooism, and the language of which, *Vrij-buli*, was the purest and the most melodious dialect of India. In all Vrij, the most classic spot is Brindabun. The tract, comprehended by a circle thus described, was the kingdom that had been occupied by the *Sursenii* of Menu and Megasthenes. It was the inheritance to which Krishna was entitled by his birthright, but which had been usurped by Kunsa. Fourteen years of his life had been spent in concealment at Gokul and Brindabun, before Krishna had an opportunity to go to Muttra, kill his uncle, and recover his patrimony. The period for which he wielded the sceptre of his ancestors at Muttra was eleven years. He thus passed five-and-twenty years of his life in Vrij—a classic region, every inch of which is deemed hallowed ground by his acts and adventures. Here, on his deification, rose the first altars to his worship. It is not known when and under what circumstances that worship first commenced, but it appears to have grown into a rage in the olden times. The refined Hindoo, abjuring all sensual interpretation, attached a character of spiritual love to the dalliances of *Kanya* and *Radha*. The soft idyls of their pastoral adventures fell in melting strains, and found an echo in the feelings and sentiments of a worldly laity. Vishnuism, inculcating the worship of Krishna, had

been moulded and fashioned with an imagery, which, kindling the imagination, at once enthralled the hearts of the females; and the warm-hearted Rajputnees 'crowded to his shrines, drawing all the youth of the country after them.' * From austerity, the natural reaction is to licentiousness, and people falling off from the severities of Buddhism embraced a creed which they found to come home to their bosoms. Vrij, where Krishna's descendants fondly cherished the memory of his exploits, became the head-quarters of his religion. But the Islamite came, and striking a fatal blow, sadly humbled the pride of that flourishing religion. The shrines abounding in Vrij were all doomed to demolition. The images adorning them met with a similar fate. To escape the hammer of the infidel, the idols of principal note had been secreted, or transported beyond his reach. The statue of Balmokund of Brindabun was concealed in the Jumna. That of Gokulnath was hid in a ravine on the banks of that river. Yadu-nauth, the image worshipped at Mahavan, fled on the approach of Mahmood. Thus desecrated, depopulated, and reduced to a desolate waste, Vrij lost all its attractions, and ceased to possess any prestige. No more did pilgrims throng there from far and near. On the soil lingered only the remnants of a scattered and poor population, and the region became a wilderness in a few years. The site of Brindabun happened to be entirely

* It was to counteract this fervour, that the Jains of Western India set up their image of Neminath—a fact communicated in confidence to Col. Tod by one of the sect.

forgotten. Nobody recollected the positions of its sanctuaries, or the fate of its idols. Upon the spots distinguished by the miracles of Kanya grew wheat and barley. Not a voice broke in upon the solitude brooding over the scenes of his pastimes. The peacock gamboled and the ape leapt from bough to bough in the groves sacred to his memory. Neglected Brindabun lay in this wild, untenanted state for four centuries—its antiquities obliterated, its traditions forgotten, and its very name almost passed into oblivion.,

In the same manner that the Christian world is indebted to the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine, for her explorations of the unknown localities consecrated by the acts of the Redeemer, is the Hindoo world indebted to Choitunya and his disciples for the restoration of Brindabun to its pristine importance and sanctity. Nothing has yet turned up to give a clue for ascertaining the age in which Vishnuvism first originated. The most authentic fact of its earliest existence on record is furnished by the inscription on the Iron Pillar at Delhi, stating Rajah Dhava, who put up that pillar in A. D. 319, to have been a worshipper of Vishnu. The next fact is supplied by Fa Hian, who saw the *Vishnupod* to have been already established at Gaya in the beginning of the fifth century. The Vishnuva worship is said to have been instituted at Kanchi in the Carnatic by Luchmana Acharya. But it must have been by a learned Brahmin either of Rajpootana or Guzerat—places famous for the life and acts of Krishna—that Vishnuvism was modified to introduce the worship of

that incarnation. The great text-book of the Vishnuvites—*Sreemut Bhagbut*, is supposed to be the work of Bopdeva, a grammarian, who lived in the court of the Rajah of Deoghur in the middle of the twelfth century. So involved in obscurity and fable is the origin of all Hindoo sects, that nothing certain can be known about them. But there exists no uncertainty as to the reformations undertaken by Choitunya. The decadence of Vishnuvism on the advent of the Islamite left the amalgamated Shivites and Sactos to form the most dominant sect in India. They prospered most in Bengal, but degenerated to the grossest abuses. Disgusted by the abominable orgies of the *Tantricks*, Choitunya sought to propagate the tenets of a purer religion, by imparting a new type to Vishnuvism, and creating a reaction in its favour. He glossed over those texts of the Bhagbut which were likely to bring his creed into disrepute. He viewed the flirtations of Krishna with the Gopinees in a Platonic light, and founded upon them his doctrine of Bhukti, or Faith, as contra-distinguished from Works.* The history of Vrij—the cradle of his religion, formed the most important chapter in his creed. Visions of the sable Krishna flashed across his mind,

* 'The union of Krishna with Radha was in his eyes like the mystical union of Christ with the Church. The relation between man and God is compared to the relation between husband and wife, the carnal element being subtracted and ignored. There are five stages of faith. The first and lowest is simply *contemplative*, like that of the Rishis Sanaka and Yogendro. The second is *servile*, like that of men generally. The third is *friendly*, like the feeling with which Sreedama and the *Gopgunas* regarded Krishna. The fourth is *maternal, paternal*, or *filial*, like that of Jushoda, Devaki, &c. The fifth and highest is *amorous* or loving, like that of Radha.'

and he dreamt of Brindabun in his ecstatic dreams. That beloved seat of his god was lying neglected for many an age. He resolved to unlock the sealed treasures of that charmed region, and, by reinstating Kanya in his long-lost Brindabun, inaugurate the epoch of a second revelation to his followers. To carry out his intentions, he deputed two of his favourite disciples, Rupa and Sonatun, to precede him in the exploration. They left Benares, and commenced their labours from *Agrabun* or Agra, which forms the starting-point for the circuit of Vrij. Few men could be so eminently qualified by their learning and zeal for the task intrusted to them. They proceeded, making careful researches, treasuring every precious tradition, examining every nook and vestige, identifying and localizing the scenes of every memorable event, disinterring and dragging into light what had been buried in darkness, and illumining the whole benighted region of Vrij. It was impossible to mistake Goverdhun, the mount from which Krishna had made known his miracles and oracles to the Yadus, and in a cave of which had been raised the first shrine on his apotheosis. It was impossible to mistake the landmarks pointing the site of Muttra or Mahavun. Before long, Choitunya himself followed in the steps of his disciples. He happened to fall on the way into the hands of five Patans, who intended to attack and plunder him, but struck by his sanctity they desisted from their hostile intents, and were persuaded to become his followers. Reaching Brindabun, Choitunya found it to have been exhaustively explored, and

all its holy sites and scenes identified. He got up on an eminence to survey the hallowed region, when a doubt came across his mind as to the accuracy of the explorations. Fortunately, he met with a native of the place called Kristodoss, who had treasured up all the local traditions, and who, fully enlightening him, removed all doubts from his mind. From that day has Brindabun become re-opened as the resort of pilgrims, and the name of Choitunya venerated as that of a deity incarnate.

To the identification of the localities, followed the discovery of the penates of the ante-Mahometan age. The statue of *Bal-mookund* lying in the Jumna, attached itself to the sacerdotal zone of Bullubha Acharya, as he was performing his ablutions in that river. *Goverdhunnath* was raised from a cave in the mount of that name. *Gokulnath* was discovered in a ravine of that island in the Jumna. One by one, the seven principal statues of Vrij were collected, set up, and begun to be worshipped. The resurrection of Brindabun was now complete, and, abounding with shrines and temples, it once more resumed the opulence and splendour which had been enjoyed in the halcyon days of the Tuars and Chohanse.

It is a common saying to the pilgrim in Brindabun —*Heri-bole, ghut-ree-khul, Brindabun-doul*—Take the name of Heri, loosen thy purse-strings, and stroll through Brindabun. But we had determined to give the Gordian knot to our purse-strings, beyond paying the trifle of a muzzerana-fee to get a sight of the idols. Just on the point of our starting, our *Panda* and others,

with a burst of enthusiasm, clapped their hands, and cried out *Radha-ranee! Radha-ranee!* the usual exclamation for taking the auspices. The tour of Brindabun has to be commenced by paying the first visit to *Govinjee*, who has the seniority of the other gods. Orthodox Hindoos coming up here, at once go up to him with 'the dust on their feet'—true pilgrimage being his who performs it on foot. Similarly as Biseswara had disappointed us at Benares, did Govinjee do the same thing in Brindabun. His prestige had raised great expectations in us, but we found him to occupy a very humble shrine, consisting simply of an oblong chamber, with three arched openings, faced by an outer verandah. Nothing under the name of furniture adorns the shrine. The bare walls stand unrelieved by any pictures or shades. From the ceilings hangs no candelabra or lantern. The only decorations are some scarlet *kannats* and *purdahs*, and two big brass *cheragh*-stands. Things here are in a state that reminds us of Baber's remark; —'the people of Hindoostan have no candles, no torches, not even a candle-stick.' But Govinjee looked very happy with Radha on one side, and Nullita on the other. He was in his morning dress, wearing the *pugree* and robe of a Hindoo Rajah. In other parts of the day, he is seen attired in other fashions. He never lays aside his flute, except when he has to appear in the military uniform of Kunsa's conqueror, with a bow and arrow in his hands. The statue of Govinjee was originally the god of Mount Goverdhun, where he had been raised as the first image to Krishna. He had to

be concealed in a cave from fear of falling into the hands of Mahmood of Ghizni, and lay unnoticed there till reinstated by Bullubha Acharya. The present statue is but a substitute—the ancient penate being now at Nath'dwara. He became an exile from Vrij to escape the vengeance of Aurungzebe. On his proscription by that Emperor, the Rana Raj Sing of Mewar espoused his cause, and 'offered the heads of one hundred thousand Rajpoots for his service.' In charge of this escort, the Emperor dared not to intercept his progress. As he journeyed to gain the capital of the Rana, the chariot-wheel sunk deep into the earth, and defied extrication. The augur interpreted the omen as indicating the pleasure of the god to fix his abode upon that spot, which from an inconsiderable village rose to be the future town of Nath'dwara. This chariot of Kanya and its miraculous wheel are still preserved as inestimable relics, and are permitted to be worshipped alone by the most devout. His godship was right in taking a timely flight, and must have had the prescience to know the fate that awaited his temple. Its pinnacles, proudly rising in the air, were an eyesore to Aurungzebe, and they were toppled down by his order. The temple is yet standing, and shall stand for many ages to come, a gigantic but truncated pile, to proclaim the vandalism of the Islamite. To Rajah Maun does this temple owe its foundation and name of *Maun Mundeer*. That Rajpoot chief had been intrusted by Akber with an expedition to Cabul. In that snowy climate he fell seriously ill, and, despairing of his life, made a vow to

build a shrine to Govinjee, on his recovery. He got well, and, true to his vow, built this temple to the god, to whose favour he thought he owed his cure. The stupendous, but at the same time the splendid, monument is worthy of the man who has raised it, and of the god to whom it has been raised. Three hundred years have not loosened a slab in the massy structure. Outwardly the form is pyramidal. In the interior, the arched alcoves are a striking proof of Rajpoot engineering skill. The carvings and sculptures are elegant. There is a large niche in the wall, where the god used to sit on his throne most conspicuously. Profaned by the infidel, it is now a deserted sanctuary, standing a few paces from the one now occupied. The ancient red-sandstone *Maun Mundeer*, of Govinjee, is the largest and most magnificent temple that we have seen in all Bengal and Hindoostan.

Lord of the *mace* and *discus!* before thy image we stand. Millions of Hindoos believe and bow to thee as a god. But a Young Bengal cannot vouchsafe to bend his head to thee. He regards thee to have been made like him after the image of his Maker. He believes thee to have been the son of Vasudeb, king of Muttra, friend and ally of the Pandavas, and founder of Dwarka. He reveres thy memory for thy great qualities as a warrior and statesman, and wishes that another like thee had been born to keep off the Mussulmans from India. But he cannot be impious to adore thee as a god. Pride of Yadu-vansa! how thou must be aggrieved to be called *Murari*, with a flute in thy hand in place of the discus

—to be worshipped only as a sensualist and the lover of Radha: how wrathful we think thee to be at thy privacies being made a public property, and at thy memory being so grossly libelled. In their infatuation thy followers have not scrupled to invade the sanctity of thy private life, to drag thy secrets into light, to invent many a prank thou didst not commit, and to put thee to blushes before posterity. Boswell has noted greater particulars, and laid them before the public, but has not made Johnson to appear as a monster. In this thy votaries have erred most cunningly, but have acted suicidally to ruin the interests of their country, by enervating themselves the more with artificial heat in such a hot land of ours to defend it from their enemies. Rightly to have venerated thy memory, was to have remembered thee as a hero whose mantle should be inherited by his countrymen. Humbler of the Kurus! if thou couldst be exorcised by spiritualism, thy votaries would be at once enlightened, and make amends to thy reputation. They are remarking our audacity in not bowing to thee. But a craven is that Young Bengal, who trifles with his Creator to avoid being awkward and the butt of remark, by bowing to an idol whom he despises in his heart, and who sacrifices principle to policy. It is not that Young Bengal is without any belief. To quote the words of a great writer, 'touching God and His ways with man, the highest human faculties can discover little more than the meanest. 'In theology, the interval is small indeed between Aristotle and a child, between Archimedes and

a naked savage.' The history of nations is before him, and a Young Bengal is loath to abide by any book-revelation. He thinks that he would be lagging behind the age by taking up the question of eternal concerns in preference to that of the concerns of this world —to the question of his mission upon earth. Ostensibly he has no religon—not even *Brahminism*, which is being hampered with rules and forms giving it a sectarian air. But, nevertheless, he has his faith in the *life that is right*, and he rests his hopes in an Almighty Disposer of events.

In return for the nuzzerana-fee with which we had to make acceptable our visit to Govinjee, we had the honour to receive from his wardrobe each a red-coloured scarf with a border of gold, and a tray of his sacred food. The *pera*, a kind of comfit, of which the god was fond in his infancy, is still his favourite food. His taste for curds and butter was acquired from the dairy of Jushoda. But 'the days of simplicity are gone, and the Apollo of Vrij now has his curds adulterated with rose water and amber.' The dead stock of Govinjee's shrine is augmented by the pious bounties of pilgrims from the most distant provinces. There is no donation too trifling for his acceptance, and his hand is spread out to receive even the widow's mite. Krishna is the deified ancestor of the Yadus, and the Rajpoots have always been his most zealous worshippers. But the largest influx of votaries now is from Bengal. The idol is said to be under the protection of the Rajah of Jeypoor. But, as from the days of Sancara Acharya, have Mala-

bar Brahmins ministered at the temple of Badrinath, on the Himalayas, so from the days of Choitunya have people from Bengal had the ascendancy in the temples of Brindabun. The most devoted votary of Hori now is the *Byragee* of Bengal, who renounces the world to pass his days in Brindabun invoking his name. The principal office at the shrine, that of *Kamdar* or Manager, is never given but to a Bengalee. The township of Brindabun is held as the sacred Zemindary of a trio of gods, and no inconsiderable portion of revenue is derived by Govinjee from his one-third share in the estate.

CHAPTER II.

No end of idols and temples in Brindabun—passed a whole morning, and still visited not more than a fourth of them. The idols are the same everywhere—Kaniya, with Radha on his left, and Nullita on the right. The temples, adorned with elaborate carvings upon stone, are all costly buildings, but without much variety. Krishna appears to number almost every Hindoo prince among his followers. There is the temple of the Rajah of Jeypore as well as of his Ranee and of his favourite mistress, of the Rajah of Bhurtpoor and of his Ranee, of Scindia, of Holkar, of the Rajah of Dinajpore, of the Rajah of Burdwan, and of many other potentates. The dignity of these shrines is maintained by rich endowments and grants, besides the donations of pilgrims. The daily expenditure in one or two of them is 100 rupees, and in none less than 10 rupees. In all these religious foundations, the *pershad*, or the food offered to the god, forms the sinecure livelihood of that floating population of ascetics and mendicants by whom the place is crowded in all seasons, and who by the lowest estimate would not number less than two thousand souls. There are hangers-on, who

are insured of their food for their lifetime under especial recommendations.

The second in the trio of gods is Gopinath, or the Lord of the Gopinees. This also is a substitute in place of the original penate, which had to be removed away from the reach of Aurungzebe. There is nothing in the statue of the Lord of the Gopinees to indicate that surpassing beauty of Krishna, by which he captivated the hearts, not only of rural damsels, but of the Princesses of ancient Hind. The poet does him more justice than the artist. In vain we endeavoured to recognize any charms which the statue is said to possess. The dull cold figure betrays a most defective conception, and is void of any expresssion. The features are hard and utterly meaningless—being hit off without the slightest stamp of that amorous ardency which should characterize the countenance of the Lord of the Gopinees. It is a sad mistake of the sculptor to have chosen principally to exercise his skill upon black marble. The mind and manners of Krishna must have had more to do in winning feminine hearts than his light azure complexion, which the artist has been so anxious above all to perpetuate. Krishna is described to have had the perfection of the male figure, 'such as he appears to young female imaginations—heroic, beautiful, breathing music from his very eyes, and exalting the religion of his worshippers into love.' To have executed a likeness of him, the sculptor should have modelled the *beau ideal* of the male figure—a Phidian image of the Indian Apollo,—and then at least could Hindoo idolatry have

boasted to have developed the beautiful in art, and accomplished a triumph for its apology. The size of the image also should have been of the standard of life—its diminutiveness degrades it into a doll.

In like manner, the statue of Radha, intended as a personification of all that is elegant, graceful, and beautiful in the other sex, is a complete failure. Though moulded into a slender form, the stiff metal has anything but realized the figure of the graceful sylphide who was 'the pearl in the ocean of Heri's mortal birth.' Her face appears not to smile with complacency on her best-beloved. The 'fawn-eyed Radha' of the poet has in the image eyes staring upon the pilgrim, rather than 'gazing upon the bright face of Krishna.' These are not only artistic but also historic faults in the statue. Care has been taken, however, to preserve historic truth 'in staining the eyes with antimony'—in 'placing a circle of musk on the forehead'—in 'intertwining a chaplet of flowers and peacock's feathers in the dark tresses'—in girding the waist with 'a zone of bells'—and in wearing on the ankles 'rings which tinkled when sporting in the dance.' The costume and adornments of the image help to give an idea of the toilet of a Hindoo lady in the fifteenth century before Christ.

The affairs of Gopinath are now at the lowest ebb. His property is all under mortgage, and he is over head and ears in debt. The mutiny, having put a stop to all pilgrimage from Bengal, has brought him to this pass. Brindabun is annually visited by more than ten thousand Bengalees, from whose contributions the gods

of Vrij draw their principal support. Not one has come in during the last three years. Now that tranquillity has been restored, they are in great hopes of seeing the god out of his difficulties. Much is expected, also, from the opening of the Railway. But pilgrims, then pouring in tenfold or twentyfold numbers, will find disenchanted Vrij to have lost many of the attractions that are lent by distance.

Just as much as the mild doctrines of Kaniya differ from the dark rites of Shiva, is the Jumna distinguished in its features from those of the Ganges. Not only does the former river revive the memory of a renowned antiquity, but its shores likewise present to our view the theatre of the miracles of a famous religion. To an orthodox Hindoo, the Jumna is endeared by a thousand tender and sacred associations. The banks of that stream are fancied to be the sunny land of love and song—the scene of celestial events played upon earth. On those banks, he likes to sit and dream over the days of pastoral Vrij. But on the grassy margin where Kaniya pastured kine, or on the smooth, hardened sand where he wandered arm-in-arm with Radha, are now massive structures and ghauts of stone, scarcely harmonizing with pastoral reminiscences. Here and there, an antique *banyan* or embowering *neem* overhangs the stream, and old *Kalindi* is all that yet continues to flow on, outliving the perishable records of man, and producing in the soul feelings and ideas which no other river is capable of exciting.

The ghauts in Benares are not less various than in

Brindabun. There is the *Kaisee-ghaut*, the most noted of all, where Krishna, while yet a mere boy, slew Kaisee, a Dwaita of gigantic strength, sent by Kunsa to take away his life. The anniversary of that exploit is still observed with great festivities. By pilgrims, a dip in this ghaut is thought to be highly meritorious. Immediately over the spot where the miracle was performed now towers a lofty and rich temple, with a ghaut the steps of which, built of red sandstone, descend several feet into the water.

Next in rank is the spot where Krishna killed *Bukasoor*, or the demon who had come from his uncle to destroy him, disguised as a crane. The bird sat laying open its enormous beaks that touched heaven and earth, so that his mouth seemed as it were a great gap in the latter, to the shepherds who were tending their cattle along the river-bank. In they unconsciously walked to the stomach of the crane. But wary Krishna at once detected the foe, and, following in the steps of his playmates, stuck like an obstinate fish-bone at the throat of the bird, and kicking up a rumpus in his stomach, at last tore him asunder in two by his beaks. This feat also is annually commemorated by an effigy to bring grist to the mill of the Vrij-bashees.*

The *Bushter-huran* tree that they showed us, of small size, with tender twigs and branches, is quite a sham—

* Kunsa seems to us to be the myth of an ancient Buddhist king of Muttra, who opposed the rise and spread of the worship of Krishna. The early miracles of that god allude but to the discouragements under which his religion laboured in the beginning, and over which it one by one triumphed.

still they are not wanting in barefacedness to identify it with its original. Its situation on the river-bank has been made to accord with the legend. The Gopinees of yore had come to bathe in the Jumna, and leaving behind their garments on the bank, were engaged in laving and sporting in the waters. Krishna had watched the opportunity for a prank, and, coming unperceived, softly stole away their clothes to a neighbouring tree. He got up on it, and, hanging the clothes up on the branches, sat upon one, playing on his flute. On getting out of the stream, the Gopinees were extremely surprised to miss their dresses. But soon they discovered them suspended from the branches of a tree, and the author of the mischievous act sitting thereon to enjoy the frolic of their exposure—to see beauty 'double every charm it seeks to hide.' No entreaty could prevail upon the naughty youth to give up his waggery, and save young damsels the expense of their modesty. The Gopinees had to come up to the tree, hiding their nudity as well they could by the flowing tresses of their hair, and to stand soliciting to have their clothes thrown to them. Though the fact of the present *Vrij-maees* leaving behind their garments like the Gopinees of old on the steps of a ghaut, and then making a rush to the waters to conceal their nakedness, might give a colouring of truth to the story, still it cannot but be regarded as the invention of a prurient imagination to tell upon soft minds, and win over soft hearts. Standing, as it does, just upon the brink, and overlooking the stream, if the present tree be supposed to occupy the position of

its original, then it is doubtful how any man could have played the prank in question without instant detection. There hang from the branches of the tree vari-coloured linen in imitation of the dresses of the Gopinees. The waggish god is fancied to be still perched on its top, with the naked nymphs standing in a group below him, and praying for the return of their clothes. The pilgrims, therefore, coming to visit this famous tree, cannot make up their minds to go away without leaving behind them the token of a piece of linen suspended from the branches in very pity of the distressed Gopinees.

Near the entrance of the town from the river, was pointed the *Ukoor-ghaut*, or the spot where Ukoor halted, and left behind the car in which he had travelled from Muttra. He was related to Krishna as uncle, and had been sent by Kunsa to invite him to a festival at the Court of that Rajah. The exiled scion of the house of the Sursena had become tired of his *incognito* life, of tending cattle, and of skying with milkmaids. He hoped to reap important results from the opportunity, and gladly accepted the invitation to the Court of Muttra. It is the occasion of this departure from Brindabun that is annually made the cause to observe that car-festival, which is celebrated with so much *éclat* in all parts of India, and which ushers in the season to chant in soft and plaintive lays the 'farewells' and 'valedictories' and 'forget-me-nots' that soothe the griefs of a love-lorn heart. In vain did Nunda, and Jushoda, and the associates of Krishna dissuade him from his purpose.

In vain did the Gopinees implore the false youth to stay. In vain did Radha weep and lament and refuse to be comforted. As the daughter of Rajah Birshobhano, she had tarnished the honour of a princely house. As the wife of Ayan Ghose, she had proved faithless to a man of fair fame. She had left parent and husband, had 'lost heaven, mankind's and her own esteem;' and the anguish of her soul was exceeded only by the injustice done to her feelings. But Krishna refused to give up, for her pouting lips, a crown. He departed to recover his patrimony, breaking his plighted troth with Radha, and abandoning her to struggle with a passion she could not cast aside. It was all over

> 'For her on earth, except some years to hide
> Her shame and sorrow deep in her heart's core:'

and from the day of his exit she never ceased to mourn the sad fate to which she had been left behind—a fate which has afforded and shall yet afford to generations of Hindoos the most touching theme to exhaust their most pathetic strains upon. In pity of her disconsolate condition, the worshippers of Kaniya have made Radha the heiress of his prestige in Brindabun, and her name as the Ranee of Vrij is in the mouths of the men, women, and children of this land.

The *Kalya-dah* is another famous ghaut, where Kalya-nag, the black serpent, infested the waters of the Jumna. Poisonous effluvia issued from the place of his abode. No finny tenant could dwell near him. Not a blade of grass grew upon the bank. The stray kine that drank water there instantly perished. To get rid

of the monster, Krishna dragged him from the stream, and bruised him on the head. The sun is said to have darkened, the sky rained blood, the earth shaken, and portentous fires to have broken out, so long as the desperate contest lasted. But this is most probably a plagiarism from the Evangelists, to suit the events of a story so akin to the other. Be that as it may, we may extract a meaning from the Puranic account of the coiling and uncoiling of the Hydra, which is but an allegory of the wars with the Nagas and Takshaks of our ancient history, a race of people inhabiting Cashmere, Punjaub, and Sind, who worshipped the dragon, and were the enemies of the Aryas from the Vedic period. The ophiolatrous Takshak had been scotched in seventeen battles, and was finally vanquished in the eighteenth —though it was not long before Parikshita, the successor of Judishthira on the throne of Indraprastha, died by the bite of a snake, that is, lost his life in a conflict with the Takshaks. The pestilential effect of the Kalyadah waters is but an allusion to the moral nuisance of the serpent-worshipping Naga race—unless some peculiar properties in the soil had, at a former period, really made the waters unwholesome. No such effect as the legend ascribes to them was visible to us in an inanimate tract void of every vegetation. The grass is as green there as in any of the adjacent spots, and tortoises floated in shoals. The inhabitants bear no prejudice against the waters, which they freely use for both bath and drink. They show here an old *Kaili-kudumba* tree as the one from which Krishna had plunged into

the stream—as well as the spot on which Jushoda sat lamenting for his non-appearance. In commemoration of the great Vishnuvite triumph, an annual *mela* is held at the Kalya-dah.

Only a solitary boat lay moored on the Jumna below the Kaisee-ghaut, as on the day when Krishna had acted as the ferryman, and the Gopinees as rowers, to enjoy a yachting excursion in the round of their amorous pleasures.

To the *Brahma-koond*, a little square tank, supposed to be of natural excavation, and regarded as the sacred spot of Vishnu's triumph over Brahma. In Benares, they make Vishnu worship Shiva—in Brindabun, they make Brahma worship Vishnu, to assert the superiority of sect over sect. Brahma, the creator of the universe, had heard of Krishna as an incarnation of Vishnu, and, visiting Brindabun, had misgivings from his age and occupations, as to his real character. To try him, he one day slyly carried off through the sky a herd of cattle, old and young, boys and all, that were attending them. Knowing how much the parents of the boys and the owners of the cattle would be distressed at their disappearance, Krishna forthwith created a new herd and other attendants, so exactly similar to those that Brahma had taken away, that the owners of the one, and the parents of the other, remained quite unawares of the change. Equally did the new creations themselves remain ignorant of their transformation; and the cattle walked into their stalls, and the boys into their houses, where they recognized, and were recog-

nized by, their parents, as if nothing had happened. Brahma had watched all these proceedings of Krishna, and, satisfied of his incarnation, restored to him his real cattle and attendants. The tale, in plain words, allegorizes the story of the warfare between the Brahmaites and Vishnuvites, the temporary success of the one in carrying off and converting the flock of the antagonistic sect, and the final triumph of the other in the acquisition of new followers. Instead of a monumental pillar or other, a tank coupled with the name of Brahma, has been made to record the triumph of the Vishnuvites. The tank has little depth in comparison to the elevation of the soil in these regions, and the cause of it may be accounted for by the proximity of the Jumna to the locality, which seems to have been the bed of that stream in a former age. The orange tint of the water indicates a ferruginous soil. On the embankment is shown the plant of a young banyan, with a few tender sprigs and leaves. This is pretended to be a sacred *Akshay-Bhut*, or immortal banyan —and, lest the pilgrim should scout the notion as ridiculous, the keeper is always ready with his barefaced tale of the tree having one root in Juggernaut, a second in Allahabad, and the third at Brindabun. More extraordinary again is *Gopeswara*, an emblem of Shiva found in this locality. The legend about him is, that, envying his rival Krishna for the eternal pastimes and pleasures in which he spent his days with the Gopinees, he felt extremely desirous of becoming a guest in Vrij. But he dared not openly make his appearance in the quarters of one with whom he had always been

on hostile terms. He, therefore, assumed the disguise of a young damsel to escape detection. But, on his fair female face fell the eye of Krishna, and he was at once recognized. Forgetting all past enmity, Krishna stretched out the hand of welcome to his rival, and, making the pot-bellied wassailer cut capers with the waltzing Gopinees prodigiously heightened the merriment of the occasion. In plain language, the tale would allude to the mutual hostility of the Shivites and Vishnuvites, the inclination of the one to be reconciled with the other, and the temporary coalition of the two sects. It is to a result of this kind that must be attributed the origin of the worship of the incorporated *Har-Heri* image of the two deities. The term *Gopeswara* means the disguised god. He is feigned to live here by stealth, or otherwise his presence would not be tolerated in Brindabun.

One other object of interest in this neighbourhood, is the *sumaj* or cenotaph of Hureedoss Gossain. The man by whose grave we stood admiring the boldness of Choitunya for his innovation of the rites of burial on the immemorial Hindoo custom of cremation, was a man of great learning, who, quitting the world and its allurements, retired to Brindabun to meditate upon Heri. His austere life used to be spent every evening in chanting sacred hymns in praise of his god, and his fame as an unrivalled songster reached the ears of Akber. The celebrated Tansen was his disciple. On one occasion, as the Mogul emperor was sailing up the Jumna to Delhi, he *lagoed* his royal barge at Brindabun, near the spot

where the Hindoo recluse had chosen his abode. He had in vain formerly invited him to attend his court, and was anxious to make this an opportunity for testing his merits as a songster. The hut of the Gossain lay surrounded by woods and bushes. Peacocks and parrots abounded in the region, and used to be drawn by the charms of his melodious voice. The emperor chose to go alone after dusk, and concealing himself in one of the bushes, thence overheard the usual vesperian songs of the Gossain and his disciple. Charmed to have never heard any such vocal music before, he made his appearance in the hut, and introduced himself as the emperor to the Gossain, expressing great reverence for his piety, and acknowledging his unrivalled merits as a songster. The emperor held out to him promises of great wealth and favours to accompany him to his court. But the hermit refused to exchange his solitary humble cot for even the throne of the Mogul autocrat. 'Gold,' he said, 'had no value in his eyes, as the soil on which he lived was all composed of that metal.' The emperor wishing to have a proof, the Gossain by a miracle displayed the gorgeous vision of a golden Brindabun to the eyes of the emperor. By no means could Hureedoss be induced to give up his life of an anchorite. The emperor then requested him to permit his disciple to follow him to the court. Tansen was then a young lad of eighteen or twenty years of age. He was a native of Patna who had a great natural fondness for music, and had been attracted to Brindabun by the fame of Hureedoss. The emperor's persuasions and promises prevailed upon Tan-

sen, and he followed in the train of Akber to flourish in life, and acquire the celebrity of an incomparable musician in the annals of his nation. From a Hindoo, he became a convert to the Mahomedan faith, and his remains lie buried at Gwalior, where 'the tomb is overshadowed by a tree, concerning which a superstitious notion prevails, that the chewing of its leaves will give an extraordinary melody to the voice.'* Struck by all that he witnessed, Akber went away bestowing upon Hureedoss for the first time the title of a *Gossain*, or the controller of the senses. From that time, also, he began to entertain a great respect for the worship of Kaniya, and to become an enthusiast in the mystic poetry of Joydeva. The name of Hureedoss is eminent among Choitunya's followers, and he was canonized into a saint after his death. His cenotaph is a simple heap of earth, covered by a sheet of white linen. They daily perform rites to his manes, by strewing his sepulchre with flowers, and sprinkling it with water. The tomb yields a good income to the attendants in charge.

The *Pooleen* is the memorable scene of the *Ras-mandala* of Krishna with the Gopinees. Here, in the season of sweets, and amid bowers of the dark *tamala* affording shelter from the noontide blaze, where a soft gale breathed upon a bank of flowers 'stealing and giving odour,'

* 'This is Dr Hunter's account written in 1790, but 30 years later, Lloyd found that it was still "religiously believed by all the dancing-girls." So strong was this belief that the original tree died from the continual stripping of its leaves, and the present tree is only a degenerate seedling of the melody-bestowing tamarind.'— *General Cunningham.*

where the crystal waters of the Jumna flowed, breaking in moon-lit ripples against the sand and awakening a sweet harmony, and where peacocks danced in joy pouring forth their sonorous notes, 'did Heri exult in the assemblage of amorous damsels. One of them pressed him with her swelling breast, while she warbled with exquisite melody. Another, affected by a glance from his eye, stood meditating on the lotos of his face. A third, on pretence of whispering a secret in his ear, approached his temples and kissed them with ardour. One seized his mantle, and drew him towards her, pointing to the bank of the Jumna, where elegant valjulahs interwove their branches. He applauded another who danced in the sportive circle, while her bracelets rang as she beat time with her palms. Now he caressed one, and kissed another, smiling on a third with complacency; and now he chased her whose beauty had most allured him.' Nothing was more extraordinary in this merry dance, than for Krishna to have multiplied himself into as many personations as there were maids in the party, and making himself ubiquitous, to console each by the assurance that she alone enjoyed his affection.

The *Ras-mandala* has called forth the most impassioned strains of Joydeva, and has tasked the Bhagbut to employ the highest elegance of diction, the most brilliant tropes, and the utmost subtlety of meaning. But in vain are all attempts to refine away its sense—the long and short of it is, that it was a waltzing party, in which the young shepherdesses had 'dressed themselves in such a manner as to do full justice to a white bosom,

in which they ogled significantly, danced voluptuously, excelled in pert repartees, romped without shame with an ardent youth, and sang sly verses with a sly expression.' No sane man can mistake the luscious episode of the *Ras* to have been intended otherwise than to take in all female hearts by *a coup-de-main*, and to increase the flock in Krishna's fold. It might be that the *Ras-mandala* is typical of the zodiacal phenomena; that the nine Gopinees are the personifications of the *nouraginis*—the nine nobles of music; or the *nou-rasa*—the nine passions, excited by the powers of harmony. The movements of the pastoral nymphs encircling the sun-god Heri in a dancing attitude, and their holding each a musical instrument in her hand, might be interpreted as a representation of the 'mystic dance' of the planets round the great luminary of our heaven. Indeed, there is much in the Hindoo mythology, that is founded on an astronomical basis—much that perpetuates the early Vedic worship of the elements under a figurative garb. But the veil of mystery can be lifted only by the initiated in astronomy. By the common populace, the lustful orgies can scarcely be mistaken in their meaning, and too often have families to mourn for stray members affected by the rehearsal of the episode—'the love-tale infecting Hindoo daughters with like heat to pay their vows and songs' at the shrine of their most darling god. In our age, the Penal Code would have had its influence on the author of the Bhagbut in composing the chapter to which may be attributed half the immoralities of our nation.

There is no charm now of woodland scenery in the Pooleen—

'The ground
Where early Love his Psyche's zone unbound.'

The spot appears to form a deserted bed from which the Jumna has retired. The knee-deep sands are fiercely beaten upon by the burning rays of the sun, and emit a highly unpleasant effluvium from the dried cow-dung scattered on the surface. But the soil trodden by the feet of Krishna and the Gopinees is as consecrated as ever, and on it falls prostrate the stanch votary to revel in beatific visions of the god and his shepherdesses. By pilgrims, the doubly holy sands are carried home to be distributed to relatives and friends, and to be eaten a few grains at a time every day as a sequel to their prayers. This precious month of Kartick is the season of sweets, in which Heri gave the horns to Ayun Ghose and the other simpleton shepherds. There are lots of dancing, and fiddling, and singing throughout the town on the anniversary of the *Ras*. But the sands burned our feet, and the stench of the drying filth of kine made us hasten from a scene, in which we could little expect to be edified as to our spiritual welfare.

No name is so great in Brindabun as that of Lallah Baboo, the grandson of the Dewan of Warren Hastings. He was the owner of princely estates, and possessed the influence and status perhaps of the second native of his day in Bengal. But in the prime of his manhood, he renounced family, friends, and fortune, to retire to Brindabun, and await there as an humble attendant

upon Kaniya. The extraordinary act of sacrifice had at first raised doubts of his fatuity. But he raised a costly shrine, set up the image of Kissenjee after his own name, and bought estates in the North-West yielding an annual income of forty thousand rupees for the support of the institution. This is the only shrine in Brindabun which is adorned with pictures, mirrors, shades, and chandeliers in the fashion of Calcutta temples. The daily expense in it is one hundred rupees. Five hundred people are fed every day out of the food that is dressed for the god. The man in charge of the distribution of food is so clever a physiognomist as to remember keenly the faces he once sees, and he takes care not to allow the same man from monopolizing the charity and abusing it as a sinecure, except in his turn once a fortnight. Strong curses interdict the members of the Baboo's family from partaking in any of the food that is intended purely and solely for public feeding. The pious Baboo used to sweep the court and compound of his own shrine. There are people living yet, who remember him to have daily begged his bread through the streets of this town. The *Vrij-maees* used to prepare for him a distinct bread, which had the name of *Lallah Baboo's rottee* in each family. Discovering that his rank was still taken into consideration, the Baboo gave up his beggary from door to door, and lived on the food which people chose to bear to his retirement. Latterly, he had left Brindabun, and retired to a cave in Mount Goverdhun, to pass the remainder of his days in an undisturbed meditation. His end is said to have

been hastened by an accident from the kick of a horse. In the *koonj* or shrine bearing his name, grows a thriving cocoa—the only plant of its kind in all Hindoostan. The two grandsons of that pious man, who are so well-known for their enlightenment and munificent liberality in Calcutta, are now engaged with the wealthy Paruckjees in a lawsuit that has been pending for years for a few feet of ground adjoining the shrine of each. The vanity rather than the piety of the two parties is at stake, and four hundred times the value of the piece of land under dispute has been expended away without any issue.*

From Lallah Baboo's *koonj* to the Jain temple of the Paruckjees. In Hwen Thsang's time there were only five Brahminical temples in Muttra—in our day there is only one Jain temple in Brindabun. The Buddhists of old did not hold the Brahminical followers in greater detestation than do the Brahmins of this age entertain the same feeling against the followers of Parisnath—the Jain temple being regarded as much a blot upon the sanctity of Brindabun, as the mosque of Caliph Omar is in Jerusalem. But wealth and influence have procured to the Jains the same footing in the stronghold of Vishnuvism that the sword of the Mahomedan conqueror gave to him in the stronghold of Christianity. It is as if the

* Similar to the instance of Lallah Baboo, is that of Rajah Sir Radhacanth Deb, who has arrived at an extreme old age, that is the result of a long, sober life, and who, after exercising the influence of the head of the Indian Society in Calcutta for half a century, has at last chosen to retire to Brindabun to spend the evening of his days in holy meditations—as a fitting sequel to close the career of a learned man and consistent orthodox Hindoo.

Jains are here to contend for the palm of victory with an antagonistic religion. They have set up their own opposing idols, have devised their own festivals in rivalry, and have bestowed upon their temple the attractiveness of a grandeur and affluence that attracts in and dazzles the eyes of the multitude. Indeed, the most interesting object within the walls of the holy city—the spot which no pilgrim can leave Brindabun without seeing—is the magnificent place of Jain worship. It stands at the end of the shaded pathway leading from Muttra, and occupies a central position that is the freest quarter in all the town. Few temples cover such a large area of ground. The access lies through two lofty pyramidal gateways, peaked in the fashion of mountains, and which may well give an idea of the *stupas* or mounds that abounded in ancient Buddhistic India. As strangers, we were passing in with our shoes on. But at the second gate is posted a sentinel, to see that no one crosses the sacred threshold breaking through the interdict of going in with bare feet. He stopped us, and forbade our violating the sacred prohibition. Pulling off our shoes at the doorway, we went into a courtyard in the midst of which rises a tall gilt spire that out-tops every height in the sky of Brindabun. The marble platform is handsomely paved, and enclosed by high cloistered walls. Passing with the noiseless steps of stocking-feet through the ample courtyard, and observing the numerous colonnades and pillars of elegant workmanship, the beautiful reservoir of stone, the splendid fanes, and choirs remarkable for beauty of propor-

tion and variety of ornaments, we saw the whole formed a vast and magnificent institution, but could discover no architectural design in the execution of the buildings. Huge slabs have been cut and carved away with various figures and flowers. Nearly ten *biggahs* of ground have been enclosed by a beautiful range of cloisters. But the irregular architecture fails to produce any effect upon the spectator. The temple is said to have taken a quarter of a century in building, and has cost, according to the popular estimate, the sum of a crore of rupees—the labour and expense being well visible in the delicate minutiæ of the works. It is all of red sandstone, and the idol to which it is dedicated has the name of *Rungjee*. The cloisters all round are for the putting up of the monks. On a religious *fête-day* in the calendar of the Jains, the shrine is gaily illuminated, and presents a scene of dazzling brilliancy. The population of Brindabun is then attracted in crowds to witness the festival, but they take care never to partake in the distribution of the food that has been offered to a heretic god.

Further on is the villa or garden-house of the Paruckjees—a place designed to realize the most luxurious enjoyments. The spot is as lovely and romantic as anything of its kind can be. Trees, shrubs, and flowers grow there in rich luxuriance, and as we strolled along the gravel walks and among the parterres, we inhaled the delightful fragrance that was in the air. In the centre is a light, airy, and elegant structure, facing a beautiful tank. The surface of the crystal waters lay calm as an unruffled mirror. The parrots,

which abound here in swarms, flew about, enjoying the freedom of nature. The playful squirrel sported amid the thick foliage of its favourite haunts. From the mummeries of a deformed and degraded religion, it was a positive relief to make a tour of the garden that was in the fulness of its verdant beauty. Life must have been intolerable in Brindabun, if a brief hour or two could not be spent in the midst of this bewitching scenery.

Our next excursion was to the *Needhoo-bun*, another of the extra-holy places in Vrij, where Krishna, *alias* Heri, daily used to play amorous ditties on his flute, and flirt and sin with his Clorins and Chloes—his pastoral sultanas. No sooner had the shades of evening closed the career of day—and if 'the broad moon rose circling on the east,' it was all for the better—than he ever punctually used to retire to this charming bower, to refresh himself from the labours of his pasturage. He took care not to be accompanied by any of his associates in the field. Left alone to himself, he used to be amused for a while by plucking the choicest flowers, and weaving them into one or more garlands. Then, tired, perhaps, of being on his legs and strolling through the bower, he would ascend his favourite *Kudumbo* tree, and, sitting thereon upon a branch reclined against the trunk, play upon his reed to keep off his loneliness. The enchanting melodies rang through the silent air of Brindabun. To the Gopinees, it was the signal to quit their homes and run to his embraces. Nightly thus did harmless Kaniya—for he had no fault of his own, it

was all the fault of his music, and of Jushoda for making him lusty with overfeeding of cream and butter—chase away the thoughts of deprived sovereignty weighing upon his mind, and none dared to cross or read a moral lesson to him who was one day to wear a crown. One night he stole away from the bower, to please himself with a fresh flower. Next day, he found the whole Needhoo-bun in an uproar, and Radha in a towering passion. The warm blood of a Rajpootnee boiled in her veins. Proud of her youth and charms, proud of her lineage and rank, she could not, without agonies of grief and rage, see herself deserted and insulted for a rival. The other Gopinees all made common cause with their mistress. Kaniya, putting on a melancholy and sentimental visage, and in speech well calculated to win forgiveness, pleaded his pardon. But indignant Radha fled his presence, resolving to keep herself confined to home from all flirtations. The hours of remorse and separation were a severe penance to Kaniya. He lost his appetite, and left untasted the curds and cream of Jushoda's dairy. In the field, he cared not to tend his kine. In bed, he 'sighed upon a midnight pillow.' His wretched condition was reported to Radha. Though not the less affected by sleepless nights and thereby inwardly disposed to relent, she showed no inclination to patch up the quarrel without a suitable lesson. By the mediation of the other Gopinees, it was arranged that Radha should preside as the sultana, and Kaniya do her the homage of a penitent subject. To play the frolic out, a seat was raised for a mimic throne under

the arborescent canopy of the Needhoo-bun. Radha put on the dress of Kaniya and his coronet. The Gopinees stood round her, as attendant ministers and courtiers. One of them held an umbrella over her head, while another waved a peacock-feathered fan in semblance of the insignia of royalty. Nothing loth to act his part in the *L'amour* drama, humbled Kaniya, dressed in a chobdar's livery and bearing a sword and shield in his arms, stood near the foot of the throne, ready to execute the behests of his queen. Thus submitting to work out his penalty and supplicate for forgiveness, and promising to give over his slips, he was once more allowed to take back Radha in his embraces.

The Needhoo-bun is a low-walled oblong plot of ground, just in the heart of the town, and overgrown with bushes of the pearl-tree, giving it the woodland character of a bower. The plant is a thorny species, growing to the height of three or four cubits, and bearing a kind of wild berry of the size of pearls. The low interweaving branches hardly admit a passage through them, and a stranger is bewildered by the mass of thick foliage intercepting his view. There is a tank called the *Nullita koond.* Pilgrims are fond of exploring this 'trysting place,' and, puzzled in the intricate labyrinth of verdure, overlook the ingenuity of man, and acknowledge it as 'Love's recess,' secure from all intrusion. In a corner of the bower stands a little shrine, in which a middle-aged Byragee was reading to two women—widows from Bengal—the story of Krishna's amours, from the Bhagbut. Our arrival interrupted them for a

moment. The two women looked very sentimental under their pious edification. One of them was middle-aged, the other young enough—having a pair of lovely black eyes, which she raised up as if to read us through. From a caged bird longing to be freed, she flutters here in the sunshine of a world without the *purdah*. The Byragee civilly invited us to sit down to his sermons. But the scene and employment in which we found the party would have made our presence a bore, and so leaving them to their business we went away on our own.

Returning to our lodge, we found it all in an uproar from the depredations of monkeys, who are a great nuisance here, and abound in such large numbers, that it is found impossible to keep anything safe from their pilfering propensities. Families are constantly missing one thing or another from their apartments. Hence the windows and doors of every domicile are protected by latticed frameworks suspended against them. The monkeys come out in the early morn from the gardens in the neighbourhood, and sit reconnoitring on the house-tops to begin their purloining mission. They are noticed running or climbing upon the walls and roofs at all hours of the day, or assembled upon a tamarind tree in gangs of some forty or fifty of them—one fellow chatting or grinning, another mouthing or grimacing, a third occupied in entomological research on his hirsute neighbour, and the matrons perched secure with their families on the remotest branches. Forgetting the caution of the landlady, our servants had exposed a piece of

new wearing apparel to dry in the sun on the terrace. It was espied by a monkey, which came after it as soon as they had turned their backs, and scampered off with it to a tree. The servants ran after the brute, shouted and pelted at him, and at last showed him some food, but all in vain. The fellow sat grimacing in an endless variety, mindless alike of the threat or coaxing, till he had torn off the cloth in shreds. Similarly, another chap had made off with a *lotah*, that was not recovered. Smarting under the losses, and in a desperate rage to revenge, the servants laid a snare, by exposing some food in one of the windows. Soon a fellow was attracted to the spot, and while in the act of drawing away the food, he was suddenly caught hold of by the arm. The beast made a fierce struggle to extricate himself, and by loud screeches gathered a troop of his race to besiege the window. Luckily it was protected by stout bars, and we came in time to apprize the servants of the dangerous consequences of their sport. Two officers had once shot at one of these creatures, and the whole quadrumanous tribe gathered in an army to chase them away, and pursuing them with the most boisterous screechings towards the Jumna, across which they had thought of making their escape, made them sink in that stream with the elephant on which they rode. Not a day passes without children or even adults being pounced upon for food. The most tormented of all are the fruiterers and shopkeepers. To give an instance occurring to our own knowledge, our worthy tradesman had been going on to a neighbour with some sweetmeats in his

hands, when all of a sudden a most audacious fellow leaped upon his shoulders from the roof of a hut, and, taking to his heels with the food, made faces so comical that they disarmed him of his anger. They sometimes even give a slap in the face to snatch away their booty. In Muttra, they are mischievous enough to pelt stones at passengers, and on one occasion threw an old woman from a terrace as she had been looking down at a procession passing below. The accident happened under the very eyes of the police, and in defiance of all penal retaliation. Though so much a plague, none dares to say anything to them. They are esteemed as the sacred metamorphoses of deceased Vrij-bashees, and are daily fed with fried gram in more than one temple. The celebrated Mahratta chieftain, Madhajee Scindia, has left a fund for their provision. In his time, one of the creatures used to be treated with peculiar attention, as its lameness, caused by an accidental hurt, was considered a point of resemblance to their benefactor, who, in his flight from the battle of Paniput, had been overtaken by an Affghan, and so severely cut by him with a battle-axe on the right knee, that he lost the use of that leg for life. The finny tribe also is under the especial protection of Kaniya. No man risks his sound bones to eat fish in Brindabun. This tenderness to the ape and fish is certainly in imitation of the Buddhists, who maintained the tenet of non-cruelty to animal life. It is no wonder that the apes should swarm here in prodigious numbers—being allowed to multiply and grow without any Malthusian apprehensions for their food.

Mr Ape always keeps a seraglio larger than that of Solomon or of Akber, and is no less a cavalier to wage a fierce epic war for the rescue of a lady from his zenana than Menelaus for Helen or Rama for Seeta.

Not a spot in Brindabun but is consecrated by some legend. The quarter in which we have taken up our abode is famous in Vishnuvite history as the spot of Rupa Gossain's retreat. In romantic seclusion, that retreat could scarcely have been equalled. But the site of his holy hermitage, and the woodland scenery in which it lay, have long given place to well-paved streets and an array of stately edifices. There is the temple of the Rajah of Bhurtpore, which is one of the most graceful buildings in all the town. The quarter is now known under the name of *Govindo-muhulla*, from an image which Rupa is said to have raised and set up for worship. Originally, that image lay imbedded in the earth close to his abode. The spot, overgrown by bushes, had formed a thicket. But every day a cow penetrated into the depths to feed the god with its milk, which flowed spontaneously from the udders. One night the god appeared in a dream to the ascetic, and directing him to the spot frequented by the cow, desired him to take his image out of the earth. Rupa, duly attending to the divine injunctions, and disinterring the god, set him up for adoration.

Out upon a fresh tour in the afternoon, as there are yet remaining to be seen many places famous in Vishnuvite history. In Brindabun life is a perpetual holiday—your time is all left to yourself, and you can

hardly be in any other humour than to idle, lounge, and stroll away, in the luxurious consciousness of having nothing to do. This time to the quarters of *Muddun Mohuna*—or he who intoxicates with desire. The antiquity of this penate is traced to the days of Ranee Kubja, by whom it is said to have been first set up for worship. The image had disappeared on the fall of Muttra, and, after lying hid for many centuries, turned up in the house of a Chowbanee, who nursed and fostered the god as a playmate of her boy. Tired of living in obscurity under her roof, he chose to depart with Sonatun Gossain to Brindabun, and there put himself up in his hermitage. The Gossain built him a cot of reeds and leaves, and daily worshipped and fed him with his own humble fare. In time, the indifferent food upon which the hermit chose to live, palled on the taste of the god. It became impossible for him to relish any cookery prepared without salt. To improve the savour, the Gossain procured a little of the desired condiment. He was next told to get up more luxurious dishes of buttery and saccharine preparations. This was impossible for a man who depended for his livelihood upon precarious beggary, and he told the epicure god to look about himself for the means of Sardanapilitic banquets. It happened, that a merchant was coming down the Jumna in a boat laden with goods for sale at Muttra. The vessel struck against a sandbank, and got high and dry upon land. Coming to grief on an uninhabited shore where no hands could be procured to float the boat, the merchant extremely bewailed his loss. Landing to see

whether any chance existed for help, he came to the shrine of Muddun Mohuna, and, falling prostrate before the god, invoked his aid by promising to devote the profits he might reap to his services. Thus propitiating, the merchant went back to his vessel, and found it to glide down safely to its destination. The sale of the goods realized a profit beyond his expectations, and, faithful to his promises, he built a temple to the god, and endowed it with funds necessary for a decent support. The monument of his piety still exists to confirm the story, and the deity who performed the miracle in his favour, has been exalted to rank in the trio of gods dominant in Brindabun. Multitudes of pilgrims repair from far distant lands to offer gifts at his shrine, and prostrate themselves at his altar in the earnestness and sincerity of an undoubting faith in his incarnate godship. But the image of the seductive lover of Radha and the Gopinees is distinguished only by a difference of nomenclature, and not by any specific peculiarity of sculptural workmanship. His old temple—a colossal structure of red sandstone—is more a curiosity than Muddun Mohuna himself. The real penate established by Sonatun Gossain is now at Joypoor. The old temple is now a deserted sanctuary—and topless, like the *Maun-mundeer.*

Muddun Mohuna's quarters are upon a *tila,* or eminence, that does not seem to be a natural formation, but an accumulation of the rubbish of the old city that existed before the Mussulmans. High upon the brow of this *tila,* had Sonatun chosen his abode—the old temple occupying the very site of his hermitage. They show

his *sumaj* or tomb in this locality. Rupa and Sonatun were two brothers—originally Mahomedans, and known under the names of Dabir and Kashash. They were both high functionaries on the staff of Syud Hussein—being ministers to that Viceroy, in the Court of Gour. The two brothers renounced their Prophet, and became followers of Vishnu, under the guidance of Choitunya. They left the vice-regal court of Bengal to embrace a life of poverty and abstinence, and proved to be eminent members of the sect of the modern Byraggees. From Mahomedans and ex-ministers, they rose to be pious Gossains, and the heads of the Shomaj at Brindabun. Their names are very sacred in the annals of Choitunya-ism.

The spot from which Choitunya held reconnaissance of Brindabun, and the tamarind tree under which he sat, are shown in this neighbourhood. The hallowed spot is marked by the prints of his footsteps; which are much too small to be genuine, being of the size of the feet of a boy of eight or ten years—an age too tender for preaching a religion, or inaugurating an anti-caste movement, and making converts from Mahomedanism. The footprints are not of stone, as elsewhere, but of wood—resembling a pair of common sandals. The tamarind tree is also suspicious—it is now in the prime of its growth, and does by no means look to be three hundred years old.

Nee-koonj-bun.—This again is another *trysting place*, in which Krishna used to make himself snug with his Radha. The god is said yet to haunt the favourite spot;

—and the rustling of leaves heard in the dead of the night, is ascribed to his nocturnal strolls through the bower. In a little room here is seen a bedstead with quilts and cushions. This is gaily adorned every evening with flowers, garlands, and nosegays, and after vespers is left with closed doors. Next morning, the bed is found pressed and disordered as if somebody had been sleeping there, the flowers strewn upon it squeezed and crushed, and the nosegays out of their places. No man dares intrude here after nightfall. Many years ago, an individual tarrying concealed in the gardens to pry into the mysteries, was found dead the next morning. On another occasion, a second man had hazarded the same espionage, and the result was that he became crazed, and lost the powers of his speech—his mouth closed against any impious revelation. In the present appearance of the *Nee-koonj-bun*, not a vestige can be recognized of the superb description of the Bhagbut. The shrubberies and walks, the boughs and foliage, the flowers and evergreens of all kinds, that made it the very region of romance, and which have been so minutely described in the immortal verse of Joydeva, exist no longer. The lovely *Nee-koonj-bun*—the delicious garden in which Love trod 'the primrose path of dalliance'—is now a mere sun-beaten field, rank with grass and weeds, and swarming with monkeys. The stubborn earth bears no traces of the scenes that have passed upon its surface. The garden is enclosed by a low fence. There stands in it a single tree, remarkable for its bark being knotted like the *sila*, and reverenced as the iden-

tical tree on which Krishna used to hang his lute. Nearly all the branches have dropped off, the trunk has got shrunk and lean, and, bent down by age, is almost prostrate with the ground. To all appearance, the tree induces a belief of great antiquity.

Baka-Behary—the largest image in all Brindabun, and the especial god of the Vrij-bashees—the others being of the Bengalees. He has no Radha by his side. They had tried once, twice, and thrice, to place an idol of the goddess by him; but the god threw it away each time, disgusted with a sham. He is said to spend all the night with the real Radha, and does not get up from bed till nine in the morning, which is the fixed hour to open the door of his shrine. It is really surprising to see with what apparent devotion all ranks, and ages, and sexes flock and kneel to this statue. Regularly, towards sunset, the greater part of the Vrij-bashee population turns out to see here the ceremony of vespers. It is a beautiful picture to behold the court-yard then thronged with Vrij-maee women, in their flowing drapery and long veils, waiting till the door of the temple should be opened. No sooner the time comes, than a rush is made for entrance, and the crowd is carried almost headlong into the body of the temple, amid vows, and whispers, and prayers, from every mouth. Near the doorway stands a monk to receive the gifts of the pilgrims. As we had chosen to lag behind rather than commit the ungallantry of rubbing shoulders with women, and as our dress marked us out as different persons from the crowd before us, the

superior ordered a passage and place for us at the head of the shrine, expecting a better contribution. But he must have been a good deal scandalized, at our being on legs while all others prostrated themselves before the image; and also at the broad laugh with which we replied to his recital of the story of the freakish god to kick and cuff away the doll of a Radha from his bed. We had never heard of such an incident in the history of Krishna, nor in all probability has the reader; but the Vrij-bashees in Brindabun have a great deal more of such knowledge than they gain from the Bhagbut.

Radha-rumun—originally a *sila* or *saligram*, and worshipped by Gopal Bhutto Gossain. The image is a miracle, having burst forth from the *sila* and assumed the present form, in order to wear the ornaments and clothes which a wealthy pilgrim had brought to the shrine. In proof of the veracity of the story, the *sila* is seen yet attaching to the back of the image. The unsculptured and spontaneous form is regarded as typical of *bonâ fide* Krishna in his perfect godship; and well may his followers, the females especially, madden in the vision, and say—

> 'Appeared'st thou not to *Nunda* in this guise?
> Or to more deeply blest *Gopinees?*'

One by one, nearly all the principal sights and scenes consecrated in Vishnuvite history had been seen, till night put an end to our round of visits to the holy places. But in a tour of the antiquities of Brindabun, there is, we fear, great occasion for scepticism with respect to the authorities on which the sites of the holy

places have been identified. Very grave suspicions arise as to the site of that Brindabun itself, the holiness of which is so much dwelt upon by the Bhagbut. It is mentioned, that to remove to Brindabun, the shepherds of Gokul collected a large number of carts to carry the women and children. 'No allusion exists as to any boat for transportation across the Jumna. Nothing like a river is mentioned to have interrupted the progress of the emigrants to their new abode. May it not have been, that the Jumna had a different course in the age of Krishna from that in our age? In that case, all hypothesis is defied to identify the site of Brindabun.

Here, at any rate, we are in the hallowed lands of the Bhagbut—and far from all cavil and scoff, we would fain have the slightest evidence for the foundation of the faith which has inspired with pious hopes more than fifty generations of Hindoos. But the pilgrim who comes animated by the fresh and almost the virgin feeling awakened by the perusal of the Shasters, to see whether the objects hallowed by high and holy associations be true, will feel himself grievously disappointed to find those hallowed objects, or at least what are pointed out as such, to have little conformity with the descriptions given in the sacred books. If he does not come to find more pleasure in believing than in raising doubts, his faith is severely tested. Much is learnt from personal observation that dissolves away the charm. Idle legends of later days are found mixed with references to Bhagbut history. Most of the holy places

pointed out in Brindabun, and adorned and transformed by the false but well-meaning piety of the Vishnuvites, have no better claim to authenticity than the credulity of a weak and pious old woman. Doubts had arisen in the mind of Choitunya, and he had got up on an eminence to take in a survey of Vrij. The prospect lay before him just as nature had left it. There was no relic spared by the desecrating hand of man to confirm the localization of a holy spot. He was unwilling to take things as he found them, and loth to perpetuate a deceit. But however he may have taken pains to guard himself against deception, his determined enthusiasm must have had a great deal the better of his earnest piety. Proofs of trickery and falsehood are constantly peeping from under the disguises put upon many of the objects,—destroying the interest with which the pilgrim would otherwise have looked upon them. Though the Vishnuvites would have us believe that the distinction between the sign and the thing signified is never lost sight of, still no man in his fatuity can overlook the consequences to society. It is common to hear of the attraction and fascination of the sights and ceremonials at Brindabun. But as to the great majority of sights, it must be confessed, that all we obtain for our labour is the knowledge that they are not worth seeing; though this is a knowledge that no one is willing to receive upon the authority of another, but would have it from his own personal experience. In our case, the barefoot tour of the temples only gave us sore feet. There is nothing particular in the *feet* of Muddun

Mohuna, or in the *breast* of Gopinath, which in Vishnuvite opinion are regarded to bear an exact resemblance to the feet and breast of Krishna. The face of Govinjee has no charms for us, though Usha, Bujro's mother, may have taken her veil at its exact similitude to the face of her father-in-law. No scene of miracles interested us—no ceremonials produced any effect upon our minds. The reader has not any wondrously-edifying tale to hear from us. Vishnuvism has for its basis only a single act of the great and eventful drama of Krishna's life, and its scenes are as tiresome as turning upon Ixion's wheel. Amid all the doubts and confusions that present themselves for reflection, the only thing that is sufficient for our enjoyment of those scenes is to know that we are in the memorable land of Vrij —that we are treading upon a soil, and breathing in an atmosphere, which have been trodden upon and breathed in by Krishna: and under the crowd of associations that press upon the mind, we give ourselves up to the illusion which it is far more agreeable to sustain than to dissolve. No Young Bengal can so far overcome the prejudices of his education as not to feel a sentiment of disgust at the representations got up to commemorate the adventures of Krishna. In constructing a formal doctrine out of a poetic idea, in preferring a state of loving faith to mere prayers, Vishnuvism has added moral to physical causes, in making the nation more voluptuous, and aggravating the condition of India. There is no exposition of undefiled Hindoo faith more beautiful than the last words of Sancara. Infidel as

Hume was, his last moments were indulged in imaginings of Charon and his boat. Idolatrous as the great Shivite controversialist was, the last saying he has left on record is, 'O Lord, pardon me the three sins committed by me—I have by contemplation clothed thee with a shape, who art shapeless; I have in praise described thee who art indescribable; and I have ignored thine Omnipresence by visiting the *Tirthas* or pilgrimages to shrines.'

November 4.—To speak religiously, Brindabun is the rich kernel in the shell of Vrij. Topographically, it must rank as a third-rate town, being not larger than Burdwan or Hooghly. It may beat those cities by a gayer appearance, especially in an imposing river-frontage, but it is decidedly inferior to them in wealth. Not a trace is retained of its ancient pastoral features. There are luxuriant groves about it, but you do not hear any of the lowings of cattle, or the bleatings of lambs, or the pipings of the horn. The men and women are no longer shepherds and shepherdesses. Now and then, there may turn up the tall figure of an old white-bearded gentleman, exactly as the patriarch of the imagination, and looking precisely as you would paint Nanda or Upananda. But he does not bear a crook in his hand, driving the several flocks before him. The women have fair fascinating faces; but they sit winnowing or grinding corn at a hand-mill, rather than browsing kine on the river-bank or turning the curd in the dairy, to which they were accustomed of old. Far from any pastoral scene of Bhagbut-account

meeting your eyes, Brindabun, as it now is, presents a town of stately edifices, in which the population may be estimated at twenty thousand inhabitants, and in which you have to thread through narrow, tortuous streets, of the mountings and turnings of which it is impossible to give an idea. Grain, ghee, and sweetmeats seem the principal trades. There are also a good many shops, in which copper and brass vessels, woollens, chintz, and Manchester calicoes are exposed for sale. But no meat or Mussulmans—no prostitutes or grogshops: Hennesy and Martell are shut out from the jurisdiction of Kaniya, as opium is from China,—though perhaps his coz Buldeo would connive at the smuggling of a bottle or two for his entertainment. In not a few of the shops they drive a thriving trade in toys, images, breviaries of *toolsee*-beads, and brass-prints of Heri's name and feet. The toys and images consist of the figures of Krishna and Radha, of various kinds of animals, of tumblers, cups, and saucers, all carved from Jeypore marble. This morning we had been to purchase a few cheap mementos of the place, and among others, preferred to buy a nice white marble milch-cow, as if from Krishna's fold. They also sell here small pictorial illustrations—and we took fancy to a *Neeloonj-bun* affair, in which Krishna is entertaining Radha with his lute under the embowering shade of a dark *tamala*, while a peacock is at gambols in the foreground. This was enough to keep us Brindabun-haunted.

Nearly all that has been said about the Chowbays, might apply to the Vrij-bashees. Of the same race,

manners, and pursuits, they are relatively the same 'as one pea is to another.' But the Vrij-bashees are a more pastoral people than their richer brotherhood of Muttra. There is marked in the former a primitive simplicity and purity, a temperance and abstinence, a contented poverty and contempt for luxuries, which to this day sustain the poetry of the land of Vrij. They cultivate no learning, and practise no profession—preferring to be the tenants of miserable mud cabins, and to be cold and hungry, if they can get to luxuriate in *bhang*, and drown their cares in a bowl of that precious drug. To them, Brindabun is a land flowing with milk and honey, and the cheapness of living encourages the listless indolence in which they waste the day from sunrise to sunset. The Vrij-bashee is literally bred to a sing-song life. His simplicity, however, is without any taint of boorish rusticity—nothing is more polished than the language he speaks, and nothing more refined than the urbanity he shows to the pilgrims. There are about 5000 Vrij-bashees, out of which 200 families follow the profession of Pandas. The Vrij-bashees are *Dobays*—their brethren at Muttra are *Chowbays*. The principal business of a Panda is to keep a look-out for pilgrims.

In Brindabun, the society forms a dead level of commonalty—there is no grade of high aristocratic life, nor any of low squalid pauperism. The whole business of the place is in the hands of outsiders. The Byragees of Bengal form a large item in the population; and their shaven heads, sleek forms, and lascivious eyes, meet

you at every corner of Brindabun. Regarded as interlopers, they are not looked upon with a friendly eye by the Vrij-bashees. The one is insincere and mischievous —the other frank and confiding. The Byragee is as touchy as tinder. He takes fire as quick as his god—and a pair of black eyes is at any time enough to put mischief in him.

As much as a Jew is repulsive and a Jewess attractive, is a Vrij-bashee distinguished from a Vrij-bashinee. Nothing presents so great a contrast as the poor slovenly appearance of the gents, and the delicate features and the brilliantly fair complexion of the ladies of Vrij. Though brought up in poverty and destitution, the women possess a grace and dignity which would warm the coldest heart to admiration. The great charm of their appearance is an exceeding gentleness, united with affability and elegance of manner: in fact, there is a calm and quiet loveliness about them that would make any of them dangerous—a loveliness that is matter of history, and immortalized in poetry:

> 'The angelic youths of old,
> Burning for maids of mortal mould,
> Bewildered, left the glorious skies,
> And lost their heaven for a woman's eyes.'

The certain softness that is in the air they breathe, and the sentiment there is in the religion they follow, bring on a disposition to gaiety and wantonness, and the daughters of Vrij cannot but be ardent, impassioned, and enthusiastic in love. They dress themselves in the gayest costume. The sons, on the contrary, never have but winking eyes, and a dull, muddled brain, under the

eternal influence of *bhang*. It must not be supposed, that husbands and wives are to be found very fondly and faithfully attached to each other. In Brindabun, as in all religious places,

> 'They do let Heaven see the pranks
> They dare not show their husbands.'

That our Bengalee ladies may go and return thence without infection, may well form a matter of serious apprehension—for it is to the female virtues that we should look, not only for the happiness of our homes, but also for the support of that national character, which has always led to national greatness. It is a pity to see many of the fairest faces ruined entirely by pox-marks. Coloured apparel is mostly in fashion, and that this may not be wetted daily is the reason why the Vrij-maees have their Eve-like ablutions in the stream. A maid can scarcely be made out from her mistress—they dress themselves so alike, and come tinkling with the toe-rings along the streets. No question, that in the fashion of the Bengalee and Vrij ladies' dress, the advantage is for once much on the side of the latter. In public, the women go muffled to the eyes, observing a great propriety of manners—no 'dissolute air,' no 'studied look,' no 'flaunting dress,' no 'lascivious gait,' and no 'expressive glances that seemed to wander in search after those of the men,' such as had met the eyes of Telemachus amongst the fair Cyprians of his day. But in the house there is a perfect absence of all concealment and a greater enjoyment of freedom than is found by the inmates of a Bengal zenana. By a passing traveller,

little more can be said of the various classes of Indian women, beyond the broad distinctions which fall under his glance. But not more are Desdemona, Rosalind, Imogen, and Ophelia, the creation of one brain, than are the Chowbaynees, Vrij-maees, Mahrattanees, and Bengalinees, daughters of the same family, with a general resemblance, and an individual discrimination.

Coming shoeless and in a silken cowah dhooty from his bath in the river, and looking very like the personification of a 'Gentoo Bishop,' our lawyer was this morning kneeled and bowed to by an old woman in the streets.

Far different is the story of our tradesman. Failing to have out-monkeyed a monkey, he has since been in a mighty rage, and meditating to have his revenge upon a Vrij-bashinee. He was for no less a game than to besiege the heart of a pretty young lady, who resided directly opposite our lodge. He got into the humour this morning to catch a few glances from that lady. But she seemed little disposed to respond—and so missing fire, he had to give up the conquest.

The ex-Rajah of Hatras is putting up at Brindabun. He is the son of that Jaut chief who is known under the name of Dayaram Thakoor in the annals of modern India. In a building, pleasantly situated upon the bank of the Jumna, and commanding on the other side a prospect of the sacred groves of *Belbun*, in which *Luchmee* is yet praying with folded hands to her lord, is he quietly spending his days content with his pension and poojah. Passing by his house, we saw the Rajah

to be a middle-statured, fair-complexioned, and noble-looking man, of more than fifty. He has shaved clean the head which could not wear a crown. Nothing can be more dull and monotonous than his life, and none but the most sluggish or the most philosophic nature could endure it. He is a philosopher by compulsion, and dozes away his existence in one unvarying round of prayers, and meals, and sleep—unbroken even by a fitful dream. The caged or cabled parrot quietly eats away his gram. The state-prisoner, 'bound in a nut-shell, and counting himself king of infinite space,' quietly eats away the pension which has been assigned by a generous Government—'after the manner of those open-handed thieves of fiction who fling back a couple of broad-pieces to the traveller, whom they have eased of his purse and watch.' Our strange faces attracted his notice, and he gave us a glance which denoted the speculation that was still in his eyes.

No learning now-a-days in Brindabun,—no learned men, nor any real hermit,—all men think too much of eating and pleasures. Pundit Rangachari Swami is an exception to our remark. He is a great scholar in Vishnuvite literature.

The procession of a Byragee in a trance, quite deserved to be made the subject for a penal lesson. It was quite outrageous to the feelings, to see simple women eagerly come out of their houses to kiss and take the dust of his feet, who in the streets of Calcutta would have been picked up as drunk and incapable, and taken to the lock-up. Far from being in seraphic raptures,

he must have been on a spree from an over-dose of *bhang*, and he was being paraded along by two of his brethren, rather as a sacred object than a shameless hoax. No Vrij-bashinee thought it worth her while to take notice of him—she is too wide awake to be taken in like the Byragee women by such shams.

The antipathy to the Bengalee was never so apparent as during the rebellion. For once, the sluggish but hungry Vrij-bashee had been then roused to look with a scowling eye upon the Bengalee, and forget his debts of gratitude in the hopes of power and pelf. There was pointed out to us a lad of ten or twelve years —'a young fry of treachery'—who had for two days roamed about the streets threatening to cut the throats of every Bengalee in the land. The fellow is not put out of countenance by being reminded of his bravados, but laughs and grins at your remark. He is for his age a well-developed and plucky chap, who augurs to be *goonda* hereafter—'he hath no drowning mark upon him, his complexion is perfect gallows.' The panic and privations of those days could never have been so well depicted to us, as what we saw in the appearance of a pilgrim who had returned home from Brindabun immediately after the mutiny. He was cut off from all help and communication like a cast-away in Timbuctoo. Not a penny reached him for three years. From a plump man, half-rations had thinned him to emaciation, —besides his life hanging by a brittle thread under a drawn sword over the head. Indeed, so great was the degree of spareness to which he had been reduced, that

his breast-bones stood out most prominently, and the skin of his dried-up stomach seemed to touch the very backbone. The troubles written upon his frame are indelible in our memory.

Few objects that we have seen in Brindabun will be remembered by us hereafter with such pleasing reflections as the old Bengalee of ninety-six. Life is agreeable to be protracted to the full term of years allotted to man, if it were not subject to the shocks that occur in a long career. At his age, a man must outlive all feeling and affection, and is no better than the wreck of a withered tree from which all the branches have disappeared. His last child—a widow daughter of about sixty, who had come up to live with and serve her aged father—died two years ago, and he is left alone to eke out the few last days of his life. He has been only dwarfed by age, but is not 'sans eyes and sans ears.' He walks, bathes in the Jumna, cooks his own food, prepares his own *chillum*, and reads the greater part of the day from the text-book of the Shasters. His means do not allow him to afford milk, and he is thence gradually failing in strength. Hearing of the arrival of some of his countrymen, he has walked nearly half a mile to see us. It is now forty-five years since he left Calcutta, to wander through various parts of India. In the capacity of a clerk belonging to the Commissariat, he was at the siege of Bhurtpore in 1825, travelled through the Punjaub, and has been as far as Peshawar. During the last fifteen years, he has quietly settled himself at Brindabun, and is now afraid to move out anywhere

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lest he should miss the chance of laying his bones in that holy place. He is really 'the oldest inhabitant' of common parlance, and is an almanack of facts in the history of three generations. Though for half a century an exile, and neither expecting nor wishing to revisit the world, the thoughts of home yet sometimes rush on his heart—it is difficult to measure the feeling which binds a man to his native land. His meeting with us was to him a most welcome incident, and he sat up to a late hour chatting over the tales of olden times. He has adopted the habits of the people amongst whom he lives, and cannot do without a cap on his head—it being with the up-country wallahs an ill omen to see a naked head the first thing of all in the morning. He is not born of parents remarkable for living to a green old age; the secret of his own great longevity is sobriety—a steadiness like the undeviating course of the sun.

It is precisely the time at which one should come to Brindabun—the season of gaieties, when hundreds of pilgrims arrive for the great festivities of the holy month. To a *Nautch* in the evening. The court-yard of a principal shrine had been hung over with a rich awning. Hundreds of lamps burned on all sides to illuminate the scene. The ample space was thronged by a picturesque audience of turbaned Vrij-bashees squatting on the floor. The Virj-maees in parti-coloured dresses sat beneath the cloisters. In the centre of the square was a raised dais, on each side of which stood two boys in livery, holding two torches in the true

Hindoo mode of lighting. The subject was *Radhica-Rajah* in the Nedhoo-bun. High on the dais sat a lovely boy in a superb female garb, but with a coronet on his head—personating the heroine of the theme. The other principal actor on the stage was Krishna, as a page. Upon the whole, the performance struck us as something novel. It had the merit of being midway between an English play and an uproarious Bengalee *Jatra*. The Chowbays of Muttra and the Vrij-bashees of Brindabun 'have considerable reputation as vocalists; and the effect of the modulated and deep tones of the adult blending with the clear treble of the juvenile performers, while the time is marked by the cymbal or the soothing monotony of the tabor, accompanied occasionally by the *murali* or flute, is very pleasing. The movements of those who personate the deity and his fair companions are full of grace, and the dialogue is replete with harmony.' It was indeed a great novelty and treat to hear Krishna in melodious *Vrij-buli*—the language most probably of the ancient Yadus. Radha had an arch smile on her face, and Krishna a penitential visage. It is a pity, however, that Krishna is all in all in Brindabun—Krishna in the temples, Krishna in prayers—Krishna in sculpture and painting—Krishna in drama and in dreams. Though there is a perceptible emotion in the audience, there is no applause—the spectators sit by in silence, and burst forth in no plaudits or acclamations of *Hurrybole* as in Bengal. There is now a spirit of re-action in the Indian drama. People in Calcutta are intent upon an improved Hindoo theatre.

The dramatic literature of Bengal has already been enriched by the play of Surmista. It is not known under what scenery, and decorations, and style of acting, the pleasing drama of *Rutnavali*, or the Necklace, used to be enacted by our ancestors in the seventh century at the court of Harsha Deva of Kanouge. But we have seen the character of *Sagarika* played in the Belgachia. The scenic representations were an innovation that transported the spectator to ancient Kosambi—the scene of the play. There is another native gentleman of fine taste and accomplishments, and splendid opportunities, who is directing his efforts to introduce a new phase in Hindoo music, and his decided success in infusing a tone of spiritedness into our effeminate national airs has become a subject for general imitation in the metropolis.

Finishing his tour of Brindabun, the pilgrim has to complete the circuit of the holy land of Vrij by visiting the other spots in which Mythology has placed her most pleasing fables. The traveller may explore them for archæological research into the antiquities of an interesting people. Taking a country-ruth, and placing yourself under the escort of your Panda, you should trace back the way to Muttra, and make a short cut to the sacred groves of *Modhoo-bun* and *Tal-bun*—noted for being the scenes where Krishna pastured kine veritably like Beattie's 'Edwin;' and Buldeo caroused, himself, with fermented palm-juice for 'shout and revelry—tipsy dance and jollity.' *Radha-koond*—a holy place referred to in the Bhagbut—is famous for three

tanks. The one sacred to the memory of Radha has been beautifully enfaced all round with steps of stone by Lalla Baboo. It is remarkable to find the water of this tank crystally pure; while that of the adjoining *Sham-khoond* is of light indigo, resembling the azure complexion of Krishna; and, side by side again, that of the *Nullitta-koond* to possess a milky whiteness. They show on the embankments of the *Sham-koond*, the cell in which Kristodoss composed his *Choitunu-charita-merta* —the great text-book of the modern Byragees. There are five trees which are pointed out as the metamorphoses of the five *Pandoo-brothers*. The country hereabouts is quite pastoral with the numerous herds of grazing cows and buffaloes, and orchards and topes of mango. The people also are simpler and poorer than the Vrij-bashees. They are quite content to pasture their cattle, and live upon their slender subsistence of wheaten bread. Neither starvation nor disease can compel the monkish community to quit the holy place of their abode. The village is not half so large as Brindabun, and has less than one-fourth the population of that town.

Four miles from Radha-koond is *Goverdhun*, the hoary and holy mount connected with the richest associations, and beheld with an absorbing interest. The Greeks had their *Olympus* and the Hebrews their *Sinai* —the Jains have their *Parisnath*, the Shivites their *Kailasa*, and the Vishnuvites their *Goverdhun*. The Christian pilgrim in Judea sees Bethlehem and Jerusalem, and then goes to Sinai. The Vishnuvite pilgrim in Vrij sees Muttra and Brindabun, and then goes to

Goverdhun. It is a sublime idea to erect altars to the Almighty upon the pinnacles of his mountains.

The scenes of many of the incidents recorded in the Bhagbut are extremely uncertain. Antiquarians may differ as to the site of Muttra or Brindabun, but of Goverdhun there is no doubt. This landmark of nature has remained unchanged through all vicissitudes, and is the first tangible monument to furnish evidence in favour of resuscitated Vishnuvism. The mount uplifts its head from the level of an alluvial plain, and extends ten miles long, running north, south, and south-west. It is impossible to describe the singular appearance of this ridge, which is believed to be a fragment of the Himalayas dropped by Hunuman—its lonely and isolated position may well originate such a legend. But it must be a mere pebble compared with the giant from which it has come. They say the ridge was once twenty miles long—ten of which has disappeared underground. It was then high enough to have cast its shadow as far as Muttra. There may be some truth in this, as the rocks look to have been made higher than they are, and their summits, worn and weakened by the action of the elements, have crumbled and fallen, strewing the country immediately around them with fragments. The whole mount is said to have been on one occasion taken up by Krishna on his little finger, and held as an umbrella over the heads of his cattle, his fellow-townsmen, and his favourite milkmaids, to defend them from an overwhelming deluge of rain. But it is not necessary to draw upon false and frivolous

legends to give interest to the scene—the majesty of nature is enough. No more do the Europeans paint Atlas with a globe on his shoulders, than do the Indians paint Krishna with Goverdhun on his little finger.

The popular version about the origin of 'this range of sand-stone hills at Góverdhun is, that Luchmun, the brother of Rama, having been wounded by Ravana, the demon king of Ceylon, his surgeon declared that his wound could be cured only by a decoction of the leaves of a certain tree, to be found in a certain hill in the Himalaya mountains. Hunuman volunteered to go for it; but on reaching the place he found that he had entirely forgotten the description of the tree required; and to prevent mistake, he took up the whole mountain upon his back, and walked off with it to the plains—a mountain upon the back of the men of former days, was no more than a bundle of grass upon the back of one of the grass-cutters in the present day. It was night when Hunuman passed Goverdhun; and the lamps were seen burning in a hundred towns upon the mountain he had upon his back—the people were all at their usual occupations, quite undisturbed. Left as a regent, Bhurut, the third brother of Rama, then happened to be in Goverdhun. He saw Hunuman passing with the mountain, and, thinking him to be one of the king of Ceylon's demons about mischief, let fly one of his arrows at him. It hit him on the leg, and as he made a false step, the sudden jerk caused this *small fragment* of his huge burden to fall off. In his agony he called out Ram, Ram, from which Bhurut discovered his mistake. He went

up, and with kind attentions sought to relieve his pain. Learning from him the object of his journey, and fearing that his wounded brother Luchmun would die before he could get to Ceylon with the requisite remedy, he offered to send Hunuman on upon the barb of one of his arrows, mountain and all—*a more expeditious mode of travelling than through the Pneumatic Tube of our day.* To try him, Hunuman seated himself with the mountain upon the barb of the arrow, as desired. Bhurut placed the arrow to the string of his bow, and drawing it till the barb touched the bow, asked Hunuman whether he was ready. "Quite ready," said Hunuman; "but I am now satisfied that you are really the brother of our Prince, and regent of his kingdom, which was all I desired. Pray let me descend, and be sure I shall be in time to save your wounded brother." Bhurut let him pass on, but he remained lame for life from the wound. This accounts very satisfactorily, according to popular belief, for the halting gait of all the monkeys of that species: those who are descended lineally from the general, inherit it of course; and those who are not, adopt it out of respect for his memory, as all the soldiers of Alexander contrived to make one shoulder appear higher than another, because one of his happened to be so. Hunuman reached Ceylon with his mountain, the tree was found upon it, and Luchmun's wound cured—leaving behind him the small but insignificant fragment, on which the town and temples of Goverdhun now stand.'

'Goverdhun,' says Sir William Jones, 'is the Par-

nassus of the Hindoos.' Indeed, taking *Krishna* for Apollo, the *Gopinees* for the Muses, and the *Mans-gunga* —a large beautifully infaced tank—for the fount of Castalie, it out-and-out justifies the comparison. One may not become an inspired poet here, but a desperate inamorato—either of which, for a professional man, is a catastrophe to be avoided.

Many are the hallowed localities in and around the mountain—the great holy object which is the centre of attraction for most pilgrims. The present town stands upon the belt of rocks, about two miles from the northern extremity. It is of small size, and scanty in population. The inhabitants are in a great measure Brahmins, supported on the endowments annexed to the tombs of the Jaut Rajahs of Bhurtpore and Deeg, whose bodies are burned and their ashes inhumated at this town. The sides of the mountain are covered with dwelling-houses, temples, and tombs; and while the summits present nature in her wild form, the bases are adorned with all the beauty of architecture and art—of tanks, orchards, and gardens, forming a most pleasing scenery. In little cells, there reside many a monk, who spend the day and night in ascetic abstraction, and whom no temptations of the world will draw out from their retirement. There is nothing of interest in the modern city of Goverdhun—its history is connected with the past. The traveller may stand at the foot, and imagine Indra pouring down his vials of wrath in a deluging rain, while Krishna lifts up the mountain to hold it as an umbrella; or wander through

the narrow streets to mark the spots where he frisked with the milkmaids, and spent his days among cattle and trees. Besides the interest attached to this place by reason of its great antiquity, and the many holy events of which it has been the scene, it is to be remembered also for being the place where Lallah Baboo ended his days in a cave, that is pointed out to you among other curiosities.

Little can be added by us to the warm tints of description that have been lavished upon Goverdhun. The principal temple upon the mount is dedicated to Krishna under the form of the infant *Gopala*. The image is typical of a child crawling on all fours, with a *pera* in his right arm. This form of worship was first introduced by Bullubha Acharya, who must have been influenced to do away with the legends that scandalize Vishnuvism in the eyes of its adversaries. His followers form a separate order from the Byragees of Choitunya. Indeed we are inclined to think, that many of the adventures and miracles commonly attributed to Krishna form but a mystified account which Vishnuvism gives of its own reverses and triumphs. The holding up of Goverdhun against Indra, the replacement of the cattle stolen away by Brahma, and the destruction of Kaliya-Nag, are not incidents in the early life of Krishna, but in the history of the early progress of Vishnuvism—bearing a reference to its infant struggles with Indraism, Brahmaism, and the ophiolatory Nagas. In like manner, the flirtations with the Gopinees are many of them pure inventions,

that were regarded by Bullubha to disgrace the purity of his religion. Libraries of comment have been written to explain the text of the Bhagbut, and sects have branched off according as a master-mind has interpreted that work. But the true meaning has yet to be found by resolving the various legends to their real signification—and then would our nation possess something like a true biography of Krishna.

Of Goverdhun, the especial holiness is owing to its being the first scene of Krishna's apotheosis. It was upon this mount that the first image had been raised to his worship under the name of *Goverdhun-nauth*. The idol had to be secreted in a cave from falling into the hands of Mahmud, and lay forgotten for many centuries, till discovered and re-instated by Bullubha. Hence, his lineal descendant forms the high-priest of Kaniya. The great annual mela of *Anna-coot* at Goverdhun, first instituted by Bullubha, generally takes place in this month of Karteeck. Formerly, the seven principal gods of Vrij used to meet on this occasion in *rendezvous* at Goverdhun, till they were obliged by Aurungzebe to disperse themselves in various directions, and to various distances. To this day, not less than a hundred thousand people assemble on the occasion of the festival. It celebrates a pastoral incident in the life of Krishna, and throughout all Vrij the horns of the cattle are painted red with vermillion—in one instance we saw those of a cow bedizened with silver-leaf.

In the midst of the town is 'the handsome tomb of Runjeet Sing, who defended Bhurtpore so bravely

against Lord Lake's army. The tomb has, on one side, a tank filled with water; and on the other another, much deeper than the first, but without any water at all. The cause assigned for this is, that Krishna one hot day, after skying with the milkmaids, had drunk it all dry; and that no water would ever stay in it, lest it might be quaffed by less noble lips. Inside the dome of Runjeet Sing's tomb, the siege of Bhurtpore is represented. Lord Lake is dismounted, and standing before his white horse giving orders to his soldiers. On the opposite side of the dome, Runjeet Sing, in a plain white dress, is standing erect before his idol, at his devotions, with his ministers behind him. On the other two sides he is at his favourite field sports.'

The tomb of Suraje Mull, the great founder of the Jaut power at Bhurtpore, 'stands on the north-east extremity of this belt of rocks, about two miles from the town, and is an extremely handsome building, conceived in the very best taste, and executed in the very best style. With its appendages of temples and smaller tombs, it occupies the whole of one side of a magnificent tank full of clear water; and on the other side it looks into a large and beautiful garden. All the buildings and pavements are formed of the fine white sandstone of *Roop Bass*, scarcely inferior either in quality or appearance to white marble. The stone is carved in relief, with flowers in good taste. In the centre of the tomb is the small marble slab covering the grave, with the two feet of Krishna carved in the centre, and around them the emblems of the god, the discus, the

skull, the sword, the rosary. These emblems of the god are put on, that people may have something *godly* to fix their thoughts upon. It is by degrees, and with a little "fear and trembling," that the Hindoos imitate the Mahomedans in the magnificence of their tombs. The object is ostensibly to keep the ground on which the bodies have been burned from being defiled; and generally Hindoos have been content to raise small open terraces of brick and stucco work over the spot, with some image or emblem of the god upon it. The Jauts here, like the princes and Gossains in Bundelcund, have gone a stage beyond this, and raised tombs, equal in costliness and beauty to those over Mahomedans of the highest rank; still they will not venture to leave it without a divine image or emblem, lest the gods might become jealous, and revenge themselves upon the souls of the deceased, and the bodies of the living. On one side of Suraje Mull's tomb is that of his wife, or some other female member of his family; and upon the slab over her grave, that is, over the precise spot where she was burned, are the same emblems; except the sword, for which a necklace is substituted. At each end of this range of tombs stands a temple dedicated to Buldeo, the *cousin* of Krishna. The inside is covered with beautiful snow-white stucco work, that resembles the finest marble; but this is disfigured by wretched paintings, representing, on one side of the dome, Suraje Mull, in Durbar, smoking his hookah, and giving orders to his ministers; on another he is at his devotions; on the third, at his sports, shooting hogs

and deer; and on the fourth, at war, with some French officers of distinction figuring before him. He is distinguished by his portly person in all, and by his favourite light-brown dress in three places. At his devotions he is standing all in white, before the tutelary god of his house, *Hurdeo*. In various parts, Krishna is represented at his sports with the milkmaids. The colours are gaudy, and apparently as fresh as when put on a *hundred and eight* years ago; but the paintings are all in the worst possible taste and style.'

Nothing less than that it is the personification of Krishna himself, is the opinion in which Goverdhun is held by his followers. There are devout votarists, who perform the circuit of the mount, by going round its base, prostrating themselves at each step on the way, and marking the space covered by their bodies. This is a vow, or penance, which is not completed but in several years; and we have heard of one who has been able to go round but half the mount in seven years. Nobody dares to bring home any stone from Goverdhun—it is said to be endued with life. People who choose to do so are overtaken by calamities, and obliged to send back the stone to the mount. The *creeper-mango* is a plant which deserves to be mentioned in the botany of Goverdhun.

In Judea, they show a stony field in which the beans have been changed into stones by a curse of the Virgin. In *Churun-paharee*, they show the prints of the footsteps of Krishna,—and of the hoofs of his cows and buffaloes pastured on the cliff. The holy petrifactions were caused

by the obdurate rock having melted at the music of his flute, and thence taken an impress of the feet and hoofs. It seems the wild suggestion of a dream to imagine that Krishna had stood on the very same steps,—but there are facile-minded happy mortals who question not that they have existed from the date assigned to them. The *Luka-Luki*, or Hide-and-Seek tank, near this cliff, speaks of the early age of that game among the Hindoos, played by Krishna with the Gopinees.

Kammya-bun, the famous scene of the incidents of the Vana Purva of the Mahabarat, is really a classic spot for the reminiscences of the Pandava brothers. During the period of their exile and wanderings, brought on by the loss of their patrimony sustained at the gaming table, they chose to take up their quarters in this spot, then a very secluded and romantic wilderness. Here they were visited by their great friend Krishna, and beguiled by holy sages with the consolations of their philosophy. The remains of sixty-four stone pillars—to all appearance ancient, but very doubtful—are shown as a part of the building in which they used to perform their *Yugyas*. The ashes of those ceremonies are still remaining in a large heap. Five wooden images of the *pandoo*, or pale colour, are observed here to stand for the five brothers. But the puny size of the images belies the great heroes of the Mahabarat. None of its ancient features is retained by the place; but while its name lives in the verse of the poet, will the pilgrim bend his steps to Kammya-bun.

The cliff of *Burshana* was the abode of Rajah Bir-

hobhanoo, the father of Radha. He was prince in a pastoral country, where people possessed their wealth in flocks of cows and buffaloes, sheep and goats. The vestiges of his fortress are seen in walls of huge slabs piled on each other in long lines. Crowning the cliff is a temple, which is ascended by a noble staircase counting four hundred steps, built, a few years ago, by a pious Baboo of Calcutta. In one of the rooms is seen Radha —mourning to herself in her lone widowed heart under separation and disappointment. The adjoining chamber is occupied by the 'Duenna sage' *Burrayee*, her maternal grandmother. Near the foot of the cliff are observed large life-sized statues of her parents, Birshobhanoo and Kritika, and of her brother Sreedam.

Next to *Nanda-gaon*, remarkable for having been the seat of Nanda, under whose roof Krishna had been brought up in concealment. They have erected to his memory a life-sized wooden statue with the clothing and turban of a modern Vrij-bashee. Likewise, there is a statue of his wife Jushoda—a big matronly lady. The statues are replaced on decay, as they have been recently done. Here is shown the cradle of Krishna, preserved among the treasures of the place,—as also the dairy from which he used to steal milk and butter in his infancy.

Passing on towards *Seyee*, is reached the ancient boundary of Vrij, marked by a pillar like the stile of Theseus between Ionia and Peloponnesus. Thence to the Jumna, which is crossed near the real *Bushtur-hurun* ghaut, and the scene of Brahma's stealing the flocks.

The next place of note is *Mahavan*, the Rajah of which had submitted, and been favourably received by Mahmood. But a quarrel arising between the soldiers of the two parties, the Hindoos were massacred and driven into the river, and the Rajah, conceiving himself to be betrayed, destroyed his wife and children, and then put an end to his own life. In Mahavan, the principal image is dedicated to Buldeo, whose name and worship may be suspected to have been derived from the Baal of the Assyrians and Babylonians. The complexion of Buldeo is white, and that of Krishna black or azure. It is an ethnological question raised by Sleeman, why Krishna has an *African*, and Buldeo a *Caucasian* or *Aryan* countenance? That the former was aboriginally descended by his mother's side, is a partial answer to that question.

Gokul is almost an island of the Jumna, and one of the prettiest spots in the holy land. The scene here is as pastoral as it had been three thousand and five hundred years ago. 'Large herds of heavy-uddered kine remind us of the days of Nanda,—though their number is far short of *nine lacs*, possessed by that shepherd-chief of old. Krishna had been brought over to this place to be concealed from the knowledge of Kunsa. He is worshipped in a large building under the representation of a 'wee thing' in his 'swaddling clouts,' with several toys before him—the playthings of an infant. The statues of Vasudeb and Devaki, in another apartment, are certainly out of place in this town. Long had the original image of *Gokulnath* lain unnoticed in a ravine

on the invasion of the Mahomedans, till in the sixteenth century it was taken and set up by Bullubha Acharya. The self-same image had again to fly from the persecutions of Aurungzebe, and is to this day an exile from Vrij. But an idol has been substituted in his room, which now forms the principal object of worship. The Gossain who enjoys the honours and advantages of being his high-priest, is said to be a descendant of Bullubha. He is a young man of about twenty, and of a swarthy complexion, whom we saw to go to bathe in Muttra, riding upon an elephant. In Gokul are still pointed out the marks of the ancient *Pootna-khal.* The haggard Pootna had been sent by Kunsa to take away the life of Krishna. She came under the guise of a nurse, with poison on her nipples; but the infant god, not more than seven days old, gave such a pull at them that she dropped down dead. In falling she resumed her real shape of a she-demon—covering no less than six square miles: and it took several thousand swains of Gokul to drag her corpse to the river, cut her up, and burn her, to prevent the pestilence that must have ensued.

From Gokul back again to Brindabun. The pilgrim has now gone over all the ground consecrated by the pasturage, the miracles, the sports, and the loves of Krishna. He has seen all the hallowed places of the Bhagbut, to see which it is his business to come to this holy land. It is time for him now to pack up and return. Taking a farewell stroll through the town, and paying off our rent to the landlady, we made haste to

start by sunset. The tradesman has only one regret, that he could not catch a glance from the lady of his heart. The thirsty doctor has kept away from grog for a period, which he does not remember to have ever done since the dawn of his senses. The lawyer has not one feeling of regret to quit a land in which money has to be expended and not made—in which love-suits take the place of law-suits. The scholar was full of rhymes and farewells in his head for the Vrij-bashees and fair Vrij-bashinees. Three *ruths* and as many carts had come to take us away and our baggage. Before the door of our lodge had gathered a large crowd of Pandas and beggars. The scene of leave-taking was as full of stir as it had been in the days of Krishna and Buldeo—though, like them, we had not to leave behind us a single Vrij-bashinee to pine after us. It was nearly an hour after gloaming, and as we were mounting the ruths, to turn our backs against Brindabun, a policeman came up, and repeating his stories of robberies on the way, warned us to abandon the idea of travelling in the night. He said that the country was in a distracted state, that scarcity of food was driving men to desperation, and that our heavy train of baggage might tempt hungry people to break through the restraints of law. Indeed, the country now bore a rather suspicious character, and we had no mind of trusting ourselves to the tender mercies of a Jaut bandit. But we were unwilling to turn aside from the path in which we had fairly started, and arranging ourselves to go in a compact party mustering twelve people in number, we did not think it would be fool-

hardy to proceed in the teeth of the advice we received. Two of the Pandas volunteered to reach us half way to Muttra. It was past ten when we got safe into that city—making, perhaps, after all, a lucky escape from the perils on the road—to sit with a hearty appetite to the supper prepared by our medical friend, and to take his leave that very night to return to Agra.

CHAPTER III.

November 5th, 1866.—The tale of our journey has now arrived at a point where the thread of further narrative must be resumed exactly six years afterwards. The indulgent reader, who, like Dinarzade, may be anxious to know what befell us next, must prepare himself for a leap over the space of time intervening between the years 1860 and 1866. Happily the month and date happen to agree by a most singular coincidence —the month being the same in the calendar, and the date exactly following the one at which we have broken off. The scene, with which the present chapter has to commence, opens at *Toondla Junction*,—with the high road to Delhi lying spread before the view in all its length. In the interval of time which has elapsed, the great pathway that was making has been completed and thrown open to the public. Through that pathway men now travel with a speed and safety, defying all the marauding tribes of India. From Toondla then let us start,—turning our face to the quarter towards which the fiery-footed steeds of Phœbus gallop apace with his car. Scarcely less fast speeds on our earthly courser, making his track in minutes and hours through

regions, each of which in days gone by had formed the separate territory of an independent chief, but which have been now all consolidated into a vast unity under one supreme head.

By a bountiful Providence have the seasons been so regulated this year, as trebly to compensate for the scarcity of that which has just gone by. The country on our tract spreads mile after mile in smiling fields, with cultivation up to the road-side. Literally, it is one vast garden from the sea to the mountains.

The first place of note on the route is *Hatras*—distant about six miles from the station. From a den of robbers and thugs, it has now become one of the busiest and most thriving places in Upper Hindoostan, and a principal mart for the cotton and indigo of the neighbouring districts. The old fortress of Dyaram Thakoor is now all in ruins. In 1817, that stronghold had a ditch ninety feet wide, and seventy-five feet deep. There had been collected within its ramparts no less than five hundred pieces of ordnance. The Jaut chief, who from a petty zemindar under Scindia rose to be an independent prince, had strengthened his defences in imitation of the English fort at Allyghurh, with all the latest means and appliances of war. To reduce his castle, the British had to muster the most tremendous artillery which had till then been employed in India, and to burn an enormous quantity of powder. Old Dyaram, finding the place too hot for him, made his escape in the darkness of night, and kept himself in concealment for three years. He was at last compelled by

hunger to seek the protection of the English, and dying a stipendiary, bequeathed his pension to the descendant who is rusting in oblivion at Brindabun.

From Hatras to *Coel-Allygurh*, the journey by rail now takes less than an hour. Coel must be one of the most ancient places on the map of India, as its name indicates it to have been derived from the aboriginal Coels or Coles of the ante-Aryan period. In the days of the Mahabarat, Jarasindh had led up an army and encamped on this spot, to revenge the death of his son-in-law, Kunsa, by an invasion of the territories of Krishna. No doubt exists of its importance in the twelfth century, when it had a fortress that was captured by the Mussulmans. The country around is a level plain, but the town appears to be built upon an elevation,—a fine road leading up to it from the station, with a gradual ascent. The town seems to be considerable and populous, but has little attractions or antique curiosities for the traveller. He is here again more among brick-houses than of stones, which have to be brought from a great way off. The finest feature is a mosque, the domes and minarets of which rise in prominence to break the monotony of a prospect, tame and vacant in the highest degree. This mosque is remarkable as an ancient and noble specimen of Patan architecture. It being the season of *Dewallee*, there is a rubbing and scrubbing and washing and painting of all the Hindoo houses in the town. Dancing-girls, abounding in numbers exceeding all expectation, are all busy in preparing themselves for the occasion. In one small lane,

we heard them practising their tunes and airs from a dozen of shops. They certainly betray the place to be marked by all the vices of an indolent Mahomedan town —the Mahomedans seeming to anticipate the Houris of their Paradise upon earth.

For a long period of years, the country about Coel was notorious for robberies and murders. In Akber's time, heads of peasant robbers, suspended on poles along the road, met the eyes of the traveller. Happily, the robbing trade has become slack, and a very different state now prevails. The Mahratta free-booter, the murderous Patan, and the Jaut bandit, have settled down to an agricultural life, and honest labour has superseded lawless rapine as an occupation. The district is not only tranquil, but prosperous. Nearly half-a-dozen screws are now working at this place, to send down cotton in half-screwed bales. But it is the Hindoo who appears to be engaged in all the active pursuits of trade. The profligate Mahomedans are sunk in an effeminate indolence, which is the cause of their raggedness and decay throughout the country. Let the alien die out the victim of his own religion—which makes him three parts a ruffian, and the fourth part a voluptuary. The debauchee who will not reform must perish.

Coel is the ancient native name, Allyghur the modern. The place is noted for the mud-fort of Monsieur Perron, Scindia's Commander-in-Chief. In its day, that fort had a fausse deep enough to float a seventy-four, and wide, in some places four hundred feet. It was taken by Lord Lake in 1803, and dis-

mantled by the orders of Lord William Bentinck. The fort is now in ruins, and overgrown with jungles—lying about two miles from the town. From an humble sailor, Perron rose in the service of Scindia to attain that command and power which enabled him to lay the foundations of a virtual French State in the valley of the Jumna. This rival State was ominous of growing with its growth, and strengthening with its strength. The Marquis of Wellesley could not sleep a sound sleep haunted by this nightmare,—and he resolved to smoke Perron out of the land. And literally smoked out he was by a few whiffs from the British artillery, which battered down his fort, shattered his State, and sent him out of the land for ever. It is well that an end was put to this French State in embryo. The fickle and freakish Frenchman has no genius for consolidating an empire, which India wants. If he had stept into the shoes of the Great Mogul, India would have been brought up in *sans-culotism* under a galling chain of gilded despotism. The Indian then would have been rake-helly after the manner of his conqueror. Under French rule, the staid Hindoo would have been a strange animal with many a vagary in his head. To this day, the words Bourbon and Bonaparte set two Frenchmen to make each other bite the dust,—how little could their own distractions have allowed them the time to look after the welfare of two hundred millions of human beings. Doubtless, the French acknowledge, but fail to act up to the necessity of accommodating the institutions of government to the progress of informa-

tion. It may be questioned whether there is more tyranny in France than in India. The conquered Indian is happy to have no bit in his mouth, to speak out his grievances. It is necessary for us to appreciate correctly the character either of the French or the Russian. If it be the will of Providence to have a yoke upon the neck of our nation, our nation should in the ripened maturity of its judgment discriminate and prefer the yoke of the English to be the least galling. Nothing less than British phlegm, and imperturbability, and constancy, and untiring energy, could have steadily prosecuted the task of consolidating the disjointed masses of India, and casting her into the mould of one compact nation. They want but 'the high thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy' to attach us to their rule, with a feeling of loyalty that, not merely 'playing round the head, should come near the heart.'

Allygurh has all the appearance of recovering slowly from the shock of a heavy blow. It has lost much of its consequence by the Rebellion, which has swept away many of its inhabitants. Howsoever a Moslem may pretend to doze, no sooner he finds an ill-wind blowing, than he is upon his legs to recover his status. The turbulent Mewattees form here a large element in the population, and came out yelling and brandishing their swords which had rusted for many a day in their scabbards. There was an old Bengalee Baboo, who had left home in his youth as a vagabond run-a-away, and chosen to settle here, rising from a petty Dawk Moon-

shee to accumulate property, and buy large estates. His sons are yet carrying on three saltpetre refineries and twelve indigo factories. On the first alarm of the mutiny, the Baboo sent away his women for safety to Brindabun, disguising them as beggar-maids, and making over to their care the most valuable jewels to carry away under their blankets. The poor Baboo himself, who was waiting for the next opportunity to fly, happened to be caught, and was bound and tortured for money. He supported the agonies of his punishment with the most patient resignation, but died in two days from starvation and much mental racking. The task of quieting Allygurh had been made over to a most energetic Hindoostanee Teshildar, who felt no compunctious visitings to drive in scores 'out of the world' those who had sinned beyond the bounds of forgiveness.

November 6th. Got up at four in the morning to catch the first up-train to Delhi, starting at about sunrise. The starry sky was the great dial in which we read the hour from the position of the armed Orion just over-head. In that silent hour, the songs of a siren Baijee came in 'rich distilled music' wafted on the air. The sound of matin rites also rose from a Hindoo temple in this Mahomedan town. But the train did not arrive till ten in the morning. Took our breakfast with the Baboo who is placed in charge of a hospital here. Met an European gentleman on the platform of the station, who was also bound for Delhi. Long talk with him about the Governor-General's coming Durbar, about

his own travels in Rajpootana, about the Rajah of Jeypoor and the skilful management of his territories, about the heat of India affecting his health, about the income of Native attorneys and pleaders, and about his willingness to take service after nothing-will-do-by speculation.

Khoorjah, a considerable town, though little of it is seen immediately on the road-side. The official return of its population is near twenty-five thousand. During Lake's campaign in the Doab, there was a fort here garrisoned by Perron's force. The town has given up all its martial pursuits for the occupations of commerce. Hundreds of bales of cotton lay piled on the platform of the station—cotton that is untainted with any slave-gore, and which Christian Manchester might buy with a conscientious heart.

Passed by *Boolundsher*, and thence on to *Secunderbad*. The next station is *Dadree*. How all along the way the sight of a rich crop on the groundg laddened our hearts,—coming as we did from famine-stricken lands where thousands were perishing of hunger. Through these parts of the country runs a branch of the great Ganges Canal, designed to secure 3,320,000 acres from the effects of drought. The 'large tumuli,' spoken of by Russel, are neither 'the remains of brick-kilns' nor 'mortuary heaps,' but simply elevations of land on which the villages are built in a swampy country.

From *Ghaziabad* there remained fourteen miles of ground to go over to *Delhi*. This space was rapidly

cleared as we were carried onward and onward by an engine of a hundred-horse power. Far off in the hazy distance, towards which the sun was approaching to close his career, rose a tall and tapering object shooting into a blue pure sky—it was the *Kootub*. Near and near as we advanced, became visible the great dome of Hoomayun's tomb. The eye then caught a glimpse of the Jumna, and beyond it lay full in view with its mosques, minarets, towers, and palaces, extending to a great distance along the bank, the city to which we had looked forward for many a longing year.

Delhi, which conjures up a thousand associations, is, perhaps, the most renowned city on the globe. Babylon or Balbec, Palmyra or Persepolis, Athens, Carthage, or even the imperial Rome itself, are the most celebrated theatres for acts of the human drama. But the hanging gardens of Babylon were the wonders only of a few generations—the city of Solomon threw an enchanted lustre over the deserts of Syria for a limited number of years—the glories of ancient Iran perished with the destruction of Persepolis—and the magnificence of Carthage, once swept away, lies ingulfed in irretrievable ruin. The eternal Rome excepted, there is no other place which enjoys so great a celebrity as Delhi. Its fame is as early established, as it has been the longest perpetuated—a fame extending almost in an unbroken continuity through a space of time embraced by more than three thousand years. Founded in the fifteenth century before Christ, it was known under the name of Indraprastha to countless genera-

tions of Hindoos. In subsequent ages it became celebrated for being the abode of the Great Mogul, who was for a long time regarded less as a real potentate than as a myth of Scheherzade's tales. And in our own times, it has happened to be the scene of memorable events, which, a few years ago, made its name almost a household word in every mouth upon the globe.

But how the charms of illusion fade away before stern truth, that recalls us from our reveries to the realities of the scene before us. Our journey drawing to a close, the train discharged such numbers of all classes of people, travellers, merchants, shopkeepers, gentlemen of elegant leisure, invalids, and speculators, as will have a sensible effect upon the manners and customs of the men in these places. The road beneath the platform was thronged by a dense crowd of coolies, sweetmeat vendors, and hooka-burdars, running and hawking about in all directions. Carriages of various description, but all included under the common name of 'buggies,' lay waiting to be engaged by the passengers. The dust, loosened by the tread of steps, was flying about to make big folks turn up their aristocratic noses. The 'flies of Delhi' lagged not behind to give a sample of their welcome to the stranger, by attacking his ears, eyes, nose, and mouth most inhospitably. Our patience would have given way under the strain put to it, were there not faces to peep from behind the *purdahs* of *ekkas* —faces of females whom the rash innovator, Rail, had drawn out from the seclusion of their zenanas, to throw them upon the rude gaze of the public. The *hookah*, too,

came to our relief after six long, long hours,—the poor *hookah*, or cheroot, or pipe, that is in such awful unpopularity with the Railway authorities, and threatened by their highest penal denouncements. Hiring a gharry, and taking in it all our luggage and baggage, that made us feel about as comfortable as one is in stocks, we proceeded,—pulling at, and puffing away from, a *hubble-bubble* to keep off the unceremonious flies—to make our entry into the city of the Great Mogul in a right earnest Mogul style. Before us intervened the Jumna, spanned by a bridge of boats, similar to which there existed one in the days of the Timurean princes. The beautiful railway bridge through which the train is to ride hereafter direct into the city, is nearly complete for being thrown open for traffic. Forsooth, that iron-bridge is as it were the reality of Xerxes' chain and rod thrown over the proud Jumna. Oh! ye shades of Judisthira, Bheema, and Arjoona, with what pious horror must you look down from your blest abodes, upon the impious bridge that binds and lashes the waves of that classic stream.—But poetry has had its reign, and science now must hold her sway for the comfort of wayfaring men. It was not our blessed fortune to be able to go across through that bridge, though it might have been profaning the memory of our ancestors by hurrying at once most unclassically right into the heart of their city. Greatly to our disappointment, our gharry had to go rumbling over the bridge of boats 'towards the grand donjon of a giant keep that frowns over the flood.' The jolting of the carriage had well-nigh caused us a

serious loss, if a package that had dropped from its top had gone into the river. Passing by the guard-house that is stationed to levy a toll, and mounting to the height on which the city stands, we at last found ourselves within its battlemented walls, and fairly on the soil of

> 'O *Delhi!* my country! city of the soul!
> The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
> Lone mother of dead empires! and control
> In their shut breasts their petty misery.
> What are our woes and sufferance? Come and see
> The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
> O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, ye
> Whose agonies are evils of a day—
> A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.
>
> 'The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
> Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe,
> An empty urn within her wither'd hands,
> Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago;
> The *Pandavas'* tomb contains no ashes now;
> The very sepulchres lie tenantless
> Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
> Old *Jumna!* through a marble wilderness?
> Rise, with thy *azure* waves, and mantle her distress.'

This is an apostrophizing into which a Hindoo by birth and antecedents is likely to fall, as all the associations connected with the interesting ground press upon him and come home to his heart. It is impossible for him to stand upon the classical soil, and resist conjuring up the ghosts of the departed Pandavas, and hold converse on their own ground with Vyas' heroes. But for a little while he may cling to the illusions of the past, till the mystery is dissolved, and truth breaks in to disenchant the scene before his view. He has little time to meditate upon what Delhi was, and what she now is. Old things are passing away, and all things are becoming new under the name of improvements.

The hallowed associations of ancient Indraprastha have all faded away. This may be regretted and mourned over, but cannot be helped. The world is marching onward, and, before long, Delhi shall claim our attention with objects and events of the latest hour. As travellers, whose bones were aching from a long journey, and who had fed upon a scanty meal in the morning, the idea of lodging and supper was rather prominent in our reveries, and we worked our way through crowded streets, stared at by all men, towards *Nil-ka-katra*, to go to a banker, to whom we had a letter of introduction. The reader may probably condemn us for such a trifle uppermost in our thoughts, but so it was; and when we found ourselves under the roof of a comfortable two-storied building, and a complaisant gentleman asked us what we would have for supper, and showed us our beds for the night, we almost agreed that indulging in a classical humour suited better to boys just out of college than to matter-of-fact-minded men.

November 7th.—Of the sights of Delhi it is impossible to say nothing—and it is difficult to say anything new. There are two modes of seeing them: the *topographical*—which is to go through them as they fall in your way, jumbling antiquities, mediævalities, and modernnesses into a salgamundi. The other is *chronological*—which is to go regularly from the house of Pandoo to that of the last Mogul. The latter had our preference,—and off we hied to the *Pooranah-Killah*, or 'old fort,' to begin from the beginning, and not to write, like the Persian, from the right to the left.

Three epochs, three sovereignties, and three civilizations, combine to form the 'mingled yarn' of Delhi's history. The Pandoo, the Moslem, and the Briton, encounter each other on the same ground. The place was first a temple, then a mosque, and has now become a church. In each point of view it is an object of regard—a place thrice sacred with reminiscences for the traveller. To go through his sight-seeing, in a chronological seriatim, he should first of all drive down to the Pooranah-Killah, or Indrapat, in which tradition still preserves the name of ancient *Indraprastha.* The way to this spot lies through a waste of ruins that realize the graphic description of Heber—'A very awful scene of desolation, ruins after ruins, tombs after tombs, fragments of brick-work, free-stone, granite, and marble, scattered everywhere over a soil naturally rocky and barren, without cultivation, except in one or two small spots, and without a single tree.' The old bed of the Jumna is traced in passing through this chaos of ruins. That river appears to have formerly flowed upwards of a mile to the westward of its present channel, and along its right bank had Judishthira built his capital of Indraprastha. The site of that famous city is now some two miles from modern Delhi. Indraprastha was one of the five *pats* or *prasthas** which had been demanded

* 'The five *pats* which still exist, were *Panipat*, *Sonpat*, *Indrapat*, *Tilpat*, and *Baghpat*, of which all but the last were situated on the right or western bank of the Jumna. The term *prastha*, according to H. H. Wilson, means anything "spread out or extended," and is commonly applied to any level piece of ground, including also table-land on the top of a hill. But its more literal or restricted meaning would appear to be that particular extent of land which would require a

by Judishthira as the price of peace between the rival Kurus and Pandavas, and which old Dhritorashtra gave away as a slice from his kingdom to sop his would-be turbulent nephews. The principality assigned to them was a bit of forest-land, then known under the name of *Khandava-vana*. Content, as all fatherless and disinherited orphans are, to make a start with this small assignment, the Pandavas set to building a town on it for their capital. This was about fifteen hundred years before the Christian era, when, far away by the shores of the Egean, Cecrops was building Athens, destined, perhaps, as twin cities, to shed their glory over the East and West.*

prastha of seed, that is, 48 double hands-full, or about 48 imperial pints, or two-thirds of a bushel. This was, no doubt, its original meaning, but in the lapse of time it must gradually have acquired the meaning, which it still has, of any good-sized piece of open plain. Indraprastha would, therefore, mean the plain of Indra, which was, I presume, the name of the person who first settled there. 'Popular tradition assigns the five *pats* to the five Pandu brothers.'—*Cunningham.*

* 'The date of the occupation of Indraprastha as a capital by Judishthira may, as I believe, be attributed, with some confidence, to the latter half of the 15th century before Christ. The grounds on which I base this belief are as follows:—1st, That certain positions of the planets, as recorded in the *Mahabarat*, are shown by Bentley to have taken place in 1424-25 B.C., who adds that there is no other year, either before that period or since, in which they were so situated. 2nd, In the Vishnu Purana it is stated that at the birth of *Parikshita*, the grandson of *Arjuna Pandava*, the seven Rishis were in *Mugha*, and that when they are in *Purva Asharha*, *Nanda* will begin to reign. Now, as the seven Rishis, or stars of the Great Bear, are supposed to pass from one lunar asterism to another in 100 years, the interval between Parikshita and Nanda will be 100 years. But in the Bhagavata Purana this interval is said to be 1015 years, which, added to 100 years, the duration of the reigns of the nine Nandas, will place the birth of Parikshita 1115 years before the accession of Chandra Gupta in 315 B.C., that is, in 1430 B.C. By this account the birth of *Parikshit*, the grandson of *Arjuna*, took place just six years before the Great War in B.C. 1424. These dates, which are derived from two inde-

The Mahabarat has but a few words to give us an idea of ancient Indraprastha. The town is described to have been fortified by 'being intrenched on all sides, and surrounded by towering walls. A beautiful palace contributed to adorn the infant city, which gradually attained to eminence, and became the seat of learning, genius, and art. Merchants frequented from different quarters for the purposes of trade, the city rose in affluence, and bore glorious testimony to Judishthira's universal supremacy.'* Nobody needs to be told that the towering walls now surrounding Delhi, as well as the fort and palace within their precincts, are other than those referred to by the poet. In its present form, the Poorana-Killah is altogether a Mahomedan structure, and there does 'not exist a single carved stone of the original city of Judishthira.' But the spot is classic ground in every inch, and stands before us covered with the glory of ancient deeds. Here stood the citadel defended by the *Gandiva* of Arjoona,—but now occupied, perhaps, by the Keela Kona mosque of Hoomayun. There, probably, was the chamber in which the Pandava brothers held council with Krishna and Vyas,—but on which now stands the Shere Mundil, or the palace of Shere Shah. Yonder may have been the spot on which was erected the great hall of *Rajshuy Yugnya*—a political ceremony resembling the *levées* and *durbars* of our modern Viceroys. Never was there such an august

pendent sources, mutually support each other, and, therefore, seem to me to be more worthy of credit than any other Hindoo dates of so remote a period.'—*Cunningham.*

* Rev. Bannerjee's *Encyclopædia Bengalensis.*

assemblage of the *élite* of old India. The occasion had been graced by the presence of a hundred thousand Rishis, together with all the crowned heads of the realm. There were princes from Cashmere and Camboja beyond the Indus, from *Anga* and Assam, and from Bungo and Berar, to do fealty to the sovereign head. Rich diamonds and pearls,—gold that had been watched, perhaps, by the fabled Yacsha,—valuable brocades and other choice specimens of silk,—curious iron and ivory manufactures,—weapons of different variety, invented by the military genius of the ancient Hindoos,—furs and feathers of great rarity,—and horses and elephants, are mentioned to have been brought by the Rajahs for presents in token of their allegiance. In the midst of all, the gaze and admiration of the assembly was that inestimable diamond on the royal crown, which in our ages is known under the name of Koh-i-noor. Judishthira was no myth. The coins of his time have been discovered. His era was in all records and documents prior to the *Samvat* of Vicramaditya. But there is not a stone, or broken column, for the *New Zealander* of Macaulay—a being long before anticipated in the foretold *Yavana* of our Puranists—to sit upon, and moralize over the evanescence of great cities, and cast horoscopes of empires. He wanders sorrowfully, and bethinks him of Indraprastha, that once triumphed in existence, and promised itself immortality. His imagination paints that city to have covered the banks of the Jumna for several miles, to have been fortified by many a tower and battlement, and to have sheltered within its walls

large numbers of a busy population—a city in which the nobles dwelt in splendid palaces, and were clothed in the richest products of the loom—in which envoys and ambassadors paraded the streets in chariots, and upon elephants—in which heroes were nursed in amphitheatres to perform the most daring exploits—in which poets celebrated the deeds of warriors, and sages discussed the most erudite points in philosophy—and in which flourished the arts and sciences that gave the leadership of the human race to the Aryan Hindoos, and left in their hands the development of the civilization of mankind. But over these the hand of irrevocable time has spread a pall never to be lifted, and the race, who acted all this glorious drama, has passed away, leaving very little upon record to tell the tale of their times, for 'the Hindoos either never had, or have unfortunately lost, their Herodotus and Xenophon.'

Indraprastha was a city of which posterity can now hardly trace the site. The only spot that has any claim to have belonged to that ancient city, is a place of pilgrimage on the Jumna called the *Negumbode* Ghaut. Popular tradition regards this ghaut as the place where Judishthira, after his performance of the *Aswamedha*, or the horse sacrifice, celebrated the 'Hom.'* The position of Negumbode is immediately outside the northern wall of the present city. There is held a fair

* Local tradition contradicts the Mahabarat, which states the Aswamedha to have been performed at Hastinapoor on the Ganges. The Negumbode may be the spot where Pirthi-raj celebrated his Aswamedha. But it had acquired a sacredness from before the time of that prince, and was a place of resort where his grandfather Visal Deva had put up an inscription to transmit the fame of his conquests.

whenever the new moon falls on a Monday. It is said to be held in honour of the river Jumna. The stream has receded from the steps of the ghaut, and there grow on its top a few shady trees. The traveller, in coming up the bridge of boats, has a view of this ghaut on his right.

Sleeman's story of *a full-grown fly* sitting upon Judishthira's dish of rice, and prognosticating the approach of the millennium, is all bosh. In Delhi, flies then must have been as much a plague as now. The rooms are full of them. They attack you in countless myriads, and there is no respite for their annoyance. Domitian is perhaps emulated here in every household.

In vain did Hoomayun try to do away with the name of Indrapat, and substitute that of *Deen-pannah*. None but pedantic or bigoted Mussulmans make use of this name. The common people either called it Indrapat or Pooranah Killah. Neither could Shere Shah have it called after him as *Sheregurh*;—the voice of tradition is not easily silenced. Historians state that Hoomayun *repaired* the old fort of Indrapat. In that case, there must have been ancient foundations on which the present massive walls and lofty towers have been built, and it rests with the antiquary to investigate whether any such foundations really exist, and might not be traced to the age of Judishthira. The Pooranah Killah, as it now stands, is nearly rectangular in shape, and its walls are over a mile in circuit. There was a ditch round it, once communicating with the Jumna. The fort had four gates, one in the middle of each face,

of which the south-west gate alone is now open. This gateway is ornamented, as are other parts of the battlements, with encaustic tiles. Inside the walls, the space is filled with huts,—and a petty Mussulman Izardar now lords over the ground on which stood the citadel and palace of the Pandavas.

It was getting near the hour of breakfast, and nothing would have made us so glad as to have found out the famous *kitchen* of Dropudee, and seen some vestige of its ancient luxury. But the principal object that now meets the eye in the interior of the Pooranah Killah, is the Keela Kona mosque, said to have been commenced by Hoomayun and completed by Shere Shah. This 'mosque has five horse-shoe arches, decorated with blue tiles and marble, and is a favourable specimen of the architecture of the Affghan period.' It is in capital preservation, with the exception of the central arch, the work on the top of which has been a good deal ruined. The Keela Kona 'is perhaps one of the most tasteful mosques in or near Delhi, and is remarkable for its richly inlaid work and graceful pendentives. The prevailing material of the centre arch is red cut sandstone and black slate, and towards the ground white marble and black slate; the carving throughout being very ornate. The two side arches are composed of simple redstone, picked out with yellow glaze and black slate finely carved; the outermost arches are still plainer in construction, the outer walls changing from red to grey stone. Under the archways are the entrance arches, that of the central arch being

of beautiful marble, which throughout the building has, strange to say, preserved its purity and whiteness. The mosque, however, is fast going to pieces, and, if some steps are not taken, decay will soon set its broad mark on this fine structure. There is a massive grandeur about the interior which cannot but strike the visitor, who should not fail to remark the great thickness of the blocks of stone which form the stairs leading to the roof, from whence there is a fine view. There is no regular road from the gateway of the fort to this building, and the better plan would be for the tourist to leave his conveyance outside the fort, and proceed on foot to visit the mosque.'

The Shere Mundil is another object. It is a lofty three-storied octagonal building of red sandstone, built by Shere Shah for his palace. On Hoomayun's re-accession to the throne he used this building as a library. The interior seems to have been once richly-decorated with paintings of flowers, of which there are now few traces remaining. In this building it was that Hoomayun met with the accident that terminated in his death. He was engaged in study, and, hearing the call to prayers from the neighbouring mosque, rose suddenly to hasten there, but his staff slipping, he fell down the stairs, and injured himself so seriously that he died in a few days.

There is not a more interesting spot in India than the city of Judishthira. We could have lingered there for hours, whiling away our time in contemplation of all that was great, and noble, and beautiful in the

history of our nation. The heavens were unclouded, and the sun was beaming in his full refulgence. Nothing could exceed the quiet beauty of the scene around us—all was as beautiful as when Vyas sang its praises. The plain, and the rocks, and the river were the same; but the once magnificent city, its citadel, and palaces, were gone for ever, and no remains were left to tell the passing traveller of her fallen greatness. It was near mid-day when we bade farewell, perhaps for ever, to Indraprastha, and turned our backs to retrace the way to our lodge—carrying, deeply impressed on our mind, the melancholy sentiment of the transiency of every sublunary possession.

To the old *Hindoo City of Delhi* next. Indraprastha and Delhi were two different cities, and situated about five miles apart—the one on the Jumna, and the other on a rocky hill to the south-west in the interior. Thirty princes, in a regular lineal descent from Judishthira, succeeded him on the throne of Indraprastha, but, excepting their names, little more has been recorded of them. The last of the Pandoos was Kashemaka, who is said to have been dethroned, and put to death, by his own minister. The name of this usurper was Viserwa, with whom commenced a line of fourteen princes, who held the sceptre for about 500 years, and the last of whom happened to be deposed in a manner analogous to that which had first put the dynasty in possession of the throne—as if Nemesis had resolved to retaliate the treachery of the progenitor upon the last of his race. Next followed the dynasty of the *Goutama-vansas*, who

commenced their reign with Maharaj—the Maharaj, most probably of Feristha—and continued for fifteen generations down to Ultinai. Line after line succeeded to the throne of the Pandoo, but we believe these princes to have enjoyed little more than the shadow of royal authority. Such an inference is naturally drawn, when Indraprastha does not appear to be a famous place in the history of Buddha. The historians of Alexander and Seleucus, also, make no allusion to the princes of that city. Muttra has been spoken of, and a splendid account of Palibothra has been transmitted, but no notice whatever has been left of the capital of Pandoo sovereignty. No doubt a race of princes existed at this last place, but they must have dwindled into insignificance, or otherwise they would not have been passed over in utter silence. The *Goutamas* were followed by the *Mauryas*, a family consisting of nine princes. The last of the *Mauryas* is stated to have been attacked and slain by the Rajah of Kemayoon, named Sakaditya, or Lord of the Sakas. In his turn, the mountain chief was conquered by the famous Vicramaditya, a monarch whom fable represents to have sat upon a fairy throne, borne upon the shoulders of interdicted angels from Indra's court in heaven, and to have raised spectral agents, like Aladdin in the Arabian tale, for the execution of his behests. Vicramaditya is said to have had the Pandoo blood in him, but he removed the seat of his imperial government to Avanti, or Ougein.

It is about this period that the name of *Delhi* first

occurs in history. It cannot be a mere change of name, used instead of Indraprastha, when there are remains sufficient to attest to its separate existence. Nothing, however, is recorded of the circumstances that necessitated the building of this city. Probably the desire to perpetuate his name might have led an ambitious prince to change the site of his regal abode, and imperial Indraprastha must have waned and 'gan to pale its fires' before the brighter effulgence of the new city. Neither is there any certainty about the period in which had been laid the foundation of Delhi. The city must be presumed to have been already founded when it fell into the hands of Vicramaditya. The words *Dilli-pat-kahayo*—'became king of Delhi,' applied to him, plainly indicate the existence of that city from an anterior period to his conquest. The origin of the name of Delhi is also a subject of various opinion, but the tradition which states it to have been derived from a Rajah of the name of Dilu, or Dhilu, seems entitled to a greater confidence than any other. That the city of Delhi may have been founded by a prince of similar name is probable enough, for it is a common custom in India, even at the present day, to name places after their founders. The name of Dilu may be recognized in Tilak, which again sounds not unlike to Nilagh, the prince who was the last of the *Mauryas*.* If this approximate identity of name can be depended upon, then the date of the foundation of Delhi may be fixed

* The reader is referred for fuller particulars to the Archæological Report of Cunningham.

immediately prior to the era of Vicramaditya, or about 57 B.C.

There is a widely-spread tradition that, on the removal of the seat of government to Avanti, Delhi lay waste and desolate (*ujarh rahi*) for eight centuries. That it had ceased to be the metropolis of the land during all this period, may be said without much fear of contradiction. But it is erroneous to state that it had remained quite deserted and void of any population. The existence of both Delhi and Indraprastha in the second century, are recognized in the *Daidala* and *Indabara* of Ptolomy.* There is again the *Iron Pillar*, the date of which is assigned to the early part of the fourth century, from which we may infer the place to have been occupied by the Rajah who has left it behind for posterity. It had no occasion to be erected in the midst of a jungle haunted by jackals and wolves. It was intended to be a proud monument of success—to be the gaze of millions—and to gazette to the world the fact of a most glorious triumph; and a place thronged by populous numbers, and to which men bent their steps from far and near, was the most eligible position on which to erect that pillar. How native historians could have ignored all this it is not easy to explain.

* 'The mention of Delhi may possibly be found in Ptolemy's *Daidala*, which is placed close to *Indrabara* (perhaps Indrapat), and midway between *Modura*, or Mathura, and *Batan Kaisara*, or Sthaneswara. The close proximity of *Daidala* to *Indrabara*, joined to the curious resemblance of their names to Dilli and Indrapat, seems to me to offer very fair grounds for assuming their probable indentity with these two famous Indian cities.'—*Cunningham.*

The site of ancient Delhi is eleven measured miles from the present city of that name. The *coachee*, who was to carry us to that place, was a young lad of about twenty, but he seemed to be a wide-awake fellow for his profession. He refused to agree to any terms below eight rupees for a gharry and horse, and got out his *fare-book*, certified by many respectable names, to conclude the bargain. Half-an-hour after breakfast we started, and, driving out by the Lahore gate, we fell into a road that lay through a vast waste of ruins. The whole extent of the plain was more or less strewn with broken columns, and gateways, and tombs, and mosques, and stones, and masonry, in all the nakedness of desolation. They were 'neither gray, nor blackened; there was no lichen, no moss, no rank grass, or mantling ivy, to robe them and conceal their deformity. Like the bones of man, they seemed to whiten under the sun of the desert.'

'The *Moslem*, the Christian, time, war, flood, and fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-*fort'd* city's pride;
She saw her glories, star by star, expire,
And up the steep *outlandish* monarchs ride.
Where the car climbed the *citadel*; far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site:—
Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, "here was, or is," where all is doubly night?

The double night of ages, and of her,
Night's daughter, ignorance, hath wrapt and wrap
All around us; we but feel our way to err:
The ocean hath her chart, the stars their map,
And knowledge spreads them on her ample lap;
But *Delhi* is as the desert, where we steer
Stumbling o'er recollections; now we clap
Our hands, and cry "Eureka! it is clear—
When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.'

Half-way the horse had to be changed. It was near three o'clock when we reached the destination of the day's tour. The spot is remarkable for 'many noble ruins of by-gone days,' which, either by their grand size, their solid strength, or their majestic beauty, still proudly testify that this vast waste of ruins was once Imperial Delhi, the capital of all India.

Locally, Indrapprastha has a more advantageous site upon the river; and Delhi, a stronger position in an amphitheatre of rocks. The first site of a human city is always chosen for its conveniences; the second, for its security. The scarcity of water must have been a source of great hardship to the ancient Delhi-ites, and *Water Works Schemes* must have had a high premium among them.

The rambler among the ruins of Hindoo Delhi will ask himself, 'Where are the palaces of the kings, and princes, and people who once formed the populous numbers of this desolate city? Where the young, the high-born, the beautiful, and brave, who once thronged the gay streets, and rejoiced in riches and power, and lived as if there was no grave? Where are ye all now?' The busy haunts of ancient Delhi are now filled with the silence and solitude of desolation. The temples of its gods, and the towers of its princes, have disappeared to give way to the riot of jungles. The rocks that resounded with the shouts of thousands, now echo to the cries of the jackal and hyena, and the once glorious city is now a desert, with scarcely a beacon to guide the steps of the tourist or antiquary—for traces remain to

point out its site, as meagre as those that prove the existence of the Mammoth or the Mastodonton.

The *Iron Pillar.* The oldest of all monuments in Delhi is Asoca's column, of which hereafter, as little remains after what has been already said. The next in point of antiquity is the Iron Pillar—a solid shaft of mixed metal, upwards of 16 inches in diameter, and about 60 feet in length. The greater part of it is under-ground, and that which is above is 22 feet high. The ground about it has marks of a recent excavation, said to have been carried down to 26 feet without reaching the foundation on which the pillar rests, and without loosening it in any degree. The pillar contains about 80 cubic feet of metal, and would weigh upwards of 17 tons—greater, perhaps, than the weight of the anchor which holds fast the *Great Eastern.*

'Many large works in metal,' says Cunningham, 'were no doubt made in ancient times, such, for instance, as the celebrated Colossus of Rhodes, and the gigantic statues of the Buddhists, which are described by Hwen Thsang. But all of them were of brass or copper, all of them were hollow, and they were all built of pieces riveted together, whereas this pillar is one solid shaft. It is true that there are flaws in many parts, which show the casting is imperfect; but when we consider the extreme difficulty of manufacturing a pillar of such vast dimensions, our wonder will not be diminished by knowing that the casting is defective.' Indeed, the idea and execution of this monstrous piece of metal, attests to a greater genius amongst the ancient Hindoos than is

found among their present descendants. It speaks of furnaces, and foundries, and forges, as large as those of modern Birmingham and Woolwich, and of a chemical knowledge of metals scarcely inferior to that prevailing in the present century. They must have had also the command of high mechanical powers to put up this enormous rod. The iron pillar speaks of a more enlightened age than the stone pillar of Asoca.

The Iron Pillar, standing nearly in the middle of a grand square, 'records its own history in a deeply-cut Sanscrit inscription of six lines on its western face.' Antiquaries have read the characters, and the pillar has been made out to be 'the arm of fame (*Kirttibhuja*) of Rajah Dhavá.' He is stated to have been a worshipper of Vishnu, and a monarch who had subdued a people on the *Sindhu*, called *Vahlikas*—probably, the *Bahikas* of the Punjab, and that he 'obtained with his own arm an undivided sovereignty on the earth for a long period.' The letters cut upon the triumphal pillar, 'are called the typical cuts inflicted on his enemies by his sword, writing his immortal fame.' It is a pity that posterity can know nothing more of this mighty Rajah Dhava, than what is recorded in the meagre inscription upon this wonderful relic of antiquity. The characters of the inscription are thought to be the same as those of the Gupta inscriptions, and the success alluded to therein is supposed to have been the assistance which that Rajah had rendered in the downfall of the powerful sovereigns of the Gupta dynasty. The age in which he flourished is, therefore, concluded to have been about the

year 319 A.D., the initial point of the Balabhi or Gupta era.

There is another short inscription in three lines, the words of which are, '*Samvat Dihali* 1109 *Ang Pal bahi.*' —'*In Samvat* 1109 (equal to A.D. 1052) *Ang Pal* peopled *Dilli.*' This 'appears to be a contemporary record of Anang Pal himself, as the characters are similar to those of the mason's marks on the pillars of the colonnade of the adjacent Great Mosque, but are quite different from those of the two modern *Nagri* inscriptions, which are close beside it.' Three characters, in use at three different epochs, are thus read upon this famous pillar.*

The site of the Iron Pillar has engaged the attention of antiquaries, and it is said to identify the site of the city existing in the fourth century. It must, as an interesting object, have been erected in a conspicuous position, and may be supposed as marking the centre, or the neighbourhood, of that city. Time has lightly dealt, and must lightly deal, for many ages to come, with this pillar. The metal has been so fused and amalgamated as to defy all oxidation, of which not a trace is

* 'The remaining inscriptions on the Iron Pillar are numerous, but unimportant. There are two records of the Chohan Rajah *Chatra Sinha*, both dated in S. 1883, or A.D. 1826. They state that the Rajah was descended from *Prithivi Raja* in 29 generations, which is quite possible, although the period allowed for each generation is under 23 years. The date of Prithivi Rajah is given as S. 1151, or A.D. 1094, which is just 99 years too early, an amount of error which agrees with the false dates in the *Prithu Raj Chohan Rasa* of the Bard Chand. There is also another modern Nagri inscription of six lines, dated in S. 1767, or A.D. 1710, of the Bundela Rajas of *Chandèri*. Below this there are two Persian inscriptions, dated in—A.H. 1060 and 1061, or A.D. 1651-52, which merely record the names of visitors.'—*Cunningham.*

seen upon it. Though it has stood for more than fifteen hundred years, the characters remain bold and clear as when they first came from the hands of the engraver.

In the eyes of a Hindoo, few objects can have more interest than this Iron Pillar of Rajah Dhava. If he has any reverence for the men and things of old, he can scarcely recur to anything else with more satisfaction than to this proud record of success. We never felt a greater degree of reverence than when we approached and stood at the foot of the pillar, and felt the wish to write our humble name upon it, considering this one of the duties of a pious pilgrim. Its great antiquity, its enormous size, and its interesting inscriptions, roused our feelings to enthusiasm. If all the works and records of our nation were swept away, if our Vedas, our Ramayuna, and our Mahabarat were to perish, and this lonely pillar were to survive, it would suffice to preserve the name and lineage of our race—would speak volumes in favour of its civilization, and would, like another *Buraho Avatar*, rescue its fame from the depths of oblivion.

But the civilized man, falling away from his civilization, approximates to the barbarian,—and the degenerate Hindoo of the present day is not very likely to fall into a humour for heroics about this iron pillar of his ancestors. The sun and soil, but not the sons, are the same,—and they fail to appreciate the intents and purposes for which it rears up its head. The mysterious hieroglyphics upon it mock the efforts of their scanty learning. Their ignorance, like an *ignis-fatuus*, has led

them astray to make it a peg whereupon to hang a tale. The man who had conducted us to the pillar, told us that it was the rod which Bheema had wielded, and which has been left standing by the Pandoos. There was another who believed it to rest on the head of Vasuki, the serpent-king who supports the earth. None could read the obsolete characters of its inscription, none could tell of its age, and none knew for what it stood there. They were surprised to hear from us, for the first time, that the great pillar before them was fifteen centuries old, and that it had been erected to immortalize the name of a Rajah of great power in his day, but who unfortunately could by no means be identified in the annals of our country.

The most widely prevalent tradition attributes the Iron Pillar to the Pandoos, of whose heroic age it is believed to be a token. The Brahmins in the court of Anang Pal, the founder of the Tomara dynasty, had represented this pillar to have been driven so deep into the ground, that, piercing through the density of the earth, it was said to rest on the head of the great snake-god Schesnag, or Vasuki. To test the truth of their statement, the sceptic monarch ordered the pillar to be dug up, when blood bulged from the earth's centre, and the pillar became (*dhilli*) loose;—thence giving occasion to the origin of the name of Delhi, as also to the well-known verse:—

'*Khili toh dhilli bhai*
Tomar bhaya mat hin.'

The pillar became loose by the Tomar's folly.'

In the words of Kharg Rai, the Tomar prince had been furnished, by the sage Vyas, with an iron spike, twenty-five fingers long. This was formally sunk into the ground, 'at a lucky moment, on the 13th day of the waning moon of *Boisakh*, in the *Samvat* year 792, or A.D. 736.' Then said Vyas to the Rajah—

'*Tum se raj kadi jaëga nahi,*
Yih khunti Vasug ki mâthe gadi hai.'

'Ne'er will thy kingdom be besped,
The spike hath pierced Vasuki's head.'

But the sage had scarcely gone away, before the incredulous Tomar had the spike taken up.

'*Bulwan Deo khunti ukharh dekhi,*
Tub lohu se chuchâti nikali.'

'He saw the spike thrown on the ground,
Blood dropping from the serpent's wound.'

The horrified monarch now repented of his folly, and, sending back for the sage, attempted to drive the stake a second time. But it did not penetrate beyond nineteen fingers, and remained loose in the ground. Thereupon Vyas once more addressed the Rajah in a prophetic tone, 'like the (*khili*) spike which you have driven, your dynasty will be unstable (*dhilli*); and after nineteen generations it will be supplanted by the Chuans, and they by the Turkans.' Not more prophetically had the 'weird sisters' spoken to Macbeth, than had Vyas done to the Tomar prince, whose dynasty ceased to reign after nineteen generations.

Here is again a third version, to the effect 'that Rajah Pirthi Rai, dreading the fall of his dynasty, con-

sulted the Brahmins as to what steps should be taken to insure its continuance. He was informed that if he sunk an iron shaft into the ground, and managed to pierce the head of the snake-god Schesnag, who supported the world, his kingdom would endure for ever. The pillar was accordingly constructed, and the directions of the Brahmins implicitly obeyed. How long the shaft remained undisturbed is not said, but the Rajah, either distrusting his priestly advisers, or desirous of seeing for himself whether the snake had been touched, contrary to the entreaties of the Brahmins, had the pillar taken up. To the surprise of the spectators, and the consternation of the sovereign, the end of it was found covered with blood, and the Rajah was informed that his dynasty would shortly cease. He ordered the pillar to be again inserted in the ground, but the serpent below appears to have had enough of cold iron; and the Brahmins declared that the sceptre would soon pass away from the hands of the Hindoo sovereign. The charm was anyhow broken, for Shabab-oodeen shortly after wrested from Pirthi Rai his life and kingdom, and from that day to this no Hindoo king has ever ruled in Delhi.'*

However variously related, the main points of the tradition remain the same in all versions. They all allude to the pillar having once been taken up, probably to satisfy the curiosity that men felt of its depth, just as an attempt has been made in our day to fathom the same. The question, then, is, when had it been taken

* Sleeman has a humorous dialogue about this tradition.

up—whether in Bulwan Deo's or Pirthi Rai's time? It is not easy to answer the question. But this much is almost certain, that the Brahmins could not have dared to propagate the story, unless the *Gupta* characters of Rajah Dhava's inscription had become obsolete and unreadable. No clue yet has been found to know whether those characters had become unreadable to the men of Bulwan Deo's time. That the record upon the pillar had become an inscrutable mystery to the generations of the twelfth century may be inferred from the fact that, when the Mahomedan conqueror first took possession of Delhi, he was told, that—

> 'While stands the Iron Pillar, Hindoo Raj shall stand,
> When falls the Iron Pillar, Hindoo Raj shall fall.'

The stability of the Hindoo government may well have been compared to the stability of the Iron Pillar. But to show his contempt of the prophecy, the proud victor spared the pillar, or otherwise it would long ago have ceased to exist. The same story has been related to many a recent traveller,* and it gives a plausible ground to suppose that the tradition did not obtain currency till the sceptre had passed away from the hands of the Hindoos. In the opinion of Cunningham, the tradition had its origin 'at a late period in the history of the Tomars, when the long duration of their rule had induced people to compare its stability with that of the Iron Pillar, and the saying may be referred, with con-

* Major Archer heard that, 'as long the pillar stood, so long would Hindoostan flourish.' Mrs Colin Mackenzie says, that 'as long as this pillar stands, the *Raj* or kingdom has not finally departed from the Hindoos.'

siderable probability, to the prosperous reign of Anang Pal II., whose name is inscribed on the shaft with the date of *Samvat* 1109, or A.D. 1052.' But in the other form that the story is also related, and which regards the pillar to have been the palladium of Hindoo dominion, it may as well be thought to have originated on the fall of the Hindoo empire. To cut short all disputes, the Brahmins ought to have given out that the pillar was the work of the Indian Vulcan—the wonder of his forge.

Lone as the Iron Pillar stands, it is a sufficient proof that Delhi was occupied in the fourth century. It was subsequent to the age of the Rajah Dhava—and that not long afterwards—that Delhi appears to have become desolate, as stated by 'the court laureates and historiographers of Rajasthan,' though nothing is mentioned as to the causes which had brought on such a calamity. It remained so for four hundred years. The silence of Fa Hian and Hwen Thsang regarding Delhi, is a proof of the insignificance of that city from A.D. 400 to 640. The latter traveller does not mention any place between Muttra and Thanesur. It was not because Delhi had not been a Buddhistic city that those travellers did not pay a visit to it. There is a stone pillar in the colonnade of the Kootub Minar, bearing a figure of Buddha the Ascetic, from which the place may be concluded to have been as much Buddhistical at one time as any other Indian city. This was when Buddhism was the religion of the land, and the Puranic creeds had not yet developed themselves; and the pillar in question

may claim a greater antiquity than the one of Rajah Dhava.

Deserted for many a year, Delhi was again peopled, and rose rapidly from its ruins. This took place in the year 736 A.D., and the man who made himself memorable by that event was a Tomar Rajpoot, of the name of Bulwan Deo. Originally, he was known as an opulent Thacoor among his Rajpoot brethren. But claiming to have been descended from the blood-royal of the Pandoos, and assuming the ensigns of royalty, he established himself in the then deserted capital of his ancestors, and adopted the title of Anang Pal, or the founder of the desolate abode—an epithet derived from *Palna*, to support, and *Anango*, without body, or incorporeal.

The reign of Bulwan Deo was a brilliant epoch in the history of Delhi. It grew into a flourishing city during the nineteen years he held the sceptre. But he had not been followed by many of his successors before the throne of the Tomara was removed to Kanouge; and Delhi, relapsing into desolation, was again doomed to lie a deserted waste. The change of capital seems to have taken place in a short period, or Delhi could not have sunk into so much insignificance as to be passed unnoticed by Masudi, who visited India in 915 A.D. No mention of it appears in the history of Mahmud. He sacked and plundered Muttra on the one hand, and Thanesur on the other; and, had Delhi possessed any importance, it was not likely to have escaped his avarice or bigotry. Abu Rihan was actually resident in India

about the year 1031 A.D., and Delhi is not once mentioned in his geographical chapter. It was not until Anang Pal II. had rebuilt her in 1052, that she was again a populous city, and the Delhi-ites an opulent and luxurious people.

The *Lalkot.* The rise of the Rahtores, and their conquest of Kanouge, were the causes that led Anang Pal II. to remove himself to Delhi. To hold his court again in the capital of his great namesake ancestor, he had to build anew that city. No ancient architecture stood there. The place had turned into a jungle, and been denuded of its population, and a few huts, tenanted by poor inmates, were all that stood upon the spot. To be secure in his abode, the new capital was fortified by a castle that remains to this day an interesting monument in the history of Delhi. The site selected for his citadel were the grounds surrounding the Iron Pillar—a position that seems to have been the middle of the city in that age. It was commenced in 1052, and completed in 1060 A.D. The name conferred upon the Fort was Lalkot, or the Red Fort, as appears from the following record—'In *Samvat* 1117, or A.D. 1060, *Delhi ka kote karaya, Lalkot kahaya,*'—'he built the Fort of Delhi, and called it Lalkot.' This name may be suspected to have been derived from the materials of its construction—red sandstone. But the remains yet existing are observed to be of the gray stone of the neighbouring ridges.

The Fort of Lalkot 'is of an irregular rounded oblong form, two and a half miles in circumference. Its

walls are as lofty and massive as those of Togluckabad, although the blocks of stone are not so colossal. By different measurements I found the ramparts to be from 28 to 30 feet in thickness, of which the parapet is just one half. These massive ramparts have a general height of 60 feet above the bottom of the ditch, which still exists in very fair order all round the fort, except on the south side, where there is a deep and extensive hollow that was most probably once filled with water. About one-half of the main walls are still standing as firm and solid as when they were first built. At all the salient points there are large bastions from 60 to 100 feet in diameter. Two of the largest of these, which are on the north side, are called the Futteh Boorj and the Sohan Boorj. The long lines of walls between these bastions are broken by numbers of smaller towers, well displayed out at the base, and 45 feet in diameter at the top, with curtains of 80 feet between them: along the base of these towers, which are still 30 feet in height, there is an outer line of wall forming a *raoni* or fausse-braie, which is also 30 feet in height. The parapet of this wall has entirely disappeared, and the wall itself is so much broken, as to afford an easy descent into the ditch in many places. The upper portion of the counterscarp wall has nearly all fallen down, excepting on the north-west side, where there is a double line of works strengthened by detached bastions. The positions of three of the gateways in the west half of the Fort are easily recognizable, but the walls of the east half are so much broken, that it is now only possible to guess at

the probable position of one other gate. The north gate is judiciously placed in the re-entering angle close to the Sohan Boorj, where it still forms a deep gap in the lofty mass of rampart, by which the cowherds enter with their cattle. The west gate is the only one of which any portion of the walls now remains. It is said to have been called the *Ranjit* gate. This gateway was 17 feet wide, and there is still standing on the left hand a large upright stone, with a groove for guiding the ascent and descent of the portcullis. This stone is 7 feet in height above the rubbish, but it is not probably less than 12 or 15 feet. It is 2 feet 1 inch broad and 1 foot 3 inches thick. The approach to this gate is guarded by no less than three small outworks. The south gate is in the southmost angle, it is now a mere gap in the mass of rampart. On the south-west side there must have been a gate leading towards Muttra.' *

The massive old Fort of Lalcot, still in very good order in many places, is interesting for the light it throws on the art of fortifications in the eleventh century, and the proof it furnishes of the military genius of the Hindoos of that day. Oh, you who hope one day to sit in the Council, and guide the helm, come quickly, and be not sparing to spend your money in looking at old stones—come to bend your curious eye upon the sad remnants of a day when the Hindoo was the sovereign of the soil—and

'Standing by the Tomaras grave
Deem yourself no more a slave.'

* General Cunningham.

Here, read the opinion which a son of Mars of the present day has pronounced in favour of the castle of your ancestors. 'The plan of defence seems to have been a rampart wall, faced with loose stones and protected at irregular distances by small bastions; the ditch below is of great depth, and beyond this rises another wall which has also defensive works built on it. Comparing the Lalkot with the old British stronghold near Dorchester, —and as they are of much the same size the comparison is not an unfair one,—it may be said that the work in the Lalkot is far the stronger of the two, and that the architectural skill in the British fort cannot be compared to that shown in the Lalkot, which, indeed, in the days in which it was built must have been almost impregnable. The defences, as far as we can now judge of them, must have been admirable, the advanced works being well covered by the ramparts and corner bastions.'*

Our lawyer-friend and ownself examined the localities as carefully as a couple of engineers seeking an assailable position to scale the walls. The soil is wild with bush and bramble, growing over long-buried dwellings, but the pedestrian can scramble quite round the battlements. The pathway on the north and west is in capital order, and the ramparts are easily traced running along the south. Following the line of walls, we ascended and paused at the blocks of stone and huge masses of masonry near the western gate, and we thought of the frequently-recurring times when hostile armies

* Lieutenant A. Harcourt.

had drawn up before the city at our feet, and the inhabitants, in terror and confusion, had hurried up this path and taken refuge within the gate before us. The imperial residence must have been secure within the citadel. There must have been other stately palaces and temples within its walls. But not a trace is seen of any buildings within the ramparts now. The tourist has to tread upon the sepulchre of a buried city.

To the *Anang Tal*,—a tank still called after the name of its excavator, and lying a quarter of a mile to the north-west of the Kootub Minar. This tank is 169 feet long from north to south, and 152 feet broad from east to west, and 40 feet deep. No doubt, it had been excavated to supply the garrison with water, in a region where that element of life is scarce. In its day, it must have been a splendid reservoir, but is now quite dry. It is known to have contained water up to three hundred and fifty years after the date of its excavation. The water used for the mortar of the unfinished Minar was brought from the Anang Tal.

Of the same age, the only other remains seen at this distance of time, are the stone pillars and beams of a temple, that are now in the south-east corner of the colonnade of the Great Mosque. One of the pillars bears the date of 1124, which, referred to the era of Vicramaditya, is equivalent to A. D. 1067, when Anang Pal was reigning in Delhi. There are other masons' marks on the bases and capitals, which show how they followed the same rules that are yet observed in the construction of a Hindoo building. The idolatry

of the Brahmins was at its height in the age of Anang Pal, and as Vishnuvism was dominant in these upper regions, the temple under question may have been dedicated to the god of that creed.

Anang Pal II. enjoyed a prosperous reign, and ruled over territories extending from Hansi to Agra, and from Ajmere to the Ganges. He was succeeded by three other Rajahs who still further enlarged their kingdoms. The fourth from him was a prince of the same name, Anang Pal III., who was the nineteenth from Bulwan Deo, and had been foretold to be the last of the illustrious dynasty of the Tomaras. The loss of his throne was brought about by a quarrel which broke out between him and the Chohan, who had hitherto acknowledged his supremacy, but now contended with him for the palm of sovereignty. The dissension led the two clans to fight a battle in the vicinity of Delhi, where the Chohan not only gained the victory, but established his superiority over the Tomara. The date of this event was 1052 A. D. The man who defeated Anang, and, capturing Delhi, hoisted his banners upon the Fort of Lalkot, carved a name the most illustrious in the annals of Rajpoot history. He was called Beesildeva, classically pronounced Visaldeva,—the grandson of one who had captured 1200 horses from Subuktegin, and the son of a prince who had humbled the mighty Mahmood by forcing him to relinquish the siege of Ajmeer. To the heritage of glory thus bequeathed to Visaldeva, he added a fresh lustre by his success over the Tomara. He next set himself up as the champion

of the Hindoo faith, and became the sworn foe of the Islamite, to consecrate his name by further deeds of heroism. Though Visal, *tukht baitha Delhi raj kiya*, 'sat on the throne, and established his kingdom in Delhi,'—he deemed the custom of the conqueror more honoured in the breach than in the observance, by leaving the venerable Tomarain possession of the throne of his ancestors, and exacting from him in return that homage which had hitherto been paid to him by the Chohans. To lessen the sting of humiliation, he married his grandson to the Tomara's daughter. The issue of this union, the famous Pirthi-raj, became the adopted son of the Tomara King, and was formally acknowledged as heir to the throne of Delhi. The close of Anang Pal III.'s reign, and the extinction of the Tomara dynasty, took place in 1170 A. D. In the same century that the Normans were superseding the Saxons in a remote island on the German Ocean, did the Chohans supersede the Tomaras in Delhi. The last of the Tomaras verily died the veteran of a race, the long duration of whose rule is almost unprecedented in the annals of Indian history. They enjoyed the throne for a period approaching to four hundred years, and, attaining the dotage of their power, disappeared to shoot forth from a new stem planted upon another soil. That stem was Pirthi-raj, who amalgamated the Tomara and Chohan in one body, and perpetuated the two lines in one prince. He was born in the year 1154, and was sixteen years of age when he succeeded his maternal grandfather, and sat himself on the throne of the Anangos.

The name of Pirthi-raj is associated with many a daring exploit, that threw over his life the charm of chivalry and romance. The steed, the sword, and the fair, were the idols of his heart. His were the days that the Rajpoot yet loves to talk of—chanting stanzas from Chand, the poet-laureate of his court, and the last great bard of Rajpootana. The first princess married by Pirthi-raj was the daughter of the *Dahima* of Biana—a city, the castle of which was built on the topmost peak of Druinadaher, to resemble the *Koilasa* of Shiva. The young Dahimee princess brought in with her 'a dower of eight beauteous maids and sixty-three female slaves, one hundred chosen horses of the breed of Irak, two elephants and ten shields, a pallet of silver, one hundred wooden images, one hundred chariots, and one thousand pieces of gold.' Her three brothers accompanied her to Delhi for employment in its court. The eldest, Kaimas, was appointed the premier; and while he headed the cabinet the affairs of Pirthi-raj were at the highest prosperity. Poondir, the second, was placed near Lahore to guard the frontiers against foreign invasion. The third, Chaond Rai, received a commission in the army, at the head of which he achieved many a glorious victory. Pirthi-raj next strengthened himself by two powerful connections, by giving his two sisters—Pirtha to Samarsi, the Prince of Cheetore, and the other to Pujoon, the distinguished chief of the Cutchawas. Thus did the emperor enlarge the circle of his alliances, and add to the number of his adherents,—till, at last, there gathered round his throne one hundred

and eight chiefs of the highest rank in India, and his sway became the most powerful in the land.

In the height of his power, Pirthi-raj celebrated the Aswamedha, the most magnificent of all rites enjoined to the Hindoo by his Shasters. Records exist of this ceremony from the dawn of Indian history, but which, for its great costliness, and the risks attending it, can scarcely be attempted now by princes dependent upon pensions, or ruling in small principalities. The main features of the ceremony consisted in the selection of a milk-white steed, which on liberation wandered where it chose, and offering for its master a challenge to the surrounding princes, returned, if not seized by anybody, after completing a twelvemonth, and was then bled to the sun with all the imposing effect that royalty, and wealth, and holiness combined could produce. Pirthi-raj undertook to celebrate this pompous ceremony—and the gauntlet he threw to all the Rajahs around him, there ventured none to accept. The sacrifice of the steed, and a lavish distribution of money, bruited his fame through all Hindoostan.

The Chohan and Rahtore were as much an implacable foe to each other as were the *Montagues* and *Capulets* of Shakespeare,—and the Rajah of Kanouge felt himself eclipsed by the fame of his antagonist. To soothe his vanity, he projected the celebration of the still more magnificent ceremony of the *Rajshuye*, which had not been attempted by any of the princes since the Pandoos, not even by the great Vicramaditya. It was on the occasion of this ceremony that Pirthi-raj forcibly

carried off the Princess Sunjogta in open day from the capital of Jychand—a feat, the heroism of which forms the subject of the *Kanouge Khund* of the *Pirthivi Raj Chohan Rasa of Chand.* The Princess of Kanouge was not only remarkable for her personal charms, but formed the most perfect model of Rajpoot female character in her day. No sooner did Pirthi-raj arrive with her at Delhi, than he abandoned himself to her influence. The seductive charms of the enchantress lulled the monarch for a time into a neglect of every princely duty, and in his inglorious repose he resembled Hercules at the feet of Omphale. The date of this abduction is A. D. 1175.

Pirthi-raj next undertook the conquest of Mahoba, or present Bundlecund. The circumstance which led to the invasion of that country was his abduction of the daughter of the Prince of Sameta. The Chohan soon reduced the Chundal to extremities, and eventually to submission. Pirthi-raj's life was one continued series of feats of arms and gallantry, the details of which would encumber our subject with matter not strictly relevant to it. Let us therefore hasten to an epoch in which happened events with consequences the most disastrous to our nation.

The banners of Islam, which had been unfurled as far west as over Portugal and across the Pyrenees, were now destined to change their course, and wave over regions of the East. From the middle of the seventh to the commencement of the eleventh century occasional inroads had taken place that resembled rather

marauding expeditions than deliberate attempts at conquest. But, at length, there arose a man who, to quote the words of the bard of Delhi, was 'a wave of iron in the path of his foes.' This was Sultan Mahmood of Ghizni. Twelve times did he come in pursuit of the favourite object of his enterprise. But his career, like that of a meteor, was attended only with a fitful glory. 'He merely pounced, from time to time, like an eagle, from his tremendous eyrie amid the snows of the Caucasus—snatched his prey, and then flew back to his domain.' Hitherto the incursions of the Islamite partook only the character of a predatory marauder, but circumstances now concurred to give him a permanent footing in our land, and a paramount sway over our people. The intestine feuds of the Chohan and Rahtore had paved the way for the approach of an enemy, who had long been desirous of following a career similar to that of his Ghiznivide predecessor. Mahomed Ghori had penetrated as far as Lahore, and in 1191 he set out to attack the Rajah of Delhi—the outwork and bulwark of Indian sovereignty. The hostile armies met at Tilouri, between Thanesur and Kurnal, on the great plain,—where most of the contests for the possession of India have been decided. The Hindoo Rajah was well prepared for defence, and sent the Mussulman 'scampering away to the tune of *Devil take the hindmost.*' In two years, however, the Ghorian again came dressed in a fresh panoply of war, and encamped on the banks of the Caggar. This time the fight was desperate, and 'Victory perched on the lance of the Moslem.' The

brave Samarsi fell, together with his son and all his household troops. Chaond Rai, the gallant Dahima, perished with the whole chivalry of Delhi. Pirthi-raj himself was taken prisoner, and put to death in cold blood. The beloved spouse of the Cheetore Chief, and the idolized Sunjogta, hearing of the fatal issue to their lords, mounted the funeral pyre to join them in heaven. From the field of victory, the conqueror turned his steps to the capital. There, within its walls, was young Rainsi, who fell the last martyr in defence of his country, opposing the entry of the foe. Then followed scenes of devastation, plunder, and massacre, that have too often been enacted in Delhi. None survived excepting the bard Chand, who alone remained to sing the requiem of his nation's fall. Such was the great battle that demolished the ancient fabric of Hindoo independence, and transferred the empire of our country to the hands of a race with whom pageantry was power, slaughter the canon of their creed, plunder the principle of their administration, and justice the exception, and not the rule, of their government.

Rai Pithora.—In the days of Pithri-raj the Hindoo city of Delhi had been defended by a double line of fortifications, before it could be taken. The appearance of Mahomed Ghori at Lahore seems to have given a well-grounded apprehension that Delhi might soon be attacked. The town outside the walls of Lalkot was exposed, and an enemy might easily get possession of it. It was therefore protected by an outer range of works, that are still called *Killah Rai Pithora*. Those

works have now a circuit of four miles and three furlongs, surrounding the fort of Lalkot. From the north-west angle of that citadel 'the lines of Rai Pithora's walls can still be distinctly traced, running towards the north for about half a mile. From this point they turn to the south-east for one and a half mile, then to the south for one mile, and, lastly, to the west and north-west for three quarters of a mile, where they join the south-west angle of Lalkot, which, being situated on higher ground, forms a lofty citadel that completely commands the fort of Rai Pithora. But the defences of the city are in every way inferior to those of the citadel. The walls are only half the height, and the towers are placed at much longer intervals. The wall of the city is carried from the north bastion of Lalkot, called Fateh Boorj, to the north-east for three quarters of a mile, where it turns to the south-east for one and a half mile to the Damdama Boorj. From this bastion the direction of the wall for about one mile is south-west, and then north-west for a short distance to the south end of the hill on which Azim Khan's tomb is situated. Beyond this point the wall can be traced for some distance to the north along the ridge which was most probably connected with the south-east corner of Lalkot, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Sir T. Metcalfe's house. The fort of Rai Pithora is said to have had nine gates. Four of those gates can still be traced: the first is on the west side, and is covered by an outwork: the second is on the north side, towards Indraprat; the third is on the east side, towards Tog-

lakhabad; and the fourth is on the south-east side. But besides these there must have been other gates somewhere on the south side. Such was the Hindoo city of Delhi when it was captured by the Mussulmans in January, 1193. The circuit of its walls was nearly four and a half miles, and it covered a space of ground equal to one half of modern Delhi.'*

It was by the west gate of Rai Pithora that the Mussulman troops gained their entrance into the city, and it was thence called the Ghizni gate. The citadel of Lalkot was entered by the Ranjeet gate. The ground inside the walls of the fortress was the scene of hard fighting between the Hindoos and Patans, and 'the Mussulmans say that 5000 martyrs to their religion lie interred in the neighbourhood.' The assault on the Lalkot had been led by Hajee Baba Rose Beh, and he was slain heading the storming party. His remains lie in a wild and deserted spot, in the north-west ditch of the Lalkot. 'The tomb is visited occasionally, and as it has been lately white-washed, it is evident that there are some who have an interest in keeping it in a state of repair.'

There were the enduring witnesses of Hindoo glory, and in the exceeding interest of the scene around us, we hurried from place to place, utterly insensible to fatigue, and passed on from one ruin to another, making the whole circuit of the desolate city. Near the Ranjeet-gate imagination raised up the brave Samarsi leading out his men for the plains of Kurnal. Pirthi-

* General Cunningham.

raj, and Chaond Rai, and the illustrious throng of Hindoo heroes, rose up in all the pomp and panoply of war, and stood to see the troops filing before them. The Hindoo history of that age teems with instances of as heroic courage, as great love of country, and as patriotic devotion, as we read of in Grecian or Roman history,—and yet the actors in these scenes are not known beyond the boundaries of their native land. The belted knights and barons bold of ancient Delhi had gathered round it and sworn to defend it, but they died in redeeming their pledge. Their oaths are registered in heaven, their bodies rest in bloody graves. They have left a fame unspotted with dishonour, and their memory is cherished in the songs of bards to inflame the enthusiasm of their descendants to deeds of glory. 'Had the princes of Kanouge, Putun, Dhar, and other states, joined with the Emperor of Delhi, it is doubtful whether the Islamite could ever have been the lord of Hindoostan. But jealousy and revenge rendered those princes indifferent spectators of a contest, destined to overthrow them all.'

The *Bhoot Khana*.—In Pirthi-raj's capital were 'twenty-seven Hindoo temples, of which several hundreds of richly-carved pillars still remain to attest both the taste and the wealth of the last Hindoo rulers of Delhi.' The cost of each of these was twenty lakhs of *Dilials*. How rich this sounds; but, alas! the high-sounding Dilial was little more than a halfpenny, and the paltry pomposity of Patan arithmetic shrinking into a low figure, makes each temple to have cost only 40,000

Rupees. The Bhoot Khana is a colonnaded court-yard, the materials of which were obtained from the demolition of the Hindoo temples. Heretofore, there was a common tradition that on this site stood the palace of Pirthi-raj, and that the numerous pillars which form the colonnades of the Bhoot Khana once belonged to his imperial residence. But nobody can fail to mark the incongruities of the pillars, which are nearly all of them made up of two or three separate pieces of shafts. The shaft of one kind has been placed upon that of another, and half of it appears plain, the other half decorated. One shaft is ornamented at the base, the other is its reverse,—and in many instances a pillar is thicker at the top than at the bottom. These are faults which the rudest architect would not commit, and there is no doubt that the pillars do not stand as originally arranged by the Hindoos, but that they have been taken down, and put in their present position by the Mussulmans. This fact is recorded in an Arabic inscription over the Eastern gateway of the court-yard. The old Hindoo pillars of a blackish stone, from which probably is the name of Bhoot Khana, are carved with fine workmanship and sculpture. But the idol-hating Mahomedans, deeming offensive the infidel images, had put over them a coating of plaster. Time has removed this, and the figures are again visible. There are 'two stones in the north side of the court, one fixed in the inner wall in the north-east angle just above the pillars, and the other in the outer wall between the north gate and the north-east corner. The inner sculpture represents several

well-known Hindoo gods: first, *Vishnu* lying on a couch with a lotus rising from his navel, and covered by a canopy, with two attendants, one standing at his head and one sitting at his feet; second, a seated figure not recognized; third, *Indra*, on his elephant; fourth, *Brahma*, with three heads, seated on his goose; fifth, *Shiva*, with his trident, seated on his bull *Nandi;* sixth, a figure with lotus, seated on some animal not recognized. The outer sculpture is of a different description. The scene shows two rooms with a half-open door between them. In each room there is a female lying on a couch with a child by her side, a canopy over her head, and an attendant at her feet. In the left-hand room two females are seen carrying children towards the door, and in the right-hand room two others are doing the iame. The whole four of these females appear to be hastening towards the principal figure in the right-hand room.' The first sculptures leave no doubt as to the full development of that Puranic idolatry which had a great share in bringing about the decline and fall of the Hindoo empire; and the second may well give us some faint notions of Hindoo female life amongst the Tomaras and Chohans of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. To the south-east of the court is a small temple, ascended by a narrow staircase. The shape is that of a pavilion, with open pointed arches. These betray the temple to have been put up by Mahomedan hands. But beneath the dome the stones still remain blackened by the smoke which had arisen from the burnt-offerings when a Hindoo god had sat beneath it. The beautiful fe-

male faces on the top of the columns supporting the dome have been all defaced by the iconoclastic Moslem. From many of the pillars being carved with cross-legged Buddhistic figures, their age may be thought to be older than the ninth or tenth century. Their great antiquity, the mystery that overhangs them, and their extraordinary preservation amid the surrounding desolation, make them not a little interesting in our eyes. But, in the words of an old traveller, 'Time sadly overcometh all things, and is now dominant, and sitteth upon the *Iron Pillar* and looketh into old *Delhi*, while his sister Oblivion reclineth semi-somnolent on the *Bhoot-Khana*, gloriously triumphing, and turning old glories into dreams. History sinketh beneath her cloud. The traveller, as he passeth amazedly through the *cloisters*, asketh of her who builded them, and she mumbleth something, but what it is he heareth not.'

From the earliest period India has been the prey of many a nation from far and near. The table-land of Central Asia—regarded as the cradle of the human race—formed the 'Cimmerian abode,' whence poured down hordes upon her devoted plains. But their occasional irruptions bore the character of storms, that gathering their strength upon the brows of the Caucasus, or the shores of the Oxus, burst to sweep only the borders on the north and west, leaving the fertile regions of the valley unscathed by steel, or unharmed by plunder. The Sutlege, and afterwards the Caggar, were the 'Ultima Thule,' within which their force was spent, and their career was circumscribed. The country soon re-

covered from the shock of such invasions—and the Hindoo, by alternate reverse and success, had kept the enemy at bay for many an age. But, at length, the time arrived to fulfil the doom long prophesied in the Poorans,—which foretold dominion to the *Yavana* over India,—when the Mahomedan carried away the prize which Sesostris or Semiramis, the Mede or the Macedonian, had coveted to win. The thirty-three millions of deities, who had hitherto watched over her destinies, and oft sat in awful conclaves over her affairs, went away to slumber, like tired agents, betraying their trust in the moment of danger. The forsaken of the gods was seized upon, and retained with a firm grasp, by a redoubtable foe. He was an utter alien in race and religion, in language and laws—who, obliterating every trace of the past, wrought a change that presented the country under new features altogether.

The Ghorian came down and overthrew for ever the throne of the Pandoos. The Moslem war-cry rang through the streets of Delhi, and the foot of the stranger was laid upon the necks of its inhabitants. The temples of its gods were demolished, to be trodden and trampled upon in exultation,—and 'a greater than Babylon' fell to lie groaning under the iron rod of the tyrant. The conqueror rode triumphant through the Ranjit-gate, and took up his residence in the citadel of Lalkot. He issued an order prohibiting the Hindoo chiefs the beat of their kettle-drums—'*Lalkot tai nagâra bâjto a,*' 'kettle-drums are not to be beaten in Lalkot.' To increase the security of his position, the Moslem made

additions to the existing Hindoo fortifications. The approach to the Ranjit-gate, the weakness of which had been proved by his own success, was particularly 'strengthened by a double line of works, and by three separate outworks immediately in front of the gateway.' There are two arches in the ditch to the north-west, which are said to be Mahomedan, because 'the Hindoos in those days did not use the arch at all.' No dispute need be raised here as to the knowledge or ignorance of the Hindoos about the arch in architecture—suffice it to mention, that the standard of Islam waved aloft on the top of the Lalkot, casting its shadow that gradually spread over the surface of our peninsula.

Musjeed-i-Kootub-ul-Islam. The first Mussulman kings of Delhi 'did not build any huge forts or extensive cities to perpetuate their names.' Their taste lay not in works of ostentatious palaces and tombs like the Moguls. They were great zealots, who chose to build noble mosques and colossal minars, to exalt the religion of their prophet. No undertaking could have been more appropriate for Kootub-ud-deen—'the Pole Star of Islamism,' than the erection of the *Musjeed-i-Kootub-ul-Islam.* It rose the first altar to the Allah of Mahomed in the plains of India, displacing the temples of our gods, and humbling the pride of our nation. Though the earliest specimen of Patan architecture, this mosque 'is still unrivalled for its grand line of gigantic arches, and for the graceful beauty of the flowered tracery which covers its walls. The front of the musjeed is a wall eight feet thick, pierced by a line of seven

noble arches. The centre arch is 22 feet wide and nearly 53 feet in height, and the side arches are 10 feet wide and 24 feet high. Through these gigantic arches the first Mussulmans of Delhi entered a magnificent room 135 feet long and 31 feet broad, the roof of which was supported on five rows of the tallest and finest of the Hindoo pillars. The mosque is approached through a cloistered court, 145 feet in length from east to west, and 96 feet in width. In the midst of the west half of this court stands the celebrated Iron Pillar, surrounded by cloisters formed of several rows of Hindoo columns of infinite variety of design, and of most delicate execution. There are three entrances to the court of the musjeed, each 10 feet in width, of which the eastern entrance was the principal one. The southern entrance has disappeared long ago, but the other two are still in good order, with their interesting inscriptions in large Arabic letters. During the reign of Altamish, the son-in-law of Kootub-ud-deen, the great mosque was much enlarged by the addition of two wings to the north and south, and by the erection of a new cloistered court six times as large as the first court. The fronts of the two wing buildings are pierced by five arches each, the middle arches being 24 feet span, the next arches 13 feet, and the outer arches 8½ feet. The walls are of the same thickness, and their ornamental scrolls are of the same delicate and elaborate tracery as those of the original mosque. But though the same character is thus preserved in these new buildings, it would seem that they were not intended simply as additions to the great mus-

jeed, but as new and separate mosques. I infer this from the existence of a large niche in the middle of the rear wall of the north wing, which, as far as my observation goes, is the usual mode of construction for the middle of the back wall of every large mosque. The whole front of the great musjeed, with its new additions, is 384 feet in length, which is also the length of its cloistered court. The wall on the south side of the court, as well as the south end of the east wall, are fortunately in good preservation; and, as about three-fourths of the columns are still standing, we are able to measure the size of the enclosure with precision, and to reckon the number of columns with tolerable certainty. The number of columns must have been as nearly as possible 600, and as each of them consists of two Hindoo shafts, the whole number of Hindoo pillars thus brought into use could not have been less than 1200. The court is a square of 362 feet inside the walls. The whole area covered by the mosque and its court is 420 feet by 384 feet.' *

Immediately after the capture of Delhi, in 1193, had the mosque been begun. There were the materials—the wrecks of the Hindoo temples—ready on the spot, and in the short space of three years did the mosque rise in all its completion. In its entirety, the Musjeed-i-Kootub-ul-Islam must have been an architectural wonder, when 'in ruins it is one of the most magnificent works in the world.' The African traveller, Ebn Batuta, saw it a hundred and twenty-five years

* Cunningham.

after the date of its erection, and described it then 'as having no equal, either for beauty or extent.' It was entire when Tamerlane invaded India. That monarch 'took back a model of it with him to Samarcund, together with all the masons he could find at Delhi, and is said to have built a mosque upon the same plan at that place, before he set out for the invasion of Syria.' It was subsequent to this period that the mosque seems to have fallen to ruins, and to have gone to utter decay by the time of Baber, who makes no mention of it in his memoirs. Though quite in ruins now, the outlines sufficiently impress the modern traveller with its majestic size and grandeur. The large central arch has been put in order by the British Government.

It may be questioned whether this mosque of Kootub-ud-deen is the work of Mahomedan or of Hindoo hands. Remembering that, in the previous century, Mahmood had carried away the Hindoo masons from Muttra to build his mosques and palaces at Ghizni, this question appears to gain considerable ground in favour of the Hindoos. In the interval of time, the Mahomedans of Ghizni or Ghori had scarcely any leisure from their wars to improve in the peaceful arts. It is doubtful whether they had made the progress to execute the elegant tracery on the walls. On the other hand, the arches afford a point in favour of the Mahomedans. But a discussion has been raised to scout the notion of the ignorance of the arch by the Hindoos,* and we would attempt to draw an argument towards its

* The discussion has been raised by Baboo Rajender Lall Mittra.

support from a reference to the arches in the 'Celestial Bride' of Mahmood. This celebrated mosque is admitted by all Mahomedan writers to have been built by Hindoo architects. It has arches which cannot be denied to the Hindoos without a blind prejudice. The doubt removed, the Hindoos appear in our opinion to have had the same hand in the building of the Musjeed-i-Kootub-ul-Islam as in that of the 'Celestial Bride.'

The original name of the mosque, recorded in the inscription over the eastern gateway, was the Jummah Musjeed. The present name appears to have been conferred in honour of the memory either of Kootub-uddeen himself, or of his great namesake and contemporary saint whose tomb is close by. Khawja Kootub-uddeen, of Ouse, in Persia, has a great name in the chronicles of Mahomedan sainthood. He was 'the guide and apostle' of Altamash, and most probably led that prince to make the additions spoken of to the musjeed. Pilgrims visit his tomb from various parts of India, 'and go away persuaded that they shall have all they have asked, provided they have given or promised liberally in a pure spirit of faith in his influence with the Deity. The tomb of the saint is covered with gold brocade, and protected by an awning—those of the emperors around it lie naked and exposed. Emperors and princes in abundance lie all around him; and their tombs are entirely disregarded by the hundreds that daily prostrate themselves before his, and have been doing so for the last six hundred years. Among the

rest I saw here the tomb of Mouazim, alias Bahadur Shah, the son and successor of Aurungzebe, and that of the blind old Emperor Shah Alum, from whom the Honourable Company got their Dewanee grant. The grass grows upon the slab that covers the remains of Mouazim—the most learned, most pious, and most amiable, I believe, of the crowned descendants of the great Akber. These kings and princes all try to get a place as near as they can to the remains of such old saints, believing that the ground is more holy than any other, and that they may give them a lift on the day of resurrection. The heir-apparent to the throne of Delhi visited the tomb the same day that I did. He was between sixty and seventy years of age. I asked some of the attendants of the tomb, on my way back, what he had come for; and was told that no one knew, but every one supposed it was for the death of the Emperor, his father, who was only fifteen years older, and was busily engaged in promoting an intrigue at the instigation of one of his wives, to oust him and get one of her own sons, Mirza Saleem, acknowledged as his successor by the British Government.'

The Kootub Minar.—The ancient city of Delhi, according to Wilford, extended above thirty miles along the banks of the Jumna. Surely the extent of the ruins cannot be less than a circumference of twenty miles. On all sides of this circumference are 'tombs and ruins, ruins and tombs,—and above all, like a *Pharos* to guide one over the sea of desolation, rises the tall, tapering cylinder of the Kootub.' The 'single majesty of the

Minar, so grandly conceived, so beautifully embellished, and so exquisitely finished, fills the mind of the spectator with emotions of wonder and delight. He feels that it is among the towers of the earth, what the Taj is among the tombs—something unique of its kind, that must ever stand alone in his recollections.'

Indeed, the Kootub outdoes everything of its kind—it is rich, unique, venerable, and magnificent. It 'stands as it were alone in India'—rather it should have been said *alone in the world:* for it is the highest column that the hand of man has yet reared; being, as it stands now, 238 feet and one inch above the level of the ground. Once it is said to have been 300 feet high, but there is not any very reliable authority for this statement. In 1794, however, it had been actually measured to be 250 feet 11 inches high. The Pillar of Pompey at Alexandria, the Minaret of the Mosque of Husun at Cairo, and the Alexandrine Column at St Petersburg, all bow their heads to the Kootub.

The base of this Minar is a polyglon of twenty-four sides, altogether measuring 147 feet. The shaft is of a circular form, and tapers regularly from the base to the summit. It is divided into five stories, round each of which runs a bold projecting balcony, supported upon large and richly-carved stone brackets, having balustrades, that give to the pillar a most ornamental effect. The exterior of the basement story is fluted alternately into twenty-seven angular and semi-circular faces. In the second story the flutes are only semi-circular: in the third they are all angular. The fourth story is

circular and plain: the fifth again has semi-circular flutings. The relative height of the stories to the diameter of the base has quite scientific proportions. The first or lowermost story is 95 feet from the ground, or just two diameters in height. The second is 53 feet further up, the third 40 feet further. The fourth story is 24 feet above the third, and the fifth has a height of 22 feet. The whole column is just five diameters in height. Up to the third story the Minár is built of fine red sandstone. From the third balcony to the fifth the building is composed chiefly of white Jeypore marble. The interior is of the grey quartose stone. The 'stones from seven different quarries,' as stated by Ebn Batuta, are not observed now: it may have been the case when that traveller saw the Kootub in all its original magnificence and variety of materials. The ascent is by a spiral staircase of 376 steps to the balcony of the fifth story, and thence are three more steps to the top of the present stone-work. Inside it is roomy enough, and full of openings for the admission of light and air. The steps are almost lady-steps, and the ascent is quite easy. There are passages from the staircase to the balconies, to allow of people walking into them. The ferruginous sandstone has been well selected to lend a rich majestic appearance to the column. The surface of that material seems to have deepened in reddish tint by exposure for ages to the oxygen of the atmosphere. The white marble of the upper stories sits like a tasteful crown upon the red stone; and the graceful bells sculptured

in the balconies are like a 'cummerbund' round the waist of the majestic tower.

Besides the richly-decorated balconies, the body of the Minar is further ornamented by horizontal belts of writing in bold relief, and in the Kufic character. 'In the basement story there are six bands or belts of inscriptions encircling the tower. The uppermost band contains only some verses from the Koran, and the next below it gives the well-known ninety-nine Arabic names of the Almighty. The third belt contains the name and praises of *Mauz-uddin, Abul Muzafar, Mahomed Bin Sam*, commonly known as Mahomed Ghori. The fourth belt contains only a verse from the Koran, and the fifth belt repeats the name and praises of the Sultan Mahomed Bin Sam. The lowermost belt has been too much injured, both by time and by ignorant restorations, to admit of being read.'

In the second story, 'the inscription over the doorway records that the Emperor Altamash ordered the completion of the Minar. The lowermost belt contains the verses of the Koran respecting the summons to prayer on Friday, and the upper line contains the praises of the Emperor Altamash. Over the door of the third story the praises of Altamash are repeated, and again in the belt of inscription round the column. In the fourth story, the door inscription records that the Minar was ordered to be erected during the reign of Altamash.'

There are other short inscriptions, which are deserv-

ing of notice. One of them in the basement story records the name of Fazzil, son of Abul Muali, the *Mutawallee.* He was probably the high-priest in the age of Kuttub-ud-deen. The name of *Mahomed Amircho,* Architect, is attached to the Minar on a side of the third story. On the same story, also, is a short *Nagari* inscription in one line with the name of Mahomed Sultan (Mahomed Togluk), and the date of Samvat 1382, or A.D. 1325. In another Nagari inscription on the fourth story, is recorded the name of *Piroj Sâh,* or Firoz Shah Togluk.

The Kootub does not stand now in all the integrity of its original structure. It was struck by lightning, and had to be repaired by the Emperor Firoz Shah in 1368. The nature and extent of his repairs may be made out by the help of the Nagari inscriptions on the fourth and fifth stories. The longest and most important of them 'is found on the south jamb of the doorway of the fourth story, cut partly on the white marble, and partly on the red sandstone.' Unfortunately, this inscription—'more especially the upper portion on the white marble'—is not in a proper state of preservation. However, it is enough to establish that some repairs have been made to the fourth story by Firoz Shah. There is no record on the fifth story, excepting of that Emperor,—the whole of that story may be concluded to have come down, and to have been rebuilt by him. It is an important fact to know, that these repairs were executed by Hindoo hands. Not only does this appear from the *Nagari* inscriptions put

upon the Minar, but also from the name of the *Silpa*, or Architect, recorded on the fourth-story doorway inscription. He was called *Nana Pala*, the son of *Châhada Deva Pala*. The Hindoo architect has not failed to record his undertaking without the usual Hindoo invocation, *Sri Viswakurma prasade rachita*—'built under the auspices of Viswakurma,' the Celestial Architect of the Hindoos.

In 1503, the Minar had again happened to be injured, and been repaired by the orders of Secunder Lodi. No Hindoo architect, but a Mahomedan one of the name of Futteh Khan, the son of Khowas Khan, had been intrusted this time with the superintendence of the repairs, as appears from a record put up over the entrance doorway. The next period in the history of the Kootub at once brings us down to the year 1803, or exactly five hundred years after its reparation by Secunder Lodi. In that year, a severe earthquake seriously injured the pillar, and its dangerous state having been brought to notice, on possession of the country, the British Government liberally undertook its repairs. They were brought to a close in 25 years, or more than the period the building had originally taken to be reared. The old cupola of Firoz Shah, or of Secunder Lodi, that was standing in 1794, having fallen down, had been substituted by a plain octagonal red-stone pavilion. To men of artistic taste this had appeared a very unfitting head-piece for the noble column, so it was taken down by the orders of Lord Hardinge in 1847, and the present stonework put up in its stead.

The condemned top now lies on a raised plot of ground in front of the long colonnade running eastward from the pillar. Many other restorations are said to be 'altogether out of keeping with the rest of the pillar.' Particular objection has been taken by antiquarians to the entrance doorway, improved with new mouldings, frieze, and repairs of the inscription tablet.' The 'flimsy balustrades' are pronounced to be an 'eyesore' —the original ones having been 'rich and massive, like small battlements.' In short, the Kootub, like the works of Shakespeare, stands 'with a thousand mortal murders on its head.'

Now as to the origin of the Kootub—a subject on which much speculation has been wasted, and still the question is open for controversy. There are two parties in the question, the warmth of whose discussions might lead one to suppose that the apple of discord has fallen among them, and set them at loggerheads to create an antiquarian schism. Great names head the two parties* —and a regular literary joust and tournament has been going on for half a century. Theories professing the Hindoo origin of the Kootub are maintained by one party. Theories professing its Mahomedan origin are propounded by the other. The Hindoo party believes the Minar to have been built by a Hindoo prince for his daughter, who wished to worship the rising sun, and view the waters of the Jumna from the top of it every morning. It was a Mahomedan—an old Moonshee of the name of Syud Ahmed, in the service of the Emperor

* Sir T. Metcalfe was at the head of the Hindoo party.

Akber Shah II.—who first ventured to give this opinion out, though at the expense of his countrymen. The Mahomedan party repudiates this as an outrageous paradox, and would have the Kootub taken for the unmistakable *Mazinah* of the Musjeed-i-Kootub-ul-Islam. Various arguments have been advanced by the Hindoowallahs, which their opponents have stoutly opposed. That the Minar, being placed by itself and alone, is contrary to the Mahomedan practice,—that its entrance door faces the north as the Hindoos have their doors, whereas the Mahomedans always place their doors facing the east,—that if the Minar had been intended for a Mazinah, it would have been erected at one end of the mosque,—and that it is customary for the Hindoos to erect such buildings without a platform or plinth, whereas the Mahomedans always build upon a plinth,—are points which have been all taken up and ably disposed of by the late Archæological Surveyor of India. But still the question is involved in very much the same obscurity as before. True, it cannot be improbable, but it is difficult to persuade ourselves to believe, that such a costly structure had been undertaken by a fond parent merely to please the fancy of a daughter desirous of seeing the Jumna from its top. It is, what is often said in common parlance, 'paying too much for a whistle,' —though she may have been the daughter of the last Tomara, and the only offspring of her parent; or a noble widow, pledged to a chaste devotional life. No man who sees the Minar can mistake it for a moment to be any other than a thoroughly Mahomedan building

—Mahomedan in design, and Mahomedan in its intents and purposes. The object is at once apparent to the spectator—that of a Mazinah for the Muezzin to call the faithful to prayers. The adjoining mosque, fully 'corresponding in design, proportion, and execution to the tower,' bears one out in such a view of the lofty column —and there is the recorded testimony of Shams-i-raz and Abulfeda to place the fact beyond a doubt. If a Hindoo Rajah had really laid the foundations, the glory of its completion cannot be denied to the Mussulmans. The ornamental bells in the balconies are undoubtedly Hindoo, but they must be admitted to have been skilfully re-arranged under Mahomedan orders and superintendence. The materials may be Hindoo, but the design is strictly Mahomedan. The history of the Kootub is written in its inscriptions. The belts of Arabic passages recording the praises of Mahomed Ghori, and the name and titles of Kootub-ud-deen, leave no doubt as to the basement story having been commenced by the latter during the lifetime of his Suzerain, and the completion of the Minar by Altamash, is plainly recorded in the inscription over the doorway of the fifth story. None dares to impeach these records as forgeries —and the Kootub seems to have been commenced in about A.D. 1200, and finished in 1220. Unless at the risk of perpetrating a downright absurdity, one cannot be blind to these positive evidences, and assign the pillar a Hindoo origin. To determine such a thing, we would not even look at it in the light of a *Jy-stamba*, or Pillar of Victory, that Hindoo princes were wont to

erect in their days—not even as the triumphal pillar that Pirthi-raj may have raised to commemorate his Victory of Tilouri. In such a case, the fact would have been noticed by the bard Chand. Taking everything into an impartial consideration, the Mahomedan origin of the Kootub is undeniable. But we would attempt to discuss that if it is not Hindoo founded, it is at least Hindoo built—much as is the Musjeed-i-Kootub-ul-Islam. Such a view of the matter is to be based on the comparative state of Hindoo and Patan architecture in that age. That of the Hindoos may be easily inferred from the graceful bells in the balconies, from the tall and tasteful pillars about the place, and from the Hindoo temples at Muttra that warmed Mahmood into admiration. In the plains of Candahar, there had not been a worthy or magnificent structure till Hindoo masons had erected the 'Celestial Bride.' The Ghorians, like their Ghaznivide predecessors, have left no memorials to attest their architectural greatness. They had little respite from their wars to cultivate the arts of peace. No one like Firoz Togluk had been so great a Mahomedan *building-sovereign;* and yet in his reign it was to a Hindoo that the arduous task of the repairs of the Kootub had been intrusted. Up to the age of Timoor Mahomedan architecture seems to have been in a rude state, or, otherwise, he would not have carried Indian architects to build a mosque at Samarcand. Bearing all this in mind, it would not be hazarding a paradox to state, that the Kootub is the work of Hindoo hands. Stern warriors and gloomy fanatics chose little to in-

dulge in architecturing. The wonderful Minar could scarcely have been built without the developed architectural genius of the Hindoos. The slope, that has been emphatically alluded to as 'the peculiar characteristic of Patan architecture,' is one of the first principles necessary to be observed in all altitudinal structures. It is not the less observable in the columns of Asoca, in the Buddhist temple at Sarnath, and in the ancient *Khoomb* at Cheetore. In the same manner that Hindoo architects have built the isolated Minars at Ghizni, has the Kootub been built also a detached Minar. The Kootub is as much without a plinth as are the Ghizni Minars. To the Hindoo masons may we trace the reason of the entrance-door facing the north, when Mahomedan antagonism had not reached the climax of building houses with doors facing the east, because the Hindoos had their doors towards the north, of sleeping with the face towards the south, because the Hindoos slept facing the north—of bathing with the face turned to the west, because the Hindoos did the reverse—of eating on the wrong side of the plantain-leaf, because the Hindoos ate on the right side —and of feeding upon the meat of *buckree* (she-goat), because the Hindoos ate the *buckra*, or he-goat. The first Mahomedan conquerors made the Hindoo masons work with the Hindoo materials, just as in our age Neill made the Pandies to wash out the blood of their own shedding. It detracts not from the merit of the Hindoos because the Mahomedan is the builder of the Kootub. Shah Jehan is the known builder of the Taj,

and why would yet the Europeans have it attributed to the hands of a Frenchman, but to claim the merit of its execution? The first steam-boat on the Goomtee, two generations ago, proclaimed the King of Lucknow for its owner, but the genius of Englishmen for its invention. The Kootub declares a Mahomedan builder, but the hands and genius of a Hindoo for its building—Mahomed Amincho having acted merely as the task-master.

But be it Mahomedan or Hindoo, as we stood at the foot of the Kootub, and gazed upon its majestic form towering into the sky, we thought of the ancient Tower of Babel, and of Ravana's intended staircase for mortals to go up to heaven. It was beyond all expectations of our lawyer—the grand dimensions did not the more call forth his admiration than the minute details of ornamentation resolved by the binocular. There was no 'old man to come and warn us that a leopard had taken refuge inside, and that it had torn a native almost to death,' to deter us, like the friends of Dr Russel, from making an ascent. Lots of people appeared in the different balconies walking round the tower. The slim lawyer trippingly went up the stairs, and at once mounted to the top. But to a man of Falstaff's proportions, three hundred and seventy-nine steps make 'threescore and ten miles' in height. His windpipe threatens to burst before he can get up to the first balcony. The feet refused their work, and in sheer despair we had to give up all hopes of further ascent. Unless one had not to pride himself in the idea of

having been at the head of the Kootub, little is missed by failing to ascend the very top—nobody as yet having hinted that either the Himalayas or the Taj is visible from thence. If the pinnacles of Govinjee's temple at Brindabun could be descried in former days, they have been thrown down, no more to meet the eye. The brain also turns giddy, and the low balustrades make it a matter of some danger to venture out into the balconies. 'About five years ago,' writes Sleeman in 1844, 'while the Emperor was on a visit to the tomb of Khootub-ud-deen, a madman got into his private apartments. The servants were ordered to turn him out. On passing the Minar he ran in, ascended to the top, stood a few moments on the verge, laughing at those who were running after him, and made a spring that enabled him to reach the bottom without touching the sides. An eye-witness told me that he kept his erect position till about half way down, when he turned over, and continued to turn till he got to the bottom, where his fall made a report like a gun. He was, of course, dashed to pieces. About five months ago another man fell over by accident, and was dashed to pieces against the sides.' But no man who has toiled to come up thus far, and see this 'world's great wonder,' would very willingly forego the pleasure of a sight from its top, which he can for once enjoy in his life. Overhead were only the unclouded heavens. The air blew nimbly as in ether. The sun was about to set with that brilliancy which attends his departing glory in the tropics. The scene around and below was wondrously beautiful, and

not a single feature in the expanded landscape escaped the eye.

For six hundred and forty-six years has the gigantic Kootub weathered the rude assaults of the elements,—and thousands of strangers from distant lands have come like us to do homage to the mighty monument. Around it is a mass of shapeless ruins that formed one of the most magnificent cities in the world. But the generations who occupied that city, and raised upon the wreck of heathen temples the earliest Mahomedan church, have passed away for ever. Not a Mussulman is now called to prayer from its top, and the worshippers of Allah have followed the worshippers of Vishnu and Shiva. The mosque has been deserted,—and snakes and lizards now crawl in its ruins. The Mazinah yet stands, solitary, grand, and majestic,—and, 'excepting the unavoidable and irresistible effects of lightning, from the goodness of the materials, and the excellent judgment with which they appear to have been put together, there is every reason to suppose it would have withstood the ravages of time, for succeeding generations to behold with admiration and astonishment, for yet many ages,'—the world containing nothing like it even now.

The *unfinished Minar*, which we passed by on our way to Altamash's tomb, looks as if it had been brought from the land of Brobdignag. The originator had evidently the idea to outdo the Kootub,—the gigantic work, abruptly left off in an early stage of its progress, with a rough surface of the grey stone of the country, has

twice the dimensions of that Minar. This curious relic, too, has given rise to much difference of opinion as to the period and object of its construction. The say of one party is, that the pious lady who obtained only a view of the river Jumna, and not of the Ganges, from the first tower, urged upon her father to build this second one upon a larger scale, but the work was interrupted by the conquest of the Mussulmans. The other party rejects all this as most precious nonsense, and would have the tower to have been undertaken by Alla-ud-deen, the progress of which was arrested by the illness he fell into shortly after its commencement, and from which he did not recover to carry out his design. This story is the more likely,—as standing due north from the Kootub in the opposite extremity, the column seems to have been intended for a second Mazinah, without which a Mahomedan church is essentially defective. From what is left, we may form some notion of the size and proportions that the tower would have assumed on completion.

To the north-west corner of the Kootub grounds, and abutting on the road, is 'the oldest authentic Mahomedan monument in India,' erected to the memory of that early Patan king, who is known under the name of Altamash. Considering its age, and the exposure to which it has been subjected, the tomb is in wonderful preservation. The interior walls are beautifully and elaborately decorated. The building is of red sandstone—the sarcophagus, of pale marble, is in the centre The tomb is open at the top—it looks as if the

dome has fallen in. But it is purposely that no screen has been raised between the man and heaven, to have 'the way clear for a start on the day of resurrection.'

Excursion to the *Diving Wells in Mehrowlie.*—The oldest one is said to have been dug by Anang Pal II. The depth of the new well is something over 80 feet, or otherwise the water-line is not reached in this rocky soil. Great attention is necessary for the preservation of waters in this region,—and public wells and tanks have existed in all ages to hold them.

Adam Khan's Tomb.—The haughty general, who could not be tamed by removal from power, and who had been hurled from the battlements of a tower for stabbing the vizier and foster-father of Akber, while at prayers in a room adjoining that emperor's apartment, seems to have the whole weight of a large massive stone building laid upon him to keep down his troublesome ghost. The dome towers to a great height, and the building has a simple grandeur. The ungovernable Adam Khan was the *Front-de-Bœuff* of Mogul history—differing from that character of the great English novelist in this point, that he made no magnanimous hesitation to approach the creature who was loth to become the victim of his brutality. His *Rebecca* was 'the Hindoo mistress of Baz Bahadur, who is said to have been one of the most beautiful women ever seen in India. She was as accomplished as she was fair, and was celebrated for her verses in the Hindoo language. She fell into the hands of Adam Khan, on the flight of Baz Bahadur from Malwa; and finding herself unable

to resist his importunities and threatened violence, she appointed an hour to receive him, put on her most splendid dress, on which she sprinkled the richest perfumes, and lay down on a couch, with her mantle drawn over her face. Her attendants thought that she had fallen asleep, but on endeavouring to wake her on the approach of the Khan, they found she had taken poison, and was already dead.' They have turned his tomb into a billiard-room, and he is within the clutches of men mightier than any of his race. It seems that an avenging deity has sent them to plague his turbulent spirit for the tragic end of the lady.*

In a circuit of the antiquities of Patan Delhi, it is curious to remark how few are the great undertakings that are unconnected with religion. These Mahomedans seem as if eternity was always in their thoughts. The buildings left behind them have almost all a reference to a future state—they are either a mosque or a mausoleum. Nobody knows where to find their 'proud palaces.' The traveller finds the tomb of Altamash, but not his palace—afterwards occupied by his daughter the Sultana Rizia, since whom another woman now holds the destinies of India in her hands. In vain you ask for the dwelling-house of the ascetic Prince Nasir-ud-deen, who, seated upon the imperial throne, defrayed his personal expenses by copying books, and, allowing no female servant, had his dinner cooked by his own

* The name of the lady was Rupamati. She was born at Sarungpoor in Malwa. Her songs are still sung all over that province. They are composed in the Malwa dialect of Hindi. She had more than a common share of the poet's power.

Queen. The horrors of the Mogul invasion had driven many a royal fugitive for refuge in the Court of Bulbun. Long had the streets of his capital retained the names of Roum, Ghori, Kahrizm, Bagdad, and other kingdoms, derived from the territories of the royal exiles. But not a vestige is seen of the celebrated *Ruby Palace* erected by that pompous monarch. The gross-minded Kei Kobad, who made his own aged father to undergo the abject Oriental obeisance of kissing the ground before the royal throne, had fitted up a palace at Kilokeree, upon the banks of the Jumna, to enjoy there 'the soft society of silver-bodied damsels with musky tresses,' but nobody in that village now recollects the site of that palace.

There are some remains, however, to the south-west of the Kootub, which your guide would wish you to believe to be the ruins of Alla-ud-deen's palace. The walls are of enormous thickness, but much injured, and none of the rooms has a roof left upon it. He may have lived here in the early years of his reign. Popular report also believes this as his last resting-place, and if no trace of a sarcophagus is found, it is because 'a new road has been cut through the tomb, scattering his remains to the winds.'

No doubt can be entertained as to the genuineness of the *Alia Durwaza*, or Gate of Alla-ud-deen,—bold inscriptions in Arabic recording his name over three of the entrances, with the date of A. H. 710, or A. D. 1310. The reader who may have read of his assuming the title of 'the Second Alexander,' and of his con-

ceiving the most extravagant project of universal conquest like the Macedonian, will find this a veritable fact from the addition of the title of *Secunder Sani* to the repetitions of his name. In form, 'the gateway is a square of 34½ feet inside, and 56½ feet outside, the walls being 11 feet thick. On each side there is a lofty doorway with a pointed horse-shoe arch, the outer edge of the arch being fretted, and the under-side panelled. The corners of the square are cut off by bold niches, the head of each niche being formed by a series of five pointed horse-shoe arches, lessening in size as they retire towards the angle. The effect of this arrangement is massive and beautiful, and the mode in which the square is changed into an octagon justly merits the praise bestowed upon it, 'as more simply elegant than any other example in India!' The interior walls are decorated with a chequered pattern of singular beauty. In each corner there are two windows, of the same shape and style as the doorways, but only one-third of their size. These are closed by massive screens of marble lattice-work. The interior walls are panelled and inlaid with broad bands of white marble, the effect of which is certainly pleasing. The walls are crowned by a battlemented parapet, and surmounted by a hemispherical dome. For the exterior view of the building this dome is, perhaps, too low, but the interior view is perfect, and, taken altogether, I consider that the gateway of Alla-ud-deen is the *most beautiful* specimen of Patan architecture that I have seen.'* The Alai

* General Cunningham.

Durwaza forms the south gateway to the quadrangle of the Kootub. The interior of it is yet in a fair condition, but on the outside it has been a good deal injured. The delicate carvings in marble and red sandstone have disappeared. The roof also must have received an injury, as the fine tracery on the marble has been overlaid with a coating of cement and whitewash. The Alai Durwaza may confirm the site of Alla-ud-deen's early palace. The date of the gateway corresponds with the year in which Cafoor returned loaded with the rich spoils of the Carnatic. The vast treasures seem to have been laid out in such costly structures, as well as the unfinished Minar. There was an European artist taking the photograph of the northern face of the beautiful gateway,—having a pretty lady to sit beneath the arch, to give an attraction to his subject.

Hard by, in a low-walled enclosure, and on a raised terrace, is a pretty marble tomb that covers the remains of Emam Zamin, the religious guide of Hoomayoon. It is said to have been built in the lifetime of the Emam, about A. D. 1535, during the reign of his religious pupil. The tomb of Emam Mushudee, the religious guide of Akber, is to the west of the Musjeed-i-Kootub-ul-Islam.

Further on to the south-east is the tomb of Mahomed Koolee Khan, another of Akber's four foster-fathers. The building is now fitted up as a European residence, and is best known under the name of *Metcalfe House*, from its having been the favourite resort of Sir Theophilus Metcalfe, Resident at the Court of Delhi.

The propriety of this conduct on the part of a statesman is open to question. To cite the following from Sleeman, 'the magnificent tomb of freestone covering the remains of a foster-brother of Akber, was long occupied as a dwelling-house by the late Mr Blake, of the Bengal Civil Service, who was lately barbarously murdered at Jeypoor. To make room for his dining-tables he removed the marble slab which covered the remains of the dead, from the centre of the building, against the urgent remonstrance of the people, and threw it carelessly on one side against the wall, where it now lies. The people appealed in vain, it is said, to Mr Fraser, the Governor-General's representative, who was soon after assassinated, and a good many attribute the death of both to this outrage upon the remains of the dead foster-brother of Akber.'—Rooms are let in the Metcalfe House for a rupee a day for each person.

Finished the tour of the antiquities, Hindoo and Patan, of Delhi Proper. Our movements were too hurried, our means of observation and stock of knowledge too limited, to enable us to speculate properly upon the mystery which overhangs many of the antiquities; and we have endeavoured to come to some decision of our own from the labours, the researches, and the conflicting opinions of others.

Thoroughly tired and thirsty, we found all enthusiasm cooled, and nought could pull up our spirits again but a stiff ounce of brandy-*pawnee*, followed closely by the cheroot—which the etymologist may define as the *root of cheer*. On a fine plot of grass-land, with the

Kootub rising in your sight, has a bungalow been put up for a beautiful resting-place for the traveller. Thither we bent our steps, and drew a chair, to take the stiffness off our back-bone. Our *début* into forbidden ground was an ominous puzzle to our stanch Hindoo coachee. He stood, with folded hands, under a tree, and looked upon us as inscrutable beings, as we peeled off an orange from a plate used by the *Sahib-logues*. Bread and butter were next served, and when brandy brought up the rear, it was an outrage of which he could not remain to bear the sight. Poor fellow! how we regretted his being scandalized in the eyes of the Mussulmans about the place,—and how he must have deplored that the day had gone by when such heresy justly merited the gibbet! Could we have helped, it would have afforded us the greatest pleasure to spare his feelings; and we curse the infirmities of human nature that such customs have insinuated themselves among us. Time was when the Hindoo was sober, and *livers* and *apoplexies* were almost unknown diseases in the land. He has taken with great facility to drinking, and must reckon the change a mighty fall. It was not for a boast or bravado, that sitting among the ruins of Delhi, with the traces of Hindoo rule before our eyes, we chose to raise the wine-cup to our lips; rather we felt it as it were a treason to our forefathers, and a high misdemeanor to the shades of Dilu and Pirthi-raj. It was merely to chase away the fag 'that flesh is heir to,' —for 'angels of heaven!' defend us from all tee-totalists, who find poison in the billionth solution of a drop

of grog, and condemn even the drink of your nectar. Forgive us, *Jogh Maya!* our failings and trespasses. Strangers from a distant land, we apologize to thee, thou guardian deity of the place! Thou hast built a house out of the ruins, and stickest like a decrepit dame, loth to quit her native spot. Thy priest is the only Hindoo who lives in the desolate city, where a Hindoo had first been its king. It is curious to hear the music of the *eighty-four* bells of thy temple, rung by the pull of a single string. The Mussulmans around dare not stop it now with the cry of 'Allah is God, and Mahomed is his prophet; to prayer! to prayer!' They dispossessed thy followers, and have been dispossessed in their turn, —and their temples are now hotels, and tombs billiard-rooms. The Moslem laughed at the Hindoo—the Christian now laughs at the Moslem—and the day shall come when the Deist shall laugh at us all.

The shades of evening were gathering round us, and still we lunched and lingered among the ruins, which recalled the history of the ancient greatness of our nation. Seldom have we passed a day with feelings of interest so strongly excited, or with impressions of the transience of all human possessions so strongly enforced as by the solemn solitudes of the desolate city of Old Delhi. The Mewattee goat-herd, who looks at it from his mountain home, the husbandman, who drives his plough to its very walls, and the lonely Brahmin, who offers *poojah* among its ancient remnants, are all reminded of the glory of their ancestors. Truly does a writer say that 'solitude, silence, and sunset are the

nursery of sentiment.' But the reality of a rough stony road lay before us, and it was not lighted with any lamps,—so, taking a last look of the Kootub, and giving a sigh to the memory of the good old days of Pirthi-raj and Sunjogta, we rose to get ourselves in the ghârry, and trace back to our lodge.

The homeward horse needed no spur to make the fastest use of its legs,—and there was yet the last glow of twilight to enable us to have a passing look at 'Siri,' or *Killah Alai.* This occurs at a place now called Shahpur, on the right-hand side of the road, about four miles from Kootub, in the Delhi direction. Siri had been founded by Allah-ud-deen on the spot where he had intrenched himself facing a large Mogul army of 120,000 horse under Turgai Khan. This invasion had taken place in 1303. The Mogul troops, 'encamping on the bank of the Jumna, most probably about the spot where Hoomayoon's tomb now stands, as it is the nearest point of the river towards Old Delhi,' had sat for two months, and laid close siege to that rich city. The King, having his veteran troops then engaged in Southern India, preferred to intrench himself on the plain extending to the north-east of the suburbs of his capital, rather than risk a battle on unequal terms with a formidable enemy. There was a saint living then, who, by supernatural means, threw the Mogul soldiers into a panic, under which they hastily retreated away to their own country. The King, coming out scot-free from the perils which had surrounded him, celebrated the joyous event by causing the fort of Siri to be built on the spot

of his intrenchment,—the sites of standing camps having many a time been converted into towns and cities in India. The hoarded wealth which the conquests of Deoghur, Guzerat, Warangul, and other Hindoo kingdoms in the Deccan, had placed at his disposal, enabled him to gild the Patan capital of that day with a dazzling splendour. But 'the magnificent buildings that were without an equal upon earth,' have now lost almost every trace of their existence. The citadel of Siri has now only a few scattered ruins,—Shere Shah having pulled down its walls, and removed the materials to build his *Shere-Gurh*. Inside the western half of this old, ruined fort, are observed the remains of a very extensive palace—the celebrated *Kasr Hazar Seitun*, or 'the Palace of the thousand Pillars.' In this palace it was that the beautiful Kumalade held the savage Allah under her petticoat government, and soothed that despot by her fascination in his moodiest hours,—that the Princess Dewilde and Khizr made those loves which embellish the history of that period with the colours of romance.

Just outside the south-east corner of Siri or Shahpur, is *Rooshun Chiragh*, or 'the Lamp of Delhi.' This is a shrine erected to the memory of a famous saint, built by Firoz Shah. Saint or *saitan*, Rooshun Chiragh has a very holy name, and is one of the guardian-angels of the Mahomedans in Delhi.

It was dark when we came to *Hunumanjee*. The coachman stopped the gharry of his own accord, and made a strong appeal to our Hindooism to pay the god

a visit. He dwelt upon the particular sacredness of the deity to the Hindoo population of Delhi, and urged us not to back the sins of commission with those of omission. No go without humouring the fellow in his fit of piety,—so we alighted from the gharry, and followed him up a steep staircase in the dark. His Honour the Hunumanjee lay in a small room, in which dimly burnt a feeble chiragh,—and extremely touched our pity by the poor figure he presented to our eyes. He who had borne the Himalayas upon his shoulders, was now observed to be crushed with the weight of years upon his head. He had before him but a few years to drag on his life, and then he would be glad to quit a strange world about him to join his Rama in the heavens. In our wanderings we have met with Hunumanjee,—and we would be glad to fall in with *Bhoosundee*, to ask him whether he had to drink more blood in the wars of *Shambhu* and *Neshambhu*, than in the late Sepoy Rebellion.*

November 8.—This morning we went on to *Toglukabad*, along a stony road, through a rocky and barren country. 'The rocks are for the most part naked, but here and there the soil is covered with *famished* grass, and a few stunted shrubs; anything more unprepossessing can hardly be conceived than the aspect of

* Both Hunumanjee and Bhoosundee are said to have their lives protracted through the four *Yugas* of Hindoo chronology. Bhoosundee was a crow, who had more blood than he could drink in the wars of Sambhu and Nesambhu. He just quenched his thirst with blood in the wars of Rama. But in the wars of the Mahabarat he broke his beak by striking it against the hard dry earth which had soaked in the little blood shed on the occasion.

these hills, which seem to serve no other purpose than to store up heat for the people of the great city of Delhi.' Hereabouts is 'a cut in the range of hills, made apparently by the stream of the river Jumna at some remote period, and about one hundred yards wide at the entrance. This cut is crossed by an enormous stone wall, running north and south, and intended to shut in the waters and form a lake in the opening beyond it.' According to Cunningham, this 'great embanked lake, three-quarters of a mile long and one-quarter broad, is the work of a Tomara prince, called Mahipal, who reigned from A.D. 1105 to 1130. The embankment was the work of Firoz Shah.' On the brow of the precipice, overlooking the northern end of the wall, are the ruins of the stupendous fort of Toglukabad, which are 'chiefly interesting from their vast dimensions, and the bulk and weight of the stones employed in them,'—such as called forth from Bishop Heber the famous remark, that 'the Patans built like giants, and finished their work like jewellers.' In the words of Sleeman, 'The impression left on the mind after going over the ruins of these stupendous fortifications is, that they seem to have been raised by giants, and for giants whose arms were against everybody and everybody's arm against them.' Those who remember the early military career of Ghies-ud-deen Togluk Shah, his repeated triumphs over invading Mogul armies, and his 'name at last inspiring such terror amongst the Moguls, that the women made use of it to quiet their children, and whenever a man showed any alarm, his companions would ask, "Why do you start?

Have you seen Togluk?"' can easily reconcile the gigantic works and enormous blocks of stone to his mighty genius and grand conceptions. The scale of buildings has gradually risen from the works of Altamash to those of Allah-ud-deen,—till it has swollen into colossal grandeur in the vast works of Gheis-ud-deen Togluk. The 'one cupola of considerable magnitude,' over his tomb, has at last outdone all former outdoings.

'The fort of Toglukabad may be described with tolerable accuracy, as a half-hexagon in shape, with three faces of rather more than three-quarters of a mile in length each, and a base of one mile and a half, the whole circuit being only one furlong less than four miles. The fort stands on a rocky height, and is built of massive blocks of stone so large and heavy, that they must have been quarried on the spot. The largest stone which I observed measured 14 feet in length by 2 feet 2 inches, and 1 foot 10 inches in breadth and thickness, and must have weighed rather more than six tons. The short faces to the west, north, and east, are protected by a deep ditch, and the long face to the south by a large sheet of water, which is held up by an embankment at the south-east corner. On this side the rock is scarped, and above it the main walls rise to a mean height of 40 feet, with a parapet of 7 feet, behind which rises another wall of 15 feet, the whole height above the low ground being upwards of 90 feet. In the south-west angle is the citadel, which occupies about one-sixth of the area of the fort, and contains the ruins of an extensive palace. The ramparts are raised,

as usual, on a line of domed rooms, which rarely communicate with each other, and which, no doubt, formed the quarters of the troops that garrisoned the fort. The walls slope rapidly inwards, even as much as those of Egyptian buildings. The rampart walls are pierced with loop-holes, which serve also to give light and air to the soldiers' quarters. The parapets are pierced with low sloping loop-holes, which command the foot of the wall, and are crowned with a line of rude battlements of solid stone, which are also provided with loop-holes. The walls are built of large, plainly-dressed stones, and there is no ornament of any kind. But the vast size, the great strength, and the visible solidity of the whole give to Toglukabad an air of stern and massive grandeur that is both striking and impressive. The fort has thirteen gates, and there are three inner gates to the citadel. It contains seven tanks for water, besides the ruins of several large buildings, as the Jumma Musjeed and the Birij Mandir. The upper part of the fort is full of ruined houses, but the lower part appears as if it had never been fully inhabited. The fort of Toglukabad was commenced in A.D. 1321, and finished in 1323, or in the short period of two years.'*

Of all the Mahomedan fortresses, that of Toglukabad was the greatest and most important in India. The plan of defence had been devised by the genius of a great and energetic warrior, who had vast resources left to him by his predecessors, who had acquired the largest military experience in his age, and who fully understood

* General Cunningham.

the enemy from whom he was to protect the country. But a comparison of it with the *Lalkot* or *Killah Kanouge*, of the Hindoos, would not give to it that immense superiority which it possessed over *Siri* or *Sheregurh*. In position, the Lalkot as much looked down from the summit of a lofty rock as its Mahomedan rival, and had perhaps greater advantages from the barrier of rocks by which that position was encircled. The Jumna lay as the foreground to each,—that river having flowed more immediately under the walls of the Hindoo fort in a previous age. In point of details, the Lalkot would not suffer much by comparison. The space enclosed within its walls was about a mile less than that within the walls of Toglukabad. The height of the one was 60 feet above the bottom of the ditch,—the height of the other was 90 feet above the low ground. If in the Lalkot the blocks of stone were not so enormous, the ramparts, 28 to 30 feet in thickness, more than made up by their massive solidity. The Hindoo prince had as much provided for the water of his troops by the excavation of tanks, as had the Mahomedan. To the south of the Lalkot is a deep and extensive hollow, once filled with water. To the south of the Toglukabad is a large sheet of water, held up by an embankment. Nothing in respect of position, of materials, of engineering skill, or of provisions, demanded by military foresight, appears to make the fort of the Tomaras inferior to the fort of the Patans. Three and a half centuries from the time of Anang Pal II. had produced no change in the weapons of military warfare; and no improvement had suggested

itself for introduction in the art of military fortifications. It is the occasion which calls forth the energies and resources of a nation to strengthen its works for defence. The fort of Lalkot was built at a time when the incursions of the Islamite formed the great source of dread to the people of India. The fort of Toglukabad was built at a time when the invasions of the Moguls formed the great source of dread to the Patna sovereigns. In our own day, the fortification of Peshawar to put the frontier into a state of defence has become a necessity, because the irruption of the Russians is the great source of anxiety to our present rulers. No such apprehensions haunted the minds of the first Mussulman princes, and they were content to think themselves secure within the walls of the Lalkot. If the Hindoo fortress opened its gates to the Patan conqueror, the Patan fortress in its turn yielded to the arms of the Moguls; for, no doubt, troops must at last have fled for refuge within the walls of Toglukabad from the army of Timoor, and that monarch could not have deemed his conquest complete till he had pulled down the flag from the battlements of that citadel. Men may continue to build forts so long as wars shall afflict their race,—but the saying of old Lycurgus can never fail to hold good, 'that a wall of men is better than a wall of masonry.'

No more, in all probability, would any use be made of the fort of Toglukabad. The works that yet tower over the adjacent lowlands with a sombre and tremendous majesty, are crumbling and giving way in many places,—the great weight of the upper stones having

forced the lower ones out of their positions. Inside the walls is a vast well, which seems to have been cut out of the solid rock to a depth of some 70 or 80 feet; it is about 100 feet in diameter.'

'The fine tomb of Togluk Shah, built by his son Mahomed, is situated outside the southern wall of Toglukabad, in the midst of the artificial lake already described, and is surrounded by a pentagonal outwork, which is connected with the fortress by a causeway 600 feet in length, supported on twenty-seven arches. The stern beauty and massive strength of the tomb, combined with the bold and massive towers of the fortification that surround it, form a picture of a warrior's tomb unrivalled anywhere. In plan it is a square, each of the four sides having a lofty doorway in the middle, twenty-four feet in height, with a pointed horse-shoe arch fretted on the outer edge. The decoration of the exterior depends chiefly on difference of colour, which is effected by the free use of bands and borders of white marble, with a few panels of black marble on the large sloping surfaces of red stone. The horse-shoe arches are of white marble, and a broad band of the same goes completely round the building at the springing of the arches. Another broad band of white marble in upright slabs, four feet in height, goes all round the dome just above its springing. The present effect of this mixture of colours is certainly pleasing, but I believe that much of its beauty is due to the mellowing hand of time, which has softened the crude redness of the sandstone, as well as the dazzling whiteness of the marble. The building

itself is in very good order, but the whole interior of the little fort in which it stands is filled with filthy hovels and dirty people, and the place reeks with odour of every description.'—Alas! poor *Yorick*, where be your victories now? Where your redoubtableness? and where the terror of your name that set children to fly to their parents?

> 'Imperious Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,
> Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
> Oh, that the earth which kept the world in awe,
> Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!'

It may be, that the splendid mausoleum is an atonement for parricide—a sop to quiet the ghost of an injured father; for very grave suspicions arise, that the fall of the wooden pavilion which crushed old Togluk Shah was a contrivance of his son and successor, Jonah Mahomed. The gallant monarch reposes by the side of his queen. Near them lie the ashes of that son, whose presence must be an intolerable bore to their manes.

To us, the man who, in a moment of caprice, had assembled an army for the conquest of Persia, and then disbanded it; who sent a hundred thousand men on the insane expedition of subduing China, to perish only amid the snows of the Himalayas; who, under a morbid fit, 'would take his armies out over the most populous and peaceful districts, and hunt down the innocent and unoffending people like wild beasts, and bring home their heads by thousands to hang on the city gates for his mere amusement;' who buried a tooth of his in a magnificent tomb with all the solemn rites of

sepulture; and who, from a foolish fancy, twice compelled the whole people of the city of Delhi to leave their homes and hearths, and emigrate with him to his intended capital of Dowlutabad, making numbers of the pining and miserable exiles to perish on the road from fatigue or from famine;—to us, the man who did all this had always appeared so wanton, and Alnascharian, and distempered, and madly tyrannical, as to have been rather a character of fiction than a prince who sat on the throne of Delhi; and it was not until we had actually stood by his grave that our early prejudices about the reality of his existence were dissipated. The fellow had commenced his rule with a good earnest, by 'passing in great pomp and splendour from the fortress of Togluka-bad, which his father had just then completed, to the city in which the Minar stands, with elephants before and behind, loaded with gold and silver coins, which were scattered among the crowd, who everywhere hailed him with shouts of joy. The roads were covered with flowers, the houses adorned with the richest stuffs, and the streets resounded with music.' But all this was good only for a promising prologue. The great drama of his reign, acted for twenty-seven long years, was a bloody tragedy full of scenes of the wildest caprices and the most atrocious butcheries, without any unity of design or purpose. In this reign it was that Ebn Batuta visited India, and, residing in Delhi, acted for a time as one of the magistrates of that city. He describes the Patan capital of that day as 'consisting of four cities which, becoming contiguous, have formed one. It was

the first metropolis in the world, but had the fewest inhabitants, and was a dwelling-place for the beasts of the desert.'

In Hindoo demonology, a *Mamdoh*, or the ghost of a Mussulman, is deemed the most malignant,—and Mahomed Togluk's ghost would have to this day walked the earth for mischief, had not his cousin and successor, the good Firoz, adopted the following measures for his skating over the bridge of *Al Sirat* (of breadth less than the thread of a famished spider, with hell beneath) into Paradise:—'I have taken pains to discover the surviving relations of all persons who suffered from the wrath of my late lord and master, Mahomed Togluk, and, having pensioned and provided for them, have caused them to grant full pardon and forgiveness to that prince, in the presence of the holy and learned men of this age, whose signatures and seals as witnesses are affixed to the document, the whole of which, as far as lay in my power, have been procured and put into a box, and deposited in the vault in which Mahomed Togluk is entombed.' The above words are of Firoz Shah himself, as given by Ferishta, from the inscriptions of the great mosque at Firozabad. 'The strange device of placing the vouchers in the tomb ready for the dead man's hand to pick up at the last day, is as bold as it is original. It would be interesting to read some of these documents, which are, in all probability, still quite safe, as all the tombs appear to be in the most perfect order.' This is all the use that can now be made of the good money of their subjects thus wasted by our chimerical Mahomedan

sovereigns. But the devil would be let loose from his fetters upon mankind if the papers for his salvation were abstracted to gratify our curiosity.

Mahomedabad is a small detached fort, near the south-east corner of Toglukabad, which shows that the execrable Mahomed Tŏgluk had not been also without the rage for fort-building. The fort is in the same style as that of his father, but is considerably smaller, being not more than half a mile in circumference. He had no occasion to build this fort, and merely squandered away public money upon a whim,—and that, too, when he had been hardly pinched for funds himself, and been harassing his subjects with the introduction of a copper currency.

Jehan-Pannah. This, again, is another monument of his folly, at the cost of the nation. He had ruined a rich and populous old city, and sought to make amends by building another in its stead. The defence of the unprotected suburbs, plundered by the Moguls in an early part of Alla-ud-deen's reign, is urged as a plea to justify the outlay, but we can hardly assign so honourable a motive to a despot who was worse to his subjects than an outside enemy. The site of Jehan-Pannah is between Rai Pithora and Siri. The ruins of the old walled city are still traceable at places. Including Lalkot, Rai Pithora, Siri, Toglukabad and its citadel, Mahomedabad, and Jehan-Pannah, the Patan capital of the fourteenth century had grown into a giant city. The tourist who now stands amidst the ruins of that vast city, has to build it up in his imagination as having *seven* proud

forts, and *fifty-two* noble gateways for admission within the circumvallation of its walls,—whence the origin of its designation of *Sath-killa Bawun-durwaza*, or 'seven forts and fifty-two gates,' under which it is sometimes called even to the present day. Rome was a seven-hilled, Delhi a seven-forted city.

One beautiful relic of the magnificence of that Patan city is the *Leela Boorj*, or Blue Tomb, near the *Hoomayoon*. The name has been derived from the coloured encaustic tiled roof, which has a striking appearance. It covers the remains of a holy Seiad, or descendant of the prophet. The curious old ruin still retains traces of its excellent encaustic glazing, but it shall hardly have its head up to satisfy the curiosity of the next generation.

The *Tir Boorj* is another, that was shown some two or three miles off in a western direction. This forms a group of three tombs, the largest of which has the name of Burra Khan. The others are called Chota Khan, and Kala Khan. The buildings are of red sandstone, and, more or less, in a state of decay. Near them is Begumpore, in which is a remarkable specimen of old Patan workmanship.

Hundreds of such lie around in a neglected state, but driving through the waste of ruins, we turned in to see the tomb of *Nizam-ud-deen Oulia*. The place is a vast Necropolis—a *Manicktolla* to the Mussulmans of old Delhi. Three hundred thousand martyrs are said to lie buried in the spot, and their sepulchres meet the traveller at every step. Taking two Mahomedan lads

for our guides, and following them through turnings and windings that have become paved by the sarcophagi of the dead, we arrived at the tomb forming the great object of interest and veneration in the spot. The building has the graceful form of the *Tazia*, but there is a quaint look about it, which cannot fail to be marked. The small, low room in the middle seems to be the oldest and original part of the structure,—the handsome verandahs around it being most probably the pious additions of a future date. The dome was added in Akber's time by Mahomed Imam-ud-deen Hussein, and the whole building was put in thorough repair in Shah Jehan's reign. The inside copper roofing of the verandahs, painted in a gilt flower pattern, is not more than 40 years old,—having been put up by the father of the last emperor. Much money has been spent on the exquisite marble lattice-works. The pillars are finely covered with representations of birds and butterflies—we doubt whether they had been in Aurungzebe's time, who would have found idolatry in them. The doors of white marble are deserving of notice. The interior is painted with characters in Arabic, and there is a stand with a Koran at the head of the grave. The sarcophagus is covered with a sheet of English chintz, and over it is a wooden frame-work like a canopy.

The man who reposes in this beautiful mausoleum was a saint as much venerated by the Moslems as is Juggernaut by the Hindoos. His name was Nizam-ud-deen, the disciple of Furreed-ud-deen Gunj-Shuker, so called because *his look turned clods of earth into loaves of*

sugar. Furreed was the disciple of the celebrated Kootub-ud-deen, who again had been the disciple of Moinuddeen of Ajmere—the greatest of all names in the heraldry of Indo-Mahomedan sainthood. The great saintly feat of Nizam-ud-deen was the panic that he struck among the Mogul troops of Turgia Khan in 1303. 'It is very likely,' says Sleeman, 'that he did strike the army with a panic by getting some of their leaders assassinated in one night. He was supposed to have the "*dust-ol-ghyb*," or supernatural purse, as his private expenditure is said to have been more lavish even than that of the emperor himself, while he had no ostensible source of income whatever. The emperor (Togluk) was either jealous of his influence and display, or suspected him of dark crimes, and threatened to humble him when he returned to Delhi. As he approached the city, the friends of the saint, knowing the resolute spirit of the emperor, urged him to quit the capital, as he had been often heard to say, "Let me but reach Delhi, and this proud priest shall be humbled." The only reply that the saint would ever deign to give from the time the imperial army left Bengal, till it was within one stage of the capital was "*Delhi door ust*"—Delhi is still far off! This is now become a proverb over the east equivalent to our "there is many a slip between the cup and the lip." It is probable that the saint had some understanding with the son in his plans for the murder of his father; it is possible that his numerous wandering disciples may in reality have been murderers and robbers; and that he could at any time have procured through them the as-

sassination of the emperor. The Mahomedan Thugs, or assassins of India, certainly looked upon him as one of the great founders of their system; and used to make pilgrimages to his tomb as such; and as he originally came from Persia, and is considered by his greatest admirers to have been in his youth a robber, it is not altogether impossible that he may have been originally one of the assassins or disciples of the "old man of the mountains;" and that he may have set up the system of Thuggee in India, and derived a great portion of his income from it.' Here is the whole truth out of Nizam-ud-deen's sainthood,—and Mahomedans must hide their heads to have so long paid honours to a brigand.

The Poet Chusero's Tomb has that interest in the eyes of a traveller which there is not a similar object in India to afford. Gorgeous tombs of princes and warriors abound everywhere in the land, but not a monument has been raised to do homage to our men of genius. In the length and breadth of our vast realm there is the tomb of Joydeva, far away in the east,—and there is the tomb of Chusero, far away in the west. How engaging is it to our imaginations to stand by the grave of him 'who moved about where he pleased through the palace of the Emperor Togluk Shah, five hundred years ago, and sang, extempore, to his lyre, while the greatest and the fairest watched his lips to catch the expressions as they came warm from his soul.' The pyramid over his royal patron shall fade away, while he shall 'live through ages in the every-day thoughts and feelings of

millions.' The poet lies side by side in the same court-yard with the saint, his friend and contemporary. His tomb forms a building similar in appearance. The grave also has a covering of rich chintz,—and not more reverence is called forth by piety than by genius. No imaginary being, but a living Hindoo princess—Dewilde, inspired the songs of Chusero. His honey-tongued Muse got him the surname of the Parrot of India. The date of his tomb is 1350. In the eyes of the musing traveller, the trees in the court and the flowers upon the tomb, seem as it were that the 'year's best sweets deck the poet's sylvan grave.'

Next we turned towards the tomb of the well-known Princess *Jehanara.* 'In the prime of youth and beauty, when her father was dethroned and imprisoned, she applied for leave to share his captivity, and continued to wait on him as a nurse and servant till the day of his death.' The tongue of slander has made a demerit of the pious discharge of her filial duties, and scandalized the vestal purity of her fame with reproaches of a mysterious connection with her father. Far from the remotest allusion being made to such conduct by Tavernier and Bernier, then living in India, their testimony to her amiable, accomplished, and pious character, and to every virtue adorning the character of a female, shall always be her best defence from obloquy, and uphold her to posterity in the character of a *Roman daughter*, and in 'the reputation of a saint, better deserved than by many who have borne the name.' Her mortal remains are covered with an unadorned marble

slab, hollow at the top, and exposed to the sky. Upon her tomb is read the following modest inscription,—'The perishable Fakir Jehanara Begum, the daughter of Shah Jehan, and the disciple of the holy men of Chisti, A.D. 1094, or A.D. 1682.' Her dying wishes were that 'no canopy should cover her grave;' that 'the grass was the best covering for the tomb of the poor in spirit;'—and literally did a blade of grass grow upon the earth in the hollow of the marble. The 'holy men of Chisti' have been confounded with the 'holy men of Christ,'—and the blunder is traced for the first time to the pages of Sleeman. This may have probably arisen from the fact of her having been 'so much after her brother Dara's own heart in all things,' that she may have equally leaned with him towards Christianity. But the Princess Jehanara was a devout follower of Mahomed, and her name is still held in much veneration by the Mussulmans of Delhi for her many religious benefactions. In the age she lived, and in the society she moved, the question of ameliorating the condition of her sex could scarcely have occurred to engage the philanthropy of a woman. The nation had not made the progress in justice, benevolence, and humanity to feel the enlightened sentiments of the present generation, and to rouse a female heart to the sacred duties, which have endeared the names of Florence Nightingale and Mary Carpenter in our age; and a high-minded lady of those times who could not anticipate the questions of fully two centuries in advance, had to give vent to the benevolence of her soul through religious charities,

instead of founding institutions for improving the social position of womankind.

In an adjoining enclosure, formed by richly-worked marble screens, lies the Emperor Mahomed Shah, who had an awful lesson of the mutability of all human things, and the inevitable shiftings of property, read to him by Nadir. He has his mother, wife, and daughter, all about him, and seems to be happier in his grave than he had been upon the throne.

The Prince Mirza Jehàngire, who 'killed himself as fast as he could with Hoffman's cherry-brandy, by limiting himself to one large glass every hour till he got dead-drunk,'—and who was verily the namesake of his ancestor in name as well as in deed,—lies in another enclosure that must have told much upon the *khana-peena* pension of old Akber Shah II. But a spoilt child is always the darling of his mother,—and it must have been to get rid of her curtain lectures, never so distasteful as to a man who cannot make both ends meet, that the Emperor lived perhaps upon one meal a day, to meet the expenses of doing the honour which an imperious woman would have done to the remains of her son. The exquisite workmanship of the marble screens enclosing the tomb, and the artistic representation of foliage and flowers upon the sarcophagus, slowly gone through for years, must have deprived that monarch of his favourite dishes for many a day. In Bishop Heber's opinion, 'the flowers into which the marble is carved are as delicate, and in as good taste and execution, as

any of the ordinary Italian artists could produce.' The tomb is dated 1832.

Led through a narrow passage or two, we passed by the *Jumaat Khana* Mosque, in which a curious bell has been hanging from the centre of the dome since 1353. Then we found ourselves over-looking from a low-roofed building, *Nizam-ud-deen's Well*, who is said to have originally commenced its excavation in 1321. The reservoir is of an oblong size, about 60 feet long by 30 broad. Three of the sides have been built up into lofty stone walls with niches, the fourth having a flight of wide steps descending to the waters. There was in the cistern now about 40 *guzz* of water, that an old Mussulman told us, and if it were to fill up to the brim, it would hold 30 guzz or 50 feet more,—but they have not the deluging rains of Bengal here to fill the tank ever so high. The great depth did not appear to be an exaggeration, considering the elevation of the soil of Delhi to be about 800 feet from the level of the sea, and the rocky ridges into which the surface of the country is broken. Our arrival had drawn a number of boys to show the diving feats they are accustomed to do to strangers. They were none of them beyond ten or twelve years, and stood in a range waiting for our permission to make their spring into the well, from a height of 60 or 70 feet from the surface of the water. The idea was formidable, especially to men who were not *corks* in the water,—and we hesitated to give the permission that might make us amenable to the

Penal Code. But the boys and other grown-up men assured us of no accident, and unwilling to come away without a sight of which every traveller has his *gup* (talk), we made up our minds to take the risk of permitting the stoutest lad of them all to make the perilous venture. Scarcely had the words gone out of our mouth, before a fellow, joining his hands over his head, and opening wide his legs, made his leap. The suddenness of the act, and the novelty of the sight were quite bewildering. Just before coming into contact with water he sharply closed his legs, as if by instinct, and disappeared into the depths—his plunge making a loud noise, and the waves of the splash sullenly closing over his head. In bated breath we waited for his reappearance, which he made in a few seconds, and then by dint of hard swimming gaining the steps like a water-rat, he ran to us for *buckseesh*. The fellow was dripping from head to foot, and his teeth were chattering from a bath in a cold November evening. But the trifling present of four annas sent him away content to his heart's core. There were others who now clamoured to have their plunge in turn, but rather than consent to a repetition of the nervous sight, we distributed a few pice to quiet them all. Two things proved the great depth of the well—the disappearance of the diver for about two seconds, and his coming out in sound limbs, which he could not have done if a sufficient body of water had not resisted the great velocity of his fall from so high a summit. The well is said to possess miraculous powers of healing,—perhaps the cold water of the deep cistern

gives a hydropathic benefit. Numbers come for bathing at the annual festival that is held in honour of the ex-brigand saint.

To turn from the dead to the living. Those Mahomedans who hang about the place, have the vile and miserable aspect that is a strong proof of the unwholesome region in which they locate, and of the atmosphere of stench in which they breathe. The men have lean famished appearances. The children look to be withered in the bud. These animated spectres are more mischievous than the spirits of the dead. Formally, they keep up a profession of reading the Koran over the graves, and initiating boys in the secrets of the sacred volume; but, in fact, their vocation is to cherish the traditional prejudices of their race, to recruit the class of fakirs and fanatics, and to keep on sighing for the return of their nation to power—the gloom of the grave tingeing the actions of their lives.

The next scene of our rambles was *Ferozabad*, or more properly, the *Kotila* of Firoz Shah—a field from which many a fact may be culled to remedy the defectiveness of an interesting chapter in the history of India. The reign of Firoz Shah has the semblance of a refreshing oasis to the weary reader, who has to toil through a barren catalogue of facts of warfare and bloodshed, spreading a dreary length far in his rear, and far in his advance. Much of the history of that reign is written upon the ruins of the various public works executed by that benevolent monarch. The historian makes but a bare enumeration of those works

in round arithmetical figures. To the traveller, however, who is not satisfied with Shams-e-raj and Ferishta, the remains of many a noble monument tell a great part of the story which has not yet been committed to writing. Those remains afford the most valuable indications of the state of a world long passed away, and he treasures up facts presented to his eyes and ears in a progress through the actual scenes of that world.

From the account left by Sharif-ud-deen, the historian of Timoor, much help is gained to ascertain the site of the different quarters of ancient Delhi, its public edifices, its gates, and many places, which are now objects of interest to the tourist. He gives us a general idea of the size and extent of that city towards the end of the fourteenth century. It consisted of three cities, besides that of Ferozabad. The first was Rai Pithora, or old Delhi, to the south-west, the walls of which enclosed a space circular in form. To the north-east of this lay Siri, that was smaller in size, and oval in shape. The large tract extending between the two comprised the town of Jehan-Pannah, including most probably Toglukabad within its precincts. No enemy from abroad could have reduced this magnificent city to the degree of ruin which had been inflicted by the removal of the seat of government to Dowlutabad by the capricious Mahomed Togluk. That maniacal project had, in a few months, covered a circumference of twenty miles with the desolation of a wilderness. People had been violently torn away from their dwelling-houses and nurseries, to which they were bound by the strongest

ties of affection and interest. Thousands of families never returned from the foolish errand to fill up the void of depopulation. In their abodes dwelt the owl and bat, who always revel over the fallen grandeur of man. Thus had the proud metropolis of Sath-killah-Bawan-Durwaza completely undergone a change, which necessitated the building of a new city to form a fresh nucleus for the habitations of men. It was begun by Firoz Shah in 1354, and received the name of Ferozabad to perpetuate the name of its founder. The site of the new city was chosen along the banks of the Jumna. It extended over a space of ten miles, from old Indrapat to Kushak Shikar, or hunting-palace, that was situated on the low range of hills to the north-west of the modern city. The whole distance, says a contemporary historian, was thronged 'with stone-houses, mosques, and bazars.' Little doubt need be entertained as to the truth of this statement, when the resources of a long and peaceful reign for forty years had been employed upon beautifying the city, and when 'twenty palaces, ten monumental pillars, five tombs,' besides colleges, caravanserais, hospitals, baths, and bridges, erected alone by the emperor, must have taken to cover a third of its area. Taken at the lowest estimate, the number of inhabitants populating that city has been conjectured to have been 'about 150,000; and if we add 100,000 men more for the population of old Delhi, the total number of inhabitants in the Indian metropolis during the reign of Firoz Shah must have amounted to one quarter of a million.'

Many who read the account are likely to fall into

the reverie of imaging to themselves this gorgeous Delhi of 1380. But time, violence, and the plough, have levelled everything that made it great in the eyes of mankind. Here and there a stately mosque or massive gateway may be seen, but the most marked features in its topography retain not a trace of their existence. He who now drives down to the Kotila, which is to the south of the present city, immediately outside its walls, finds it a dreary field of rubbish. The gayest and most crowded part of it is a scene of desolation in which he may startle the jackal, or come upon a family of miserable squatters. There exists no longer the great mosque of Firoz described by Timoor's historians. Of the extensive palace of that emperor, which was also his fortress at the same time, only one gateway is now seen to present 'a fine specimen of bold but rude architecture.' Heber is quite right to say, that it 'would have been picturesque had it been in a country where trees grow, and ivy was green, but is here ugly and melancholy.' The walls and outlines of some of the buildings are also extant, and there is met a mosque close to the high road in tolerable repair. It is said 'there is a treasure-well in the ruins with subterranean passages and chambers, and that some of these passages have outlets on the Jumna.'

Of the great pillar, popularly called the *Lat*, or *Staff of Firoz Shah*. This is the most remarkable of all the objects in the Kotila, as well as the monument of highest antiquity in all Delhi. Till modern European scholars had read and expounded the meaning of its

inscriptions, much erroneous opinion had prevailed about this pillar. It was 'the club of Bheem Sena' of the Hindoos—'the walking-stick of the old emperor Firoz' of the Mussulmans—and 'the pillar of Alexander the Great, in memory of his victory over Porus, with *Greek* inscriptions' of Tom Coryat, and the other early English travellers, until, after the lapse of centuries, it once more became appreciable to the last generation as one of the edict-columns of Asoca. The pillar that is now just outside the Delhi Gate of the city was originally 'on the bank of the Jumna, in the district of Salora, not far from Khizerabad, which is at the foot of the mountains, 90 *koss* from Delhi.' From this description, the original site of the pillar is supposed by Cunningham to have been somewhere near the ancient capital of Shrughna, described by Hwen Thsang 'as possessing a large *Vihar*, and a grand *stupa* of Asoca's time containing relics of Buddha.' The pillar is stated to have been 'conveyed by land on a truck to Khizerabad, from whence it was floated down to Ferozabad, or new Delhi.' This removal took place about the year 1356, by the orders of Firoz Shah, to confound the Hindoos who had boasted of its immovable fixity in the earth. Underneath the pillar had been found a large square stone, which also was transported and placed in the same position as before, when the pillar was put up in the court-yard of Firoz's palace. In the face of this circumstantial account, which a contemporary writer has left of the removal of the pillar, it can by no means be taken for the same that

the bard Chand speaks of 'as telling the fame of the Chohan.' This must have been some other column that stood at Negumbode, and has disappeared from causes not known now to anybody. It cannot be that Asoca had put up no column in a place like Delhi. It was in his day as much a rich, flourishing, and populous city, as Benares, Allahabad, Kosambi, Kanouge, and others; and there was no important city then in India, in which he did not erect a monolith. To have his edicts widely known, no spot in ancient Indraprastha could have been more eligible than the ghaut of Negumbode, which was frequented by thousands for its sanctity and the traditions with which it was associated, and where, in a subsequent age, Visal Deva is said to have put up a record on the self-same pillar to give the widest publicity to his fame.

Rising from the terrace of a three-storied building, the pillar lifts its tall slender form, and is visible as a sharply clear object in the air from a long way off. It met our eye from more than ten miles in the train, when coming down. The head of it is bare now—there is no 'ornamentation of black and white stone-work surmounted by a gilt pinnacle, from which, no doubt, it received its name of *Minar Zarin*, or Golden Pillar. This gilt pinnacle was still in its place in A. D. 1611, when William Finch entered Delhi, as he describes the stone Pillar of *Bimsa*, which, after passing through three several stories, rises 24 feet above them all, having on the top *a globe surmounted by a crescent.*' The pillar is a single shaft of 'pale pinkish sandstone,' being of the usual

height of all Asoca's pillars—42 feet 7 inches, 'of which the upper portion, 35 feet in length, has received a very high polish, while the remainder is left quite rough.' It seems that all the pillars of that monarch were made to his particular order of a certain specified length. The 'weight is rather more than 27 tons. In its dimensions it is more like the Allahabad Pillar than any other, but it tapers much more rapidly towards the top, and is therefore less graceful in its outline.' The numerous pillars of Asoca, all of one size, but of a variety of stones, arising from the respective rocks on which they were quarried, exhibit an unequal workmanship which may help to throw some light on the state of sculptural art amongst the ancient Hindoos in different parts of India.

'There are two principal inscriptions on Firoz Shah's pillar, besides several minor records of pilgrims and travellers from the first centuries of the Christian era down to the present time. The oldest inscriptions, for which the pillar was originally erected, comprise the well-known edicts of Asoca, which were promulgated in the middle of the third century B. C. in the ancient Pali, or spoken language of the day. The alphabetical characters, which are of the oldest form that has yet been found in India, are most clearly and beautifully cut, and there are only a few letters of the whole record lost by the peeling off of the surface of the stone. The inscription ends with a short sentence, in which King Asoca directs the setting up these monoliths in different parts of India as follows:—"Let this religious edict be engraved

on stone pillars (*sila thamba*) and stone tablets (*sila phalaka*), that it may endure for ever." In this amended passage we have a distinct allusion to the rock inscriptions, as well as to the pillar inscriptions. As this is the longest and most important of all the pillar inscriptions of Asoca, I made a careful impression of the whole, for comparison with James Prinsep's text. The record consists of four distinct inscriptions on the four sides of the column facing the cardinal points, and of one long inscription immediately below, which goes completely round the pillar. The last ten lines of the eastern face, as well as the whole of the continuous inscription round the shaft, are peculiar to the Delhi pillar. There is a marked difference also in the appearance of this part of the inscription. The characters are all thinner and less boldly cut; the vowel marks are generally sloping, instead of being horizontal or perpendicular, and the letters *j*, *t*, *s*, and *h*, are differently formed from those of the preceding part of the inscription.

'The second inscription is that which records the victories of Chohan Prince Visala Deva, whose power extended "from Himadri to Vindhya." This record of the fame of the Chohan consists of two separate portions, the shorter one being placed immediately above Asoca's edicts, and the longer one immediately below them. But as both are dated in the same year, *viz.* S. 1220, or A. D. 1163, and refer to the same prince, they may be considered as forming only one inscription. The upper portion, which is placed very high, is engraved

in much larger characters than the lower one. A translation of this inscription was published by Colebrooke in the Asiatic Researches;* and his rendering of the text has been verified by H. H. Wilson from a copy made by Mr Thomas. The reading of *Sri Sallakshana* proposed by Mr Thomas is undoubtedly correct, instead of *Sri Mad Lakhshana*, as formerly read. I would suggest also that the rendering of *Châhumânah tilaka*, as "most eminent of the tribe which sprang from the arms" (of Brahma), seems to me much less forcible than the simple translation of "Chief of the *Châhumans*," or Chohân tribe.

'The minor inscriptions on Firoz Shah's pillar are of little interest and importance. They are, however, of different ages, and the more ancient records must have been inscribed while the pillar yet stood on its original site, under the hills to the North of Khizrabad. One of the oldest is the name of *Sri Bhâdra Mitra*, or *Subhadramitra*, in characters of the Gupta era. This is written in very small letters, as are also two others of the same age. In larger letters of a somewhat later date, there are several short inscriptions, of which the most legible is *Surya Vishnu Subarnakakana*. Of a much later date is the name of the *Saiva* mendicant, *Siddh Bhayankarnath Jogi* followed by a *trisul*. The name of this wandering mendicant is also recorded in the very same characters, but simply as "*Bhayankarnath*," in one of the *Barabar* caves in Behar. On the northern face there are two still later inscriptions in modern

* Vol. iii. p. 130.

Nagari, both of which bear the same date, of Wednesday, 13th, waning moon of *Choitra,* in Samvat 1581, or A.D. 1524. The longer inscription contains the name of *Suritan Ibrahim,* or Sultan Ibrahim Lodi, who reigned from A.D. 1517 to 1525.'* This antique and curious monument adds great interest to the scene. The barbarous Jauts attempted to destroy it by cannon.

There was another of Asoca's pillars which had been brought from Meerut by Firoz Shah, and erected in the courtyard of his palace Kushak Shikar, near Hindoo Rao's house. It is now lying in five pieces, having been thrown down by the explosion of a powder magazine in the time of Fèrokshere. 'This tradition is rendered almost certain by the statements of Padre Tieffenthaler, who resided in India between A.D. 1743 and 1786. He saw the pillar lying just as it is now, in five pieces, but he was informed that it was standing erect not long before, and that it was thrown down by an explosion of gunpowder. The upper end of the middle piece, which was inscribed with Asoca's edicts, was sawn off some years ago, and sent to Calcutta, where it may now be seen in the Asiatic Society's Museum.'

In the *Kala Musjeed,* near the Turkoman Gate, is seen 'a characteristic and favourable specimen of the architecture of the age of Firoz.' Though built in 1387, the style of this mosque is decidedly of an anterior date to that of the tomb of Togluk Shah. The building is comparatively small and plain, but of solid construction. From its original name of *Kalan Musjeed,* or 'Great

* General Cunningham.

Mosque,' it is likely to be supposed to have been the principal place of worship built by Firoz for the inhabitants of his new city. The present name of *Kala Musjeed*, or 'Black Mosque,' is most probably from 'the bare walls of dark grey quartose sandstone,' which have become visible after the coating of coloured plaster formerly covering them has fallen off. The mosque consists of 'a single room 7 feet in length by 4 feet in breadth, with two rows of four pillars each down the centre, and one row of coupled pillars along the front. These columns divide the whole area into 15 squares, each of which is covered by a small dome, the central dome being somewhat higher than the others.' This 'collection of small cupolas, each resting on four pillars, so that the whole mosque is only a succession of alleys between ranges of pillars, with no clear space of any extent,' is justly remarked by Elphinstone 'to betray the incapacity of the builders to erect a dome of any size.' The mosque is considerably elevated, making a total height of 66 feet. In the four corners are four round towers, now in a very dilapidated state. The walls are 6 feet thick, with three openings at each end, closed by massive redstone lattice-works. The middle of the lower story is a solid mass, forming the floor of the musjeed. However imposing from its massive strength and solidity, it is by far inferior in grandeur to the Kootub Musjeed. The great mosque of Ferozabad is said to have been covered with inscriptions detailing the edicts and ordinances of Firoz. Nothing of the kind appears on the Kala Musjeed. The 'noble mosque of polished marble,'

in which Timoor offered up his thanksgivings on the day of his departure from Delhi, was situated 'on the banks of the Jumna.' This one stands more than a mile from that river in the interior. There must have been then some other mosque to which the Mogul historians made their allusion, and which has disappeared since the time of Ferishta, who made copies from several of its inscriptions. It was this mosque of which the ornaments had also very much attracted the notice of Timoor, and which in reality held the first rank that one is inclined to assign to the Kalan Musjeed, from its name signifying the Great Mosque.

There is 'a specimen of the ornamented mosque of the time of Firoz,' which may be seen near a group of tombs facing the entrance gateway of Sufter Jung's tomb. This, in the opinion of Cunningham, 'corresponds exactly with the description of Ferishta. Its front is entirely covered with inscriptions and draperied ornament in a very hard plaster, which is still fresh and sharp, after the lapse of five centuries. The interior walls are also thickly covered with inscriptions and ornaments cut in hard stone, which are now as perfect as when first executed.' The date of this musjeed's erection is 1370; the Kala Musjeed was built seventeen years later.

Kirkhee—a fort, village, and musjeed in one, built by Khan Jehan about 1380, in the reign of Firoz Shah, lies in the neighbourhood of Siri. The mosque 'is an enormous structure, situated on high ground, and is built of dark-coloured granite, and cased all over with

black chunam, which gives it a very sombre appearance. It is a square, supported at the four corners by towers nearly 50 feet high; has two stories, and is crowned with 89 small domes of very plain but most solid construction. The whole building is in excellent preservation, with the exception of the north-east angle, the roof of which has fallen in, not however from decay, but from the effects of a fire said to have occurred some 70 years ago. The basement story consists of 104 small cells with arched ceilings, each cell being about nine feet square. There is also a cell beneath each door and one in each turret, making in all 112 cells. There are triple cloisters supported on single, double, and quadruple pillars.' 'The gloomy aspect of the interior,' says a writer, 'and the massiveness of the walls, are very striking, and none of the old ruins around Delhi are more worthy of a visit than this Egyptian-like relic of Patan architecture.'

The *Sut-poolla Bund*, or sixty-arched embankment of Firoz Shah, 'may still be traced from the village of Ladhoo Serai to the low hills near the village of Kirkhee.' The *Boorj Mundul* is a square tower and domed building of the same age. This 'square fort is peculiar, there being nothing like it anywhere near Delhi.'

By far the most useful of all the works of Firoz Shah was the great canal that he dug for the irrigation of the valley of the Jumna. 'This canal,' says Dr Spry, 'affords a striking illustration of pleasure having proved subservient to public good. The monarch, it appears, was fond of indulging in the pursuits of the chase; and

discovering that the best lion sporting was to be found in the district of Hissar, he frequently resorted thither with his court for the purpose of enjoying this noble exercise. His retinue being very extensive, great difficulty was experienced in providing water for the cattle, as the country thereabouts is sandy and very dry. So arid, indeed, is the soil, and so scanty the supply of water, that it is often necessary to sink to the depth of 130 feet before it can be found, and then it not unfrequently happens that it is so brackish as to be unwholesome. Like a true Mogul emperor, therefore, the monarch issued the commands for the formation of this canal. He appears, however, to have been aware of the utility of such undertakings; for besides this grand canal of Hissar, he caused one to be excavated to the city of Delhi. Firoz Shah, therefore, could not have been inattentive to the wants of the people. Although personal gratification was doubtless the motive which actuated him to issue his mandate for the first undertaking, the comfort of his subjects evidently prompted him to undertake the second. The province of Delhi, therefore, has been, we may say, particularly favoured from the time of Firoz Shah, for in no part of Hindoostan do we find any works of such vast importance. Hissar is said to have been founded by Sultan Firoz, who dug the canal to bring the waters of the Jumna near the city. A dervise predicted his accession to the throne, and at the instance of this dervise he dug the canal.' The famines and other miseries, caused by the mal-administration of his predecessor, were more than

compensated by the permanent advantages which the canal afforded. Conducted from the hills at Rair on the Jumna, while the stream was yet pure and wholesome, for a distance of 185 miles, the noble work gave fertility to a vast extent of country along the banks. Crops were reared without dependence on the periodical rains. The health of the communities improved from a supply of water free from the impregnation of natron. The canal is yet flowing through Delhi under the name of the Western Jumna Canal. More about this hereafter.

Hous-Khass. is a village some four or five miles from the Kootub. In this village does the good Firoz lie buried, after having left behind him so many works to bless his memory. There is a bath or tank of his, the area of which covers a hundred beegahs. But it is now a complete ruin, the surface being used for cultivation.

Unquestionably, the reign of Firoz Shah was a great architectural age. But no new models or no new styles then came into fashion, to denote an onward progress of the art from the Kootub Musjeed to the Black Mosque. Rather the later works are ruder, and wanting in that finish which is observed in the buildings of the previous century. The horse-shoe arch could not be improved in two hundred years. There is indeed much minute elegance, but it is impossible not to recognize in the massive grandeur and austere beauty of the Patan buildings the characteristics of the grim and gloomy Patan. The people of his race were poor in genius and invention, who introduced no improvement in any

branch of art. Though many of the works that lie strewed around the city of Delhi are inseparably connected with their names, it is doubtful whether those works are the triumphs of Patan or of Hindoo skill. There is nothing positively on record to establish their undisputed claim. The honour of having called them into existence certainly belongs to their nation, and the voice of tradition and the common courtesy of mankind assign to them the credit of their authorship. But there is the evidence of Baber to the contrary, that when he arrived in India, 'the officers of revenue, merchants, and *work-people* were all Hindoos.'. In time, further researches may throw greater light on the subject to do the justice which is due to the Hindoos. Politically, the Patan may have been dominant, but he was in arts the humble pupil of the ancient and time-honoured Hindoo.

The close of the reign of Firoz Shah also forms a salient point for observation in the history of Delhi. In the space of two hundred years, from the first conquest of the Mussulmans to the death of that monarch, the city of Judishthira and Dilu and Anangpal had grown to a size which not even Rome or Constantinople could boast of in their best days. Though it had often been the theatre of troubles, and revolutions, and bloodshed, yet, in spite of every misfortune and every misgovernment, it had gradually and steadily made a progress towards prosperity, that made it greater under the Khiligis than under the Slave Kings, and greater under the Togluks than under the Khiligis. The forty

peaceful years of Firoz's reign produced the greatest changes in its topographical and physical condition. In that interval, it had spread over the largest extent it had ever done before or since, and reached its culminating glory under Patan rule. Palaces, mosques, forts, mausoleums, caravanserais, colleges, baths, and many other public and private buildings, adorned it in all quarters. To supply the inhabitants with wholesome water, a noble canal traversed the city. The citizens numbered a population of a quarter of a million. The 'goodness of their house and furniture, and the general use of gold and silver ornaments by their women,' have been emphatically put on record by the historians of the times. No ryot but had a good bedstead and a neat garden. The city was filled with shopkeepers, artisans, and manufacturers of every description, and contained all that could make it a desirable residence for a luxurious people. Travellers and foreigners who saw it then could not enumerate the variety of its riches, or sufficiently admire its grandeur. They at once acknowledged it to be the first metropolis in the world. But the huge city was good only for striking the imagination. It was, after all, an immense mass of human beings collected in the neighbourhood of the palace. The sovereign who dwelt there knew only to exercise power by associating it with pageantry. His greatest policy was to govern by dazzling the eyes of the multitude. None of the elements of true greatness were to be found in the prodigious city—no intelligence that enlarges the mind—no fraternizing sympathy

—no public spirit—and no patriotic devotion, to infuse life into the unwieldy mass. Under a stately and gorgeous appearance, lay hid the inertness of a bloated body that required only 'the touch of opposition to bring it to the ground.'

In a few years that opposition came in a terrible form. The mortal remains of Firoz Shah had been scarcely laid in the grave before Delhi became a prey to disorder and violence. Three claimants contended for the throne in the streets of the metropolis. The state of that capital then may find an apt illustration in the dream that had been dreamt by Timoor. He found that 'he was in a large garden, and saw a number of people who were pruning the trees, and sowing seeds. The garden was full of trees, both great and small, on the tops of which the birds had built their nests. He thought that he had a sling in his hand, and that he destroyed the nests with stones from the sling, and drove away all the birds.' Timoor was no idle dreamer. He interpreted his dream as a voice from heaven to undertake the invasion of India, and commenced his march across the Hindoo Koosh—marking his track with massacre and desolation. In the December of 1398, he came under the walls of Delhi, and sat before that city at the head of an innumerable army. Probably, the place on which he had posted himself is the open wide plain which still extends itself for miles to the south-west of the present city. There can be no mistake about the locality—it requires no lights of generalship to see the only position that he

could have occupied. Meanwhile, the Delhi-ites had been thrown into the utmost consternation. The storm had burst upon them with an astounding suddenness, and appalled them by the prospect of an overwhelming danger. There was no saint now like Nizam-ud-deen to send a panic amongst the Tartar hordes. There was no general like Zafar Khan to stem the torrent of the barbarians—no Ghois-ud-deen Togluk to awe them by the terror of his name. The king who reigned within the walls of the city was a minor and a puppet. The army that garrisoned it was inferior in numbers, and divided in councils. The treasury was impoverished. No assistance could be hoped for from the provinces abroad. They had dismembered themselves, and looked on with indifference, leaving the doomed city to its fate. The only hope of the Delhi-ites lay in 'a train of war-elephants and a rocket brigade.' Under these circumstances the inhabitants, not daring to face the enemy, chose to keep themselves inside the walls, and fast bolted up the fifty-two gates of the imperial city. Far otherwise was the case with the besiegers. They were all obedience and enthusiasm, while all was disunion and dismay among the besieged. They pressed and pushed on with the vigour of a wolf to break into the fold. No alternative was at last left to the faint-hearted garrison, but to move out to the field, and decide the contest by a battle. The Patan king ostensibly headed the troops collected under his standard. The proud Tartar invader got up on a hill, and there stationed himself as a spectator of the battle that was

to lay the rich capital of India at his feet. It is one of the low ridges that break the surface of the country into uneven ground. Nobody now exactly remembers the particular hill, but it is attempted to be pointed out, to the right, a few miles down the road leading from the Delhi Gate.* The battle waged hot for an hour or two. But, at length, the enervated Indians were borne down by the physical superiority of the iron-nerved Tartars of the north. They drove back the elephants that had been led to charge upon them; and many of the animals, deprived of their guides, wildly ran over the field, and trampled alike upon friends and foes in their maddened fury. No sooner had the ranks of the Indian army begun to lose ground than its king took to flight, and escaped to Guzerat. Thenceforth all resistance was given up, and a capitulation was concluded. The town surrendered under a solemn promise of protection, and Timoor made his triumphal entry into Delhi. He made the *Khutbeh* to be read in his name in the great mosque at Ferozabad, in the Kootub Musjeed, as well as in the Kala Musjeed, and having his title thus acknowledged in all the mosques, proclaimed himself emperor throughout the realm.

The Delhi-ites had made their submission, providing that their lives and properties were to be spared by the payment of an adequate ransom. In levying this ransom, however, disputes arose between the citizens and

* 'Further on, to the right, is the hill on which Timoor is said to have stood and witnessed the battle in 1398.' — *Calcutta Review*, No. XLI.

conquerors, which led to blows. From one act of mutual violence to another, the fierce, irritated Tartars gave themselves up to the usual riot and plunder of a barbarous soldiery. They were men who did not know mercy even by name, and commenced an indiscriminate butchery of all the helpless inhabitants of the city. No distinction was made between Mussulmans and Hindoos —the faithful and the infidel were alike murdered. No respect was shown to women—they were first violated, and then driven out in chains. The flames went up at once from many places, and 'irradiated streets streaming with blood, and choked with the bodies of the dead.' From Ferozabad, the troops went to massacre the inhabitants of the old city, which had become crowded with fugitives. The last remnant had taken refuge in a mosque, where two of Timoor's most distinguished generals rushed in upon them at the head of five hundred soldiers, and 'sent to the abyss of hell the souls of the infidels.' Their appetite grew with what it fed on, and still longed for blood when there was not a victim left to bleed. Out of a population of two hundred and fifty thousand, more than one third had been put to the sword. There was another third that was dragged into slavery. Buildings on which immense sums had been expended became wrecks in a few hours. The mass of movable wealth collected in the various shops and warehouses was ransacked and spoliated. The lovely Ferozabad presented a vast scene of bloodshed and pillage. The beautiful Kotila was turned into a heap of ruins. Rai Pithora, Toglukabad, and Jehan

Pannah became perfect pictures of desolation. Through five whole days the work of destruction had gone on with unabated fierceness. No doubt it originated in the cold-blooded and calculating policy of Timoor, who remained a tranquil spectator, when he could have easily carried out his promises of protection by a single word of his potent command. It is said that, while murdering, capturing, and carrying into captivity were going on around him, the savage and imperious monarch had been comfortably engaged in celebrating a feast in honour of his victory. Killing, in his opinion, was no crime, but 'a pious duty of assisting God to fill hell chock-full of men and genii.' The groans of thousands, therefore, disturbed not his carousals, or the equanimity of his temper. Having glutted himself with plunder, and killing as much as he could to his heart's content, he gave the orders for the prosecution of the march back to his capital. To call down the blessings of heaven, he made an ostentatious show of the piety of a Mahomedan, by offering up prayers at the great mosque of Ferozabad previous to his departure. He 'merely made a predatory inroad into India, to kill a few millions of *unbelievers*, plunder the country of all the movable valuables he and his soldiers could collect, and take back into slavery all the best artificers of all kinds that they could lay their hands upon. He left no one to represent him in India; he claimed no sovereignty, and founded no dynasty there.' He left no traces of his visit but in devastation and blood, save and except in the origin of a language, which is said to have first

developed itself in the few days that his hordes had to carry on their intercourse in the bazars of Delhi—the language that is now familiar under the name of *Oordoo*, of which the etymon is traced by Tod to the word *horde*.

From the date of Timoor's invasion may be dated the break-down of the Patan power in India. It dismembered their empire, and split the great body-politic of their nation into independent sections. The seat of their government was left drenched in blood and reduced to ashes. To the present day may be seen some of the tokens of that ruthless desolation. The city, which had swarmed with nobles, and merchants, and thousand of human beings, became a solitude like an empty bee-hive, from which the bees have been dispersed. Of those who fell in the massacre, the bones lay whitening for many a day in the streets. Those carried into slavery, formed a number so large as to overstock the slave market at Samarcand, and sell at two rupees the head—among whom were many of the wives and children of a proud aristocracy.* Thus swept away, there remained almost no inhabitants in Delhi. From a metropolis, it declined into the rank of a provincial town. Juanpore and Lucknowty rose to become its rivals. For two months after Timoor's departure it remained without a government. The wretched ruler who had fled from its walls, returned to live only as a

* This was the rate fetched by Mahmood's Hindoo prisoners. Timoor's prisoners must have sold still cheaper, we think, when 'his soldiers had a hundred and fifty slaves, and soldiers' boys had twenty slaves to their own share.'

pensioner. Forty years later the authority of the Court of Delhi had collapsed so much, as to be acknowledged 'in one place to within a mile of the city walls, and nowhere beyond twelve.'

No recovery was made till the reign of Beloli Lodi, who restored Delhi to much of its ancient position and dignity. The tomb of that Sultan lies behind the shrine of Rooshun Chirag. Perhaps he was the famous Dervish who had offered to sell the empire of Delhi for two thousand rupees, and receiving sixteen hundred from Beloli, had blessed him as the would-be king of Delhi. The tomb of Secunder Lodi lies among the group that faces the gateway of the *Sufter Jung*. It is the larger one of the two octagonal tombs forming the northern group, and connected together by a bridge of eleven arches. He resided in Agra, but reposes in the family burial-ground at Delhi.

The next notable epoch in the history of Delhi occurred in the reign of Hoomayoon, who repaired the old fort of Indrapat, or Puranah Killah, and called it by the name of *Deen-pannah*, or the asylum of religion. Shere Shah having made further additions, had the name changed again to *Sheregurh*.

Delhi-Shere-Shah, or the city founded by the emperor of that name, extended from the neighbourhood of Hoomayoon's tomb to Firoz Shah's Kotila. In the words of William Finch, 'the city is two *koss* from gate to gate, and surrounded by a wall which has been strong, but is now ruinous.' The 'whole circuit of the city walls was close upon nine miles, or nearly double that of the

modern Shahjehanabad.' Nothing exists now of this Delhi-Shere-Shah excepting 'a fine massive gateway, which formed the *Kabuli Durwaza* of that city—the same that is now called the *Lâl Durwaza*, or 'Red Gate.'

Not so is *Selimgurh*, the frowning castle that first of all greets the traveller as he makes his entry into Delhi, passing under its walls. That antique fort wears not a less gloomy aspect from the heavy massive style of its architecture than from the dark associations with which its name is connected. Though of a small size—being not more than three-quarters of a mile in circuit—the lofty towers and massive walls towering abruptly above the river, produce a peculiar effect upon the view. The Jumna flows round, washing it on all sides, and detaching it from the mainland. This insular position, just at the north end of Shah Jehan's Palace, gives to the fort the appearance of an advanced picquet to guard the town from the approach of a daring invader. The name of Selimgurh was derived from its builder, Selim Shah, the son of Shere Shah. To efface the memory of this hateful Patan name, Hoomayoon ordered it to be called *Nurgurh*. But nobody cared to make use of this name except in the royal presence. The long arched stone bridge by which it is connected with the mainland was built by Jehangeer. On the erection of Shah Jehan's larger and stronger fort, Selimgurh was used as a state prison. Hither had been carried Moorad, in a state of drunkenness, on the back of an elephant, and imprisoned till sent off to Gwalior. Hither, after fifteen years, had

been brought back Seper Sheko, the youngest son of Dara, to unite his hands with a daughter of Aurungzebe, and live upon a pension of six thousand rupees. Mahomed Sultan, the eldest son of Aurungzebe, had also been brought back from Gwalior to be married here to the daughter of the unfortunate Moorad—his intellect impaired by the slow operation of the *poust* for fifteen years. Many a royal eaglet of soaring ambition rusted and pined here, and had their ardour cooled within the four walls of this dungeon—and were a novel to be composed, the secrets of Selimgurh would disclose incidents of the most moving interest. The great leveller—Rail, has made its way breaking through the walls of the ancient Patan fort, and thrown open the interior that was long the scene of a cruel prison-life.

The curtain falls here to prepare for new scenes and new actors. One by one—the Pandoo, the Tomara, the Chohan, and the Patan—have come on and played out their parts. The last must now make his exit off the stage, singing his epilogue, and salaaming to the reader. In the interim that the Mogul takes to make his appearance, let him be content to refresh himself with a little *déjeuner* from Abul Fazil—cold, but nevertheless good for digestion, and of master-hand cookery. 'Sultan Kootub-ud-deen, and Sultan Shums-ud-deen, both resided in the fort built by Rajah Pirthi-raj. Sultan Balin erected another fort containing many magnificent buildings: and he made it a law that any criminal who took refuge in it, should escape punishment.*

* This was the *Killah Marzâghan*, spoken of by Ebn Batuta under

Kai-cobad built another city, called Gunglookhery, which is situated on the banks of the Jumna. Amir Khoosru, in a poem entitled *Kerain Assadain*, celebrates this city. Sultan Alla-ud-deen founded a new city and fort, which is called Siri. Toglukabad was founded by Sultan Togluk. His son, Sultan Mahomed, built another city, with a new palace, in which is a very high building. In this palace are a thousand marble pillars. Sultan Firoz also founded a large city, and named it Firozabad. He dug a canal from the Jumna to this city, near to which the water passes. At the distance of three *koss* from Firozabad, he built another palace, to which he gave the name of *Jehanama* (the director of the world). The late emperor (Hoomayoon) built the fort of Indrapat, and called it Deen-pannah, or the asylum of religion. Shere Shah destroyed the city of Delhi founded by Alla-ud-deen, and built another; but now this new Delhi is for the most part in ruins. Here are many sepulchres of princes and religious persons. On the mountain of Islamabad is a deep spring of hot water; it is called *Purbhass*, and is a great place of Hindoo worship. Pussoo, one of the nobles of Rekheyser, made a very deep excavation in this mountain of three beegahs in extent, and which he dedicated to religious purposes: it remains to this day in its original state, and is a proof of the antiquity of this city. The climate is temperate. Here grow most of the fruits of Persia, Tartary, and

the name of *Dar-ul-aman*, or 'House of Refuge.' This asylum was existing in his time, and he saw in it the tomb of Balin. Its site was at the present village of Ghiaspore, near Nizam-ud-deen's tomb.

Hindoostan; and there are a great variety of flowers. Here are many grand buildings of stone and brick; and here are to be procured the productions of every part of the globe.'

To introduce now the Mogul. He came, thrashed, and prostrated the Patan, just as the Patan had done the Hindoo. Though followers of one common religion, there is a great difference between the two Mahomedan breeds. The mountaineers, who came from Ghor, were illiterate and rude, who had the scimitar in one hand and the Koran in the other. Nothing distinguished them so much as a merciless ferocity, and a deadly hatred of the Hindoo name. The history of their race is the history of cruel massacres followed by cruel contributions; of provinces devastated; of cities razed to the ground; of temples demolished; of fine works of art and curious remains of antiquity barbarously destroyed; of conquerors treading down under the feet the conquered; of females driven to the zenana by violence upon their honour—in short, of plunder, intolerance, cant, and an obliteration of all the landmarks of a great and interesting nation. The policy of their government was the policy of the sword. They brought no laws or literature, no arts or refinement, with them. The Mogul, however, was made of much superior materials. He was civilized to a degree beyond any other nation then known in the East. The Patan had everything to admire and imitate in India. The Mogul had everything to turn up his nose at and condemn. Mahmood was in raptures with all that he saw of Hindoo

grandeur and opulence. Baber describes Hindoostan as 'a country that has few pleasures to recommend it. The people are not handsome. They have no idea of the charms of friendly society, of frankly mixing together, or of familiar intercourse. They have no genius, no comprehension of mind, no politeness of manners, no kindness, no fellow-feeling, no ingenuity or mechanical invention in planning or executing their handicraft works, no skill or knowledge in design or architecture; they have no good horses, no good flesh, no grapes or musk-melons, no good fruits, no ice or cold water, no good food or bread in the bazars, no baths or colleges, no candles, no torches, not even a candlestick.' The Mogul was not a gloomy, intolerant fanatic like the Patan, but good-natured and conciliatory, who made it his policy to amalgamate the foreigner with the natives of the soil. Under the Mogul, arts, manners, costumes, and tastes, all took a new character. He attempted to win the hearts of his Hindoo subjects by espousing many a Hindoo princess. He introduced the long flowing gown. He encouraged the invention of the *uttar* of roses. He had news-writers in his court. He first prohibited Sutteeism. He first ruled for the re-marriage of Hindoo widows. He first patronized the cultivation of Hindoo literature. The polite luxury of the Mogul contrasts strongly with the coarse magnificence of the Patan. Taking architecture into consideration, for instance, how the light and graceful dome of the Mogul beats the low cupola of the Patan. It was well that Timoor invaded India, and struck a death-blow to the

power of a narrow-minded, selfish, and cruel tyrant. The physical calamities of his invasion may be deplored, but it paved the way for his descendants to rule India with greater justice and benevolence in comparison.

Hoomayoon's tomb.—No tourist hesitates to acknowledge the truth of our remarks, who visits the *Hoomayoon*, of which the immense white marble dome forms a conspicuous object for miles around. Though the earliest specimen of Mogul architecture, it fails not to throw into the shade all that the Patan has built, excepting the Kootub. The immense dome is an immense stride to improvement since the days of Timoor. The enclosed area in which the building lies forms a square of 300 yards, laid out in beautiful shrubberies and fragrant flower-beds. The marigold was in season, and displayed an exuberance of floral beauty alongside the walks. In the centre of the quadrangle stands the mausoleum, rising from two noble terraces, the upper one of which is about twenty feet high, supported by arched cloisters all round the platform. The 'exterior form of the main body of the tomb is a square with the corners cut off, or an octagon with four long and four short faces, and each of the short faces forms one side of the four octagonal corner towers. The dome is built entirely of white marble, the rest of the building being of red sandstone with inlaid ornaments of white marble. In this tomb we first see towers attached to the four angles of the main building. It is true that these towers are very stout and massive, but they form an important innovation in the Mahomedan architecture of North India,

which was gradually improved and developed, until it culminated in the graceful Minars of the Taj Mahal.'* One more innovation, also marked for the first time in this tomb, is 'the narrow-necked dome, which was afterwards adopted in all the Mogul buildings.'

Though Hoomayoon's tomb is one of the greatest curiosities in Delhi, the building is chiefly striking from the massiveness of its structure and the vastness of its size. The lightness of style aimed at has been a total failure—rather a clogging heaviness mars the effect of its beauty. It has none of the airy grace which marks the Taj. The narrow-necked dome is to be deprecated, as having set an example of bad taste. The filagree workmanship of the lattice screens, covering the windows and doorways, has little elegance. The 'ornamental accessories on the outside of the tomb are poor in effect, there not being enough to carry off the size of the dome.' But as the original model on which all future Mogul buildings have been improved and perfected, it must be acknowledged to be eminently successful. The mausoleum was erected at the cost of fifteen lacs of rupees, in sixteen years, from 1554 to 1570. It is the monument of affectionate piety erected to the memory of her husband by Hamida Banu Begum. 'During his residence beyond the Indus, Hoomayoon had been struck with the beauty of a young lady whom he saw at an entertainment given to him, in the women's

* In mentioning seriatically the intervening links, it did not strike General Cunningham that the tomb of Etmad-ud-Dowla has been made to precede the gateway of Akber's tomb.

apartment, by his step-mother, the mother of Prince Hindal. He found she was the daughter of a Seiad, a native of Jam, in Khorassan, and formerly preceptor to that prince; that her name was Hamida, and that she was not yet betrothed; and so strong was the impression made on him, that, in spite of the angry remonstrances of his brother, he almost immediately married her.' The love that is kindled at first sight, is the purest and tenderest of all known under that name—

> 'Time tempers it, but not removes,
> More hallow'd when its hope is fled'—

and the tomb which the Begum built to console herself under bereavement is but the realization of her 'last long sigh' in a substantive form.

The unfortunate Hoomayoon, whose life had been saved by the substitution of that of his father, according to the superstitious fatalists of the East—whose abbreviated name of *Hoomo* is still used by Bengalee mothers to awe their children into sleep—who had been forced to put on the Shia cap while an exiled guest at the court of Persia—and who, after a series of misfortunes and disappointments, had but just gained the crown of his tantalized hopes, when death snatched it from his hands for ever—lies under a small raised slab, in the centre of the circular room, forming the interior of the tomb. His father, who could not get over the prejudice of even lying in India, sleeps far away in Cabul. His were the flesh and bones of a prince of the house of Timoor, that first mingled with the dust of India.

In a corner room, towards the left, lies his wife, Hamida Banu Begum, who spent the years of her long widowhood in those pious acts and charities, which earned to her the surname of *Hadjee Begum*, by which she is popularly remembered. Her amiable maternal qualities must have exercised a great influence in moulding the character of Akber, to act as the humane sovereign. She had been as much tenderly loved by her husband as she had been the object of an affectionate regard to her son, who had set out to try the effect of an interview with his wayward son Selim, but left it off on hearing of the alarming illness of his mother, and hastened to be present with his dutiful attentions in her last moments.

Many other sepulchres of males and females, of Princes and Begums, of Shazadahs and Shazadees, lie in all the rooms, and on the platform outside—as if this mausoleum were a gathering-place for the members of the imperial family, to rest at last round the great patriarch of their house. In strolling from one to another, we were brought to the sepulchre of Dara—the *budh-bukht* Dara, who was born to, but not destined to wear, a crown. That noble and accomplished prince, who never rode through the Chandney Chowk but upon the finest steed from Persia, or upon the lordliest elephant from Pegu, who held *soirées* of poets, philosophers, and divines in his palace every night, and who was the acknowledged heir-apparent to the state, had, on becoming a prisoner, to make his last appearance at Delhi under the most ignominious circumstances. He

had been mounted, along with his son Seper Sheko, upon an elephant old, dirty, and the sorriest of its kind, perhaps, in the kingdom. It had scarcely any housings, and bore upon its back the mockery of a *howdah*. Dara sat within it loaded with chains—his body scarcely protected by a dress of coarse linen, his handsome face sunburnt and shrivelled, his hairs turned few and gray, and the rotundity of his person wasted to a fleshless anatomy. The driver ahead, had on him better clothings, and looked a genteeler person. Thus clad as 'a king of shreds and patches,' he was conducted up the Chandney Chowk, and other populous streets of the city, to exhibit the irrecoverableness of his fall. He was then quietly led off with his son to a prison in Chizerabad, in old Delhi. There—a ruin amidst the ruins of the *quondam* capital—was he locked up in the vaults of a castle more than three hundred years old. He had but finished writing down the next day's lessons for his son, and, taking some lentils—the only food he would touch for fear of poison, had gone to bed. His boy was fast asleep upon a carpet beside him. The noise of men under arms approaching his chamber then startled him. He at once guessed the meaning of their visit, and, seizing a knife that lay by, stood in a corner of the room. Seper Sheko also awoke. That no sympathy might be awakened in the assassins, the wily Aurungzebe had taken care to intrust the commission to a mortal enemy of Dara, along with two others of notorious ruffianism. These made their entrance by breaking open the doors. They first

seized the boy, and removed him to an adjoining apartment. Dara was next attacked, but he defended himself manfully, until overpowered by numbers. He had been thrown down, when his throat was cut by the enemy who bore him an old grudge. The head was carried to Aurungzebe, who had it placed on a dish, and washed clean, and the blood done away, to see that it was no other but Dara's. He little fell short in this to the Scandinavians of old, who drank out of the skulls of their enemies. Shedding a few crocodile tears, and drawing a moral lesson of 'Oh, unfortunate man,' he ordered the head to be taken away, and buried in the tomb of Hoomayoon. Such was the man by whose grave we stood, and over whose fate we mourned. It seems that the head ordered to be buried had never found its way to the grave. The sarcophagus of Dara is of such a small size, as to look like one over a child, and to give rise to the suspicion that only the headless trunk has been interred.

Imperial trifler that he was, *Jehander Shah*, lying near Dara, excites no sympathy for his fate. He loved the jollity of debauch, and exposed himself about the city in company with his favourite mistress, Lall Koor, a public dancing-girl. The nobles were offended, and the people were disgusted at the sight of vices in their sovereign, which reflected degradation on the meanest of themselves. Misconduct in a civilized government ends in a recall, or at most, an impeachment: in a despotic government, it is rid by deposal and death. Before a twelvemonth had elapsed Jehander Shah was

hurled from the throne to the grave, and his dead body was exposed in the streets of Delhi. The death of cats and dogs that despots die, squares the account of their wrongs and cruelties.

Feroksere and Jehander Shah, lying near to each other, show that intimate relationship of cousins under the arms of death, which they could not do in life. To Feroksere, the English East India Company had sent an embassy in 1715. In that embassy had been a medical gentleman of the name of Hamilton. He cured the Emperor of an indisposition that had been a troublesome hindrance to the celebration of his nuptials, and so mightily pleased him as to get the first *firman* of free trade for his nation. The marriage took place with the daughter of the Maharajah Ajeet Sing of Jodpore. It was celebrated with a pomp and magnificence which surpassed all that hitherto had been seen in Hindoostan —'and the Rahtore Rajah, from his independent territory, saw his importance acknowledged at the capital, whence he had in his infancy been conveyed with so much difficulty to escape the tyranny of Aurungzebe.' Feroksere had been a mere tool in the hands of the Seiad brothers—the *King-makers* of India. He was at last dragged forth from his hiding-place in the seraglio, placed in confinement, and then put to death.

Ruffeh-u-Dirjat and *Ruffeh-u-Dowlah,* the two brothers, lie side by side. They were like two sickly plants nursed in the recesses of the seraglio, who were killed by exposure to the rough breeze that blows about the

throne. Consumption, and not the sword, sent them to an early grave.

There is also *Alumgeer* II., the father of the prince who granted the Dewanny to the English. He had assumed the pompous title of an ancestor, without possessing any of his qualities. Alumgeer II. died of assassination by the orders of his vizier, Ghazi-ud-deen Umad-ul-Mulk. The commission had been given to a trusty Cashmerian, who stabbed the Emperor with poniards, and threw the body out upon the strand of the Jumna. There it was stripped by the people, and remained exposed for eighteen hours.

Once more we went into the interior of the mausoleum, and were shown the crypt, where the last Emperor Bahador Shah had fled as to a hiding-place, to avoid falling an immediate victim to the fury of a heated, and elated, and vengeance-breathing enemy. He was then past his eightieth year—it matters little whether of solar or lunar months. His physical condition may well be imagined when we know that he had become decrepit, and weak, and quivering, with 'feeble hanging nether lip'—his beard all turned white, his eyes grown dim and filmy, his gums toothless, and his cheeks sunk behind the jaw-bone—he who could hardly walk erect upon his legs, and seldom or never went out of the walls of his palace. But age and infirmities had not quenched his thirst for power, or sobered his views with the conviction of the futileness of human greatness; and when a change came over the spirit of his dream, and there glowed a bright kingdom in his vision, he identified himself with

the cause of the rebellious Sepoys. The bubble of his hopes burst on the fall and capture of Delhi. Conscious of his implications—at least of his answerableness for his shortcomings, he could well anticipate the fate that awaited him. Under the instinct of fear, he sought to be out of harm's way. But in the wide realm there was not a spot where he could securely hide his head. To flee away across the sea or mountain was a physical exertion which required strength of nerves that he no more possessed. In departing, therefore, from the hall of his fathers, he repaired to the cemetery where he expected to be shortly gathered to them. There, in the sombre gloom that fills the tomb, and in a low crypt, did he spread a carpet, and sat cowering in fear—his life hanging by a brittle thread, and the ghosts of the murdered rising before him like Banquo's issue, to sear his eyeballs with the sight of their 'gold-bound brows.' In vain did he invoke and implore the shade of the patriarch that slept before him to arise and shield the last of his race. The enemy was upon his track; he was discovered, and dragged out from his hiding-place, to stand to the charges of his crimes, and expiate them on a foreign shore.

The Shazadahs, who had shown themselves so lion-mettled in the beginning, and whose *bombasto-furioso* spirit evaporated in the end, had sneaked into a room on the top of the lofty gateway, and there fast shut themselves within stone walls, to prevent every oozing out of their whereabouts. To give the account of their seizure in Hodson's own words:—'I laid my plans so as

to cut off access to the tomb or escape from it, and then sent in one of the inferior scions of the royal family (purchased for the purpose by the present of his life) and my one-eyed Moulvie Rajub Ali, to say that I had come to seize the Shazadahs for punishment, and intended to do so, dead or alive. After two hours of wordy strife and very anxious suspense, they appeared, and asked if their lives had been promised by the Government, to which I answered most certainly not, and sent them away from the tomb towards the city under a guard. I then went with the rest of the sowars to the tomb, and found it crowded, I should think, with some 6000 or 7000 of the servants, hangers-on, and scum of the palace and city, taking refuge in the cloisters which lined the walls of the tomb. I saw at once that there was nothing for it but determination and a bold front, so I demanded in a voice of authority the instant surrender of their arms, &c. They immediately obeyed with an alacrity I scarcely dared to hope, for in less than two hours they brought forth from innumerable hiding-places some 500 swords, and more than that number of fire-arms, besides horses, bullocks, and covered carts, called *ruths*, used by women and eunuchs of the palace. I then arranged the arms and animals in the centre, and left an armed guard with them, while I went to look after my prisoners, who, with their guard, had moved on towards Delhi. I came up just in time, as a large mob had collected and were turning on the guard. I rode in among them at a gallop, and in a few words I appealed to the crowd, saying that these were the

butchers who had murdered and brutally used helpless women and children, and that the Government had now sent their punishment; and seizing a carbine from one of my men, I deliberately shot them one after another.' The dead bodies were then taken into Delhi, and exposed in a public place.

From the top of the mausoleum a fine view is obtained of the country for many miles around. Towards the north is distinctly visible the library in the Puranah Killah, from which Koomayoon had the fall that brought on his death. On the south, we saw the *Burra-Pul*, or great bridge, a long massive causeway on the high-road to Bullubghur, built in 1611—the same that Finch speaks of, 'a short way from Delhi is a stone bridge of 11 arches.' The village of *Arab-ke-serai* lay spread out towards the west. It was built by Hajee Begum for the residence and support of a number of Arabs, and has decayed now into an unimportant small place, in which are two fine gateways still covered with encaustic tiles. No more are any Arabs seen here—'their descendants have long since left the place, or become so amalgamated with the surrounding population that all trace of them has passed away.'

Mukburrab Khan Khanan is just outside Hoomayoon's tomb, and close to the Bullubgurh Gate of Arab-ke-serai. It was built by Mirza Khan, *the Khan Khanan*, son of Behram Khan, and the second of Akber's generals, for the tomb of his wife, but her body does not rest in the edifice. He himself, dying in his seventy-second year, and the twenty-first of Jehangeer's reign, was buried in

this mausoleum. 'It was originally principally composed of marble and red-stone, but in Asuph-ud-Dowla's time the marble was extracted and conveyed to Lucknow, and since then the building has fallen into a deplorable state of decay, the tomb itself being all but destroyed. It is built on a 68-arched terrace, which is in many places in ruins. The mausoleum is in the form of a square, with four doorways hollowed in the walls, and bears but slight trace of its former splendour. The dome is bare, and is seemingly built of rubble and masonry, the upper section forming a separate chamber, which has a strong cement floor, and, strange to say, though there are so many open windows, no birds have taken up their residence in the empty apartment.' The Khan Khanan was a great scholar. He has left a memorial of his literary labours in the translation of Baber's Memoirs from the Turkish into the Persian.

Musjeed Esa Khan is a fine building, in the midst of a high-walled enclosure, having at the four corners four light pavilions, with cupolas of encaustic tiles. The place is called Esa Khan's Kotla, from the nobleman of that name in Shere Shah's court, who built the place.

The tomb of *Tagah Khan*. This is over the remains of that foster-father and vizier of Akber, who had been killed by Adam Khan while at prayers, in 1561. The tomb is built of white marble and red sandstone.

The really most beautiful building of all in this neighbourhood, and one from which may be dated the commencement of a new era in the architecture of the Moguls, is the *Chowsut Kumbha*, or Sixty-four-pillared

Hall. In design and structure, it has anticipated the elegance and tastefulness of Shah Jehan's buildings. The style is light and airy, and one might trace in it the model of the future Dewanni-Khas. Nothing but the finest white marbles enter into the composition of its walls, pillars, domes, and everything. The edifice is square in shape, and forms a new species of mausoleum. In it lies interred Aziz or Khani Azim, the son of Tagah Khan, and one of the foster-brothers as well as generals of Akber. His sarcophagus is elegantly carved and highly polished. 'This nobleman having been long absent in the government of Guzerat, his mother prevailed on Akber to invite him to come to court. Aziz excused himself; and it appeared that his real objection was to shaving his beard and performing the prostration. Akber, on this, wrote him a good-humoured remonstrance; but Aziz persevering, he sent him a positive order to come to the capital. Aziz, on this, threw up his government; and after writing an insolent and reproachful letter to Akber, in which he asked him if he had received a *book* from heaven, or if he could work miracles like Mahomet, that he presumed to introduce a new religion, warned him that he was on the way to eternal perdition, and concluded with a prayer to God to bring him back into the path of salvation. After this explosion of zeal, he embarked for Mecca without leave or notice. In a short time, however, he found his situation irksome in that country, and returned to India, where he made his submission, and was restored at once to his former place in the

Emperor's favour and confidence.' Orthodox Mussulman as he was, the tenets of his creed had not hardened the natural goodness of his heart; and the wealth and influence that his position commanded were often employed in relieving the wants of the poor and destitute. He is said to have been accustomed to feed the needy with food stuffed with *ashruffes*, and the memory of his benevolence has passed into a proverb—

Kokul Tash Azim Khani-Khanna,
Jeska khanameh battana.

Khani Azim of benevolent mood,
Who fed the poor with coins in his food.

The date of the Chowsut Kumbha is A. D. 1600.

In tracing back from Arab-ke-serai towards Purana Killah, to the left of the road, was pointed to us the *Lal Bungalow.* 'There are two tombs of red sandstone with domes: the larger was built by the Emperor Hoomayoon before his expulsion from his kingdom, about A. D. 1540, in honour of some of his wives, or as a place of residence for them; and in the smaller tomb, Lal Kowur, wife of the Emperor Shah Alum II., lies buried, and after her the buildings are termed Lal Bungalow.'

The *Kala Mahl*, close to Purana Killah, and built in 1632, 'is now a complete ruin, but is a striking object from the great extent of ground the buildings occupy. The original plan seems to have been an open courtyard, flanked by domed galleries, which below are completely broken through. The gateway must have been handsome, but it is fast falling to pieces.'

Once more a passing view of the Purana Killah—

and once more through the scenes of ancient Indraprastha. Old Jumna can best tell about the site of that memorable city. Her different channels in different ages have written upon the surface of the land enduring records, that should be read and compared with the accounts of the Mahabarata and of tradition.

Facing Firoz Shah's Lat is a large and high-walled enclosure that is now used as the Jail. It was formerly a *serai* or resting-place for travellers, built by the Princess Jehanara of benevolent memory.

November 9th.—Shah Jehannabad. This is the third day from our arrival at Delhi, and all this precious while we have been out and out repeatedly to see only heaps of ruins, and speculate among tombs—boring the reader with 'sermons in stones,' and inflicting upon him inappreciable stuff about antiquities, not worth a sixpence in the world. To-day, we resolve, like a man who repents the folly of misspending time, not to have to do anything more with old bricks and rubbish, but to see the city that we have come to see—to go through its most interesting curiosities, to move about among its living men, to know how they fare at this place, to enjoy some of their *tamashas*, and then bid them a good-bye, and pack off. Thus resolved to make a good use of the little more time that we have to stay here, as well as not to ignore that the patience of the reader has no rubber-like tension, we set out this morning to see the city that really stands upon the map under the name of Delhi—the *Del-hi*, or Heart of his Territories, as termed by Shah Jehan. No more the stillness of a defunct

city, but eternal bustle and animation in its stead—the contrast between the two is as strong as between light and darkness. In the one, you tread upon thousands and tens of thousands of Mussulmans' tombstones, with no ghost to take umbrage at your nonchalance. In the crowded thoroughfares of the other, you cannot move on for two yards, but have to keep an eternal look-out, and remember not to commit yourself by furious driving and manslaughter. Here, you are in a city where streams of a living population continually pour through the streets, presenting endless patterns of male and female faces, each a subject for ethnic or physiognomic study — where men buzz, and bazar, and make and expend money — where poojahs and prayers resound from the temples—where the booming of cannon announced the return of the Governor-General from the Hills—and where the note of preparation is heard for the coming Durbar, to come off 'merry as a marriage-bell,' in spite of his Aurungzebe-like contempt for show and pomp. It is the city that Bernier and Thevenot saw and described two hundred years ago. Many a time has Delhi been taken and retaken, destroyed, rebuilt, and destroyed again. Twice had it been deserted for Avanti and Agra. But, at last, towards the middle of the seventeenth century, the city was built that stands yet, surviving the shock of many a revolution, and the overthrow of many a dynasty. It was founded under the culminating days of Mogul rule. The monarch who then sat upon the throne of India was the first and richest upon earth. His exchequer

was filled with the wealth obtained partly by presents, partly by purchase, and partly by plundor. More than a hundred millions of subjects obeyed his behests from Candahar to the Chersonese. The varied population possessed skill and genius, developed by the tranquillity and patronage of nearly a hundred years. Added to this, ingenious artisans from France, Italy, and other places of Europe, sought the realms of the Mogul for that remuneration which they could not get in their native countries. Workmen and labourers were not less abundant than draught-bullocks, horses, elephants, and camels. The ruins of Old Delhi afforded the gathered materials of several hundred years, and there were the quarries of Sicri and Bhurtpore to get an inexhaustible supply of freestone from. Here, then, was a gigantic government, endowed almost with creative power, and it is said—'Let there be a city,' and there arose a city, as if by enchantment.

City-building then was undertaken from very different motives to those in our days—very seldom from political or commercial reasons, but generally from the will and pleasure of a monarch. Because Shah Jhan sweated, and thirsted, and panted for breath under the summer heats of Agra, and because, perhaps, the *loo* burnt and bronzed the fair face of Mumtaza, he willed to transfer his capital to Delhi, and thousands of house-owners, who had to follow in his train, had either to leave their properties behind, or to sell them for a nominal price. Though three successive Governors-General shortened their lives, one Financier came and was con-

signed to the grave, and another broke his health and went home to recruit it, still the removal of the metropolis from Calcutta has not taken place, considering the immense interests jeopardized. Such a removal would be worse than an earthquake or an inundation. The crores of rupees that have been laid out on Fort-William, the Government House, the Town Hall, the High Court, the Bank of Bengal, the Post-office, and the innumerable palace-like buildings of our city, would not then retain any value in the estimation of men. The credit of the municipality would be shaken to its foundation. Properties that are now fetching 2000 rupees per cottah would then be of little more value than that fetched by an acre in the Sunderbunds, or in Cachar. The greatest house-owner who is now esteemed a *millionnaire* would find himself reduced to a provincial gentleman. Money has to be made now by honest and life-long labours—and not by looting, that men can suffer to-day, and be at ease to-morrow. The health of the Viceroy cannot be a reason in our day for the building of a new City.

Not so were the properties of the ancient Agrawallahs respected or cared for by Shah Jehan. He wished to remove to a more sanatory locality, and a city was laid out upon a gigantic scale. The site chosen united both a prospect of beauty and safety of position,—for poetry has always had a share with politics in fixing the situations of all the celebrated capitals of the world. It was upon two rocky eminences or spurs of the Aravalli, that protruded themselves so far from the interior as to be almost washed by the Jumna. They are known

under the names of Jujula Pahar and Bejula Pahar. The first preliminary in building a city is to fix its size,—and a space, five and a half miles in circumference, was measured out, whether by means of the thongs of an ox-hide, as in the instance of Carthage, or by the marks of a lance, as in the case of Constantinople, is not known: but certainly not by means of the tape of our present civil engineers. The circumference of this space was enclosed by a wall, excepting the river-side, leaving passages for ingress and egress at intervals. It is only in the cities of the last hundred years that walling has been dispensed with, and old Lycurgus's saying appreciated. The next step was to chalk out the roads, and they were done, forming nearly a right angle—one from north to south, and the other from east to west. Then had to be built the palace or citadel, and it rose immediately upon the river-bank, for cooling breezes across the waters, and fine open landscapes. All that insured physical comforts and secure sleep had been provided. But the king had a conscience that oft stung him with the remembrance of dark deeds, and he built a mosque. Not to be confined to one dull spot, he also built a garden. This completed the city, and it was denominated Shah-Jehanabad. Nought more constitutes the city of a despot—no colleges, no hospitals, no museums, no public squares, no promenades, and no ghauts. He builds only what is needed for himself, and leaves the people to shift for themselves.

Man appears to have originally taken his plan of city-building from his own mechanism, and if one were

in a humour to ask, how is Shah Jehan justified in styling his new capital as the Heart of his Kingdom, why, he might find the auricle and ventricle in the *Dewanni-aum* and *Dewanni-khas*, and the principal artery and vein in the two roads, one branching off from the Delhi Gate, and the other from the Lahore Gate of the palace. In the Roman empire all roads led to Rome not less than in the Mogul empire to Delhi,—and this made the fibrous system in the great body-politic. The reader must decide whether the Jumma Musjeed can be properly likened or not to the lungs—the action of which made the pulse of the kingdom felt at the furthest ends to be beating regularly *Mahomedan.*

Though Shah Jehan invited no man to follow him, and held out no inducements to settle in his new city, still its peopling went on at a rate which the energy, the perseverance, the glowing reports, and the premiums of Reclamation Companies can never secure to populate their Utopias. Like a loadstar, the new capital attracted men from all quarters. The Omrahs followed to shine round the throne with lustre borrowed from royalty. The middling classes changed their habitations, to reap benefits from a location in the great centre of business. The commonalty repaired to the new abode, to place themselves within the pale of royal munificence, patrician liberality, religious charity, and the ten thousand calls for the use of their labour and limbs. It has been observed by a great writer, that 'wherever the seat of government is fixed, a considerable part of the public revenue will be expended by the prince himself,

by his ministers, by the officers of justice, and by the domestics of the palace. The most wealthy of the provincials will be attracted by the most powerful motives of interest and duty, of amusement and curiosity. A third and more numerous class will insensibly be formed, of servants, of artificers, and of merchants, who derive their subsistence from their own labour, and from the wants or luxury of the superior ranks.' The king creates the metropolis. His viceroys create the provincial cities. Their deputies create the second-rate towns,—and so on, till the last village is formed by the *Mundúl*, or headman. It is always public establishments that help to constitute the population of a place; by the expenditure which the officers make of their wealth in the construction of works for private pleasure, or public convenience. There is no other philosophy in the peopling of a new settlement. Men must get something to eat, and not go and die, if a new port is to be peopled.

To go through the details, and compare what Delhi was and what it is now, the tourist should start, Bernier in hand, upon a drive up the road which goes round the city from the Cashmere Gate to the Delhi Gate. The circling sweep of an embattled wall, enclosing the city, is seen to be much in the same state as before. It is strong and high, built partly of masonry, and partly of stone. Along this defence are disposed, at the distance of a hundred paces from each, other small round towers, projecting towards the sky. There was no ditch, says Bernier, then dug round the walls. Neither were the ramparts mounted with any artillery. The parapets

only were loopholed for musketry. The 'original round towers formed into angular bastions,' the 'crenelated curtains,' and 'the fine glacis covering three-fourths or more of the height of the wall,' that now meet the eye, are the additions and improvements of English engineers of the present century. These alterations, adding considerably to the strength of the fortifications, added much to the cost of our Government in the Mutiny of 1857.

In the wall are spacious openings for entrance into, and egress from, the city. Over them are erected high and handsome arched gateways, which again are surmounted by towers, that formerly answered the purpose of stations for the city guards. These entrances principally derived their names from the satrapies towards which they pointed. They are called the Cashmere Gate, the Mooree Gate, the Cabul Gate, the Lahore Gate, the Furashkhana Gate, the Ajmere Gate, the Roumi or Turkoman Gate, and the Delhi Gate. There are two more gates—the Raj-ghaut, which is to the east, facing the Jumna, and the Calcutta Gate, to which, ere this, led up the high road from Calcutta, and where now the Rail has fixed the terminus of its progress from that city. Among these numerous gates are two or three the names of which will always be remembered in connection with some of the proudest exploits in the military annals of the English in the East.

Finishing the circuit, you re-enter the city by the Delhi Gate, and fall into the famous *Chandney Chowk*, or Silver Street, a name that has become common to the

principal avenue in all the great cities of India, excepting in Calcutta, where the street of that name, inhabited by no bankers or goldsmiths, but stable-keepers, is certainly called by a misnomer. The Chandney Chowk reminds an Englishman of Cheapside, and a Bengalee, of the Chitpore Road. This spacious *boulevard* runs north and south from the Palace Gate to the Delhi Gate. Its length is more than three-quarters of a mile, and breadth about fifty yards. The aqueduct, running along the middle, was formerly of redstone, but is now of masonry. When Bernier was here, the two sides of this street were lined with terraced arcades, divided by partition walls, for the purpose of making each division a separate shop. Behind each shop was a *tuh-khanah*, or low under-ground cellar. Over this, the *bunneahs* and shopkeepers built their houses in a handsome range, which imparted to the street a very interesting appearance. Traces of some of those topographical features may be discerned even now, after the lapse of two hundred years. The Chandney Chowk, with its avenue, its aqueduct, and its *trottoir*, is a pathway that surpassed all our expectations: the like of it is not seen even in Calcutta. No banker now tells down the *ashruffy* on his counter here. No goldsmith carries on the traffic in the precious metals, and there is no jeweller to sell pearls and diamonds. In their stead are sweetmeat vendors, small mercers, and provision-shops. How gay it must have been when Dara, who always resided in the capital to be near his father, passed often up and down it in brilliant cavalcades,—when Aurung-

zebe, after offering his devotions at the tomb of Nizam-ud-deen, and paying a visit to the sepulchre of his great-grandsire Hoomayoon, slowly advanced, riding upon an elephant, at the head of his victorious troops to make his entry into the palace,—when emperors went through in magnificent processions on their birth-days and regal tours, with *cortèges* of ambassadors, omrahs, and other dignitaries, and when *Shazadahs* and *Shazadees* made a show of their bridal splendour, like that in the tale of *Lalla Rookh*. 'In 1793, 'there still were handsome houses on each side of the way, and merchants' shops well furnished with the richest articles of all kinds.' But now this promenade is no longer the rendezvous of the merchants and shopkeepers of Delhi. No longer, in the afternoon, remains the celebrated Chandney Chowk, that bustling scene which gave a good opportunity of seeing native costumes and Delhi life. 'Its glories have ceased, and it is unlikely that the scenes of gaudy pomp once there enacted will ever again meet the eye. The shops are probably as brave in outward show as they ever were, but the moving throng of richly-dressed natives riding on caparisoned horses, lounging on their elephants, or borne along in parti-coloured palankeens, have passed away for ever. To the lover of the picturesque this may seem to be a pity—in an artistic point of view it is; but the British residents at Delhi probably feel more certain of their lives now that the offscourings of Bahadur Shah's court are no longer at large.'

The other great pathway is likewise from the palace

to the Lahore Gate. It stretches east and west, and, except that it is much longer than the Chandney Chowk, it is equal in many respects to that street. Towards the end of the last century, 'the inhabitants had spoiled the appearance of both these streets by running a line of houses down the centre, and across them in some places, so that it was with difficulty a person could discover their former situation without a narrow inspection.' It is this which has occasioned the slight irregularities in the thoroughfares, that were originally laid out in a right angle. Bishop Heber saw a channel of water pass also through the middle of this street. But it has been done away with, to make a *trottoir*, or raised walk for foot-passengers, in its room, shaded by noble trees on either hand, with lamp-posts at intervals. Now that the *Dewalle* is at its height, we had a faint image of the best days of the Chandney Chowk in the gaiety of its shops, and the people out in their holiday-clothings.

Jumma Musjeed.—Close to the Chandney Chowk is the Jumma Musjeed, without seeing which no traveller can leave Delhi. The great eastern gate being closed, we had to go round, and alight before the flight of steps at the northern gateway. In the little angular plot of ground towards our right, were some half-a-dozen sepulchres—of faithful who reposed in holy 'church ground.' Coming up, the porters at the gate, finding us to be Hindoos, and, *ergo*, *worshippers of idols*, forbad us to cross the threshold without leaving our shoes behind. Reduced as the Patan has been to coolies, and

cart-drivers, and duftries, and khidmudgars, and coachmen, and grooms—and reduced as the Mogul has been to a do-nothing, lazy sensualist, to a coffee-sipper, and to a pipe-smoker, the Mussulman is a fangless cobra, that bides the time to raise his head from the dust. He sufficiently humbles himself before an Anglo-Saxon, but before a Hindoo immediately recollects the days when he was paramount. It is the Hindoo, however, who first prohibited the Mahomedan to enter and profane his temples. The Mahomedan retaliates by shutting out the Hindoo from his mosques. Not caring to stand upon punctilio, and in order to avoid much ado about nothing, we entered bare-footed, and passed on to the courtyard. The day has gone by when it would have made the sword of a haughty Mogul leap from its scabbard, to behold an infidel dare to intrude into the sacred precincts. But not only did we intrude, but enter with uncovered heads and an open umbrella—offences that were instant death for a man under the old *régime.*

Assuredly, the Jumma Musjeed is one of the grandest temples ever raised by man. That which St Peter's is to the Christians, the temple of Juggernauth to the Hindoos, is the Jumma Musjeed of Delhi to the Mahomedans. It is the second most remarkable building in India—being next in rank to the Taj. Had it been wholly of white marble, the grandeur and effect would have been immeasurably greater: as it is, the redstone of the colonnades, and the pavilions, and the courtyard, and the gateways, seems to be a blemish in

the design, though it may have been intended to set off the more the beauty of the white marbles of the mosque by contrast. The Pearl Mosque of Agra is stainless, ethereal, and Peri-like. The Jumma Musjeed of Delhi has more an earthly air about it. No other fault can be detected by the most fastidious *connoisseur*. This mosque of Shah Jehan is another proof of the triumph of the Mogul over the Kootub Musjeed of the Patan.

In all Delhi, the highest building is the Jumma Musjeed, towering above every other object, and seen from every part of the city. It stands elevated on the rocky eminence of the Jujula Pahar, the altitude of which is thirty feet above the surface of the ground. The rock has been scarped and evened for the mosque. Round it, as in Bernier's time, once more now run four long and wide streets, to lead men from all quarters to the various gateways of the sanctuary. The entrances are on the north, south, and east—the last being the principal, and by far the most splendid. They are approached by flights of large circular stone steps. The doors are covered throughout with plates of wrought brass, mistaken for copper by Bernier. . . . . .

The terrace or platform, upon which the mosque has been reared, is a square of fourteen hundred yards, paved with fine large slabs of red sandstone. Three sides of the magnificent terrace are enclosed by a beautiful arcaded colonnade of the same material, with octagonal pavilions of white marble at the corners. In the centre of the quadrangle is a pretty marble reservoir of clear and abundant water, excavated, indeed, with im-

mense labour in the solid rock. The water comes underground from a distance of some three or four hundred yards, and is supplied by machinery from the canal. None but the faithful are allowed to perform ablutions in the reservoir. Our servant had unawares dipped his feet, and was severely scolded for the profanation—if it were the Mogul Raj, his head would have been at once off from his trunk. The Mussulman who attended told us, that the slabs of the whole pavement numbered 50,000, and that there could sit as many or more persons for prayer, on a festival. This may, or may not, be an Oriental exaggeration. But the actual number of kneeling figures that met our eye was some six or seven in different parts of the platform.

The mosque itself rises on the west of the platform, indicating the direction of Mecca. In shape, it is an oblong, two hundred and one feet in length, and one hundred and twenty feet in breadth. The top is surmounted by three magnificent domes of white marble, crowned with richly-gilt copper *culisses*. On the two flanks are two tall minarets, the fluting of which is composed of white marble and red sandstone, placed vertically in alternate stripes. They are each 130 feet high, and crowned with light, elegant, white marble octagon pavilions. The front of the mosque is divided into ten compartments, of which the high, wavy semicircular arches are beautiful to perfection. On the facings of the cornice are inscriptions of black marble inlaid in the white marble, in the Nuski character, giving an account of the date of, and the sums spent on,

the building. The floor of the mosque is paved throughout with flags of white marble, decorated with a beautiful black border. The flags are about three feet long, by one and a half broad, and their number is 900, capable, as it evidently appeared, of holding 2000 persons. Near the *Kibla*, in the compartment beneath the central dome, is a handsome *niche* adorned with a profusion of frieze-work. Close to this is a pulpit, which is said to have been cut out of a solid block of white marble, with the steps and balustrades. Upon the wall over the *niche* was shown an autograph of Shah Jehan, and also one of the ex-Emperor Bahadur Shah.

In the quadrangle, in the north-east as well as at the south-east, 'are pillars, on the tops of which are fixed marble slabs, on one of which is engraved the Eastern Hemisphere: on the other, there are marked certain hour lines; each has an upright iron spike or gnomon, and the shadows shown by the sun indicate to the faithful the time of prayer.' There is also at the north-east corner of the colonnade a little chamber formed by a highly-worked ivory screen, in which they show you the *book* of the Mussulmans.* This is the manuscript of a chapter of the Koran in the hand-writing of Imam Hossein's father. There is one also of Imam Hossein himself. It is kept carefully wrapt up like a *khureta* of the Turkish Emperor to the Governor-General. The precious manuscript was handed to our

* The Koran, the Old and New Testament, and the Psalms of David, are called *books* by way of excellence, and their followers, 'People of the Book.'—*Elphinstone.*

infidel hands for examination: it is in parchment, the characters Kufic, and the writing, fair and bold, of a trained penman. Turned over and over to detect if it was a trick, but could come to no decisive or satisfactory conclusion. The Hindoos cannot show a manuscript of the Vedas in Vyas' handwriting. The Christians cannot show the original of the Gospel in the handwriting of the Apostles. It must be an uncommon piece of good luck for the Mahomedan to have a copy of the Koran by the hand of the Prophet's grandson. The rarity is said to have been procured by Shah Jehan; and is reverenced with the holiest feelings. They profess to show here also a hair of Mahomed's beard—as they show a nail of the Cross, and a robe of the Saviour, in Moscow! ! ! The greatest curiosity of all was a print of the Prophet's foot, on stone turned into wax—which out-Buddhisted the Buddhists of every age. The foot was of such a small size, as sufficiently to indicate Mahomed to have been a short-statured, *kota-gurdaned*, or low-necked, man—and all low-necked men are proverbially the greatest *dooshmuns*.

'The size, the solidity, and rich materials of the Jumma Musjeed,' says Heber, 'impressed me more than anything of the sort which I have seen in India.' 'There is a chaste richness, an elegance of proportion, and a grandeur of design in all its parts,' observes Russell, 'which are in painful contrast to the *mesquin* and paltry architecture of our Christian churches.' How different is it now from the palmy days, when, if the *Nemazee* Aurungzebe did not visit it at least once a day,

'the shops of the city would have been closed, and the whole kingdom in a state of ferment.' The revival of the *jezia*, or poll-tax, by that monarch, had excited the greatest discontent among the Hindoos. 'Those at Delhi and the neighbourhood assembled in crowds, and besieged the king's palace with their complaints and clamours. No attention was paid to these remonstrances. On the next Friday, when the king was going in procession to the mosque, he found the streets completely choked by the crowd of suppliants. He waited some time in hopes that a passage might be opened by fair means; but as the mob continued to hold their ground, he ordered his retinue to force their way through, and many persons were trampled under-foot by the horses and elephants.' The following extract of an account, published in the *Delhi Gazette* in 1852, would help to give an idea of the manner and style in which the last of the Timoorians performed some of his ceremonies in the Jumma Musjeed:—'A few days since, the representative of the Royal House of Timoor, the veritable Great Mogul of British history, and master of Hindoostan, and the rest of the universe, according to traditions which were accepted as realities but a century since, celebrated at the Jumma Musjeed (the principal mosque in Delhi) the solemn festival which closes the fast of the Ramazan. Nothing of regal pomp was wanting to keep up the semblance of kingship. Banners waved and guns thundered; and as the monarch's elephant passed slowly along the line of procession, military bands struck up in succession, "God save the Queen," while the English

present uncovered their heads, and his Majesty, who never deigns to return a salute, reverentially counted his beads. But for the undisturbed presence of booted unbelievers in the galleries which surround the sacred edifice, and the reckless way in which a couple of sowars (horsemen) hustled the crowd right and left, to force a passage for a solitary and unarmed European, one might have fancied that the days of Aurungzebe had come back again, and the English were a handful of submissive traders, only too glad to purchase at any price the blessing of being allowed to wear their heads and fill their pockets.'

The Jumma Musjeed was commenced in 1629, and finished in 1648. It is said to have cost ten lacs of rupees. This was when coarse rice sold at about four annas the maund, sugar at about one to two rupees, and ghee at some four to five rupees.* Now that food and labour have increased tenfold in value, such a building would cost at least four times as much. The Jumma Musjeed was a hornets' nest in the Mutiny of 1857, and its demolition had been warmly urged. Luckily, the advice given under excitement and blind rage was not followed, and the English name was spared from the obloquy of Vandalism. It was a greater triumph to let it stand, and make it forbidden ground to the approach of Mahomedan feet. The mosque was restored only a year or two ago. The great eastern doorway yet remains closed,—and nought could be so sore a humiliation to a follower of the Prophet, as to have to come to his

* Refer to Abul Fazil for the accurate price.

sanctuary facing north and south, which compels him to ignore the position of the setting sun, and that sacred of all the cardinal sides—the *west*, towards which rose that Prophet, and lies the most famous shrine of his pilgrimage—Mecca.

Our next excursion was to the Fort, or Palace of Shah Jehan, which resembles a city on a miniature scale. In circuit, the high red walls encompassing it are a mile and a half. The space enclosed is 600,000 yards. There is no wall on the river-face. Bernier's account holds true to the present day, so far as the walls are five to six feet thick, forty to fifty feet high, and flanked with turrets and cupolas at intervals, similar to those on the walls of the city. They are built of granite, but possess no more the beauty of polished marble. The wide and deep moat round the walls, that he describes as full of water, and abounding with fish, is now all dry—the freestone pavement being beat upon by the sun. No longer, also, beyond the moat, are there any gardens extending to the skirts of the royal abode. He saw upon the walls a few field-pieces pointing towards the town. They do so yet, but now the 'defences are inconsiderable against the effects of a moderate-sized battery.'

No alteration appears to have been made in the portal alluded to under the name of the Lahore Gate. The entrance has to be approached through an outwork, and consists of a large and lofty Gothic arch, surmounted by a tower ornamented with pavilions. But over it a flag now waves in the air, that would be

an eyesore to him, if he were to see it—and in the tower where Danishmund Khan, his master, may have had occasion to mount guard for having been the Mayor of the city, are now the apartments of British artillery-men. Immediately after the gateway an open octagonal court for the admission of light and air presents itself, and then there is a long and lofty vaulted aisle, like that of a Gothic cathedral. Whoever passes through this entrance must acknowledge it, with Heber, as 'the noblest gateway and vestibule that he ever saw.' Very hard fighting only could have carried it under the science of ancient war. The 'finely-carved inscriptions from the Koran,' and the 'paintings of flowers,' spoken of by the Bishop, have all disappeared under the cheap and magnificent *whitewash* of modern days. Up in the rooms of the tower was massacred the unfortunate officer who held the command of the Palace Guards in 1857.

From the vestibule, in former days, you descended into a long wide street, divided by a canal, that Shah Jehan had dug to bring water to his seraglio. The two sides of this street were flanked with walls between five and six feet high, and four feet broad. A little beyond the walls were enclosed arcades communicating with each other in the form of gates. It was upon this elevated station that the registrars, clerks, and other petty officers of the Mogul government transacted their business, without being interrupted by the horses and people that passed the street,—and it was also upon this spot that the Munsubdars, or petty Omrahs, mounted guard at night to protect the imperial residence. Heber

saw the greater portion of these buildings 'in the state of a ruinous and exceedingly dirty stable-yard.' Russell observed them as 'mean houses in various stages of decay,' most of them 'shut up and deserted,' and the rest 'used as magazines of corn, and shops for the encouragement of a sickly traffic with the few miserable men and women who found shelter within the walls of the palace.' We found not a trace of them, except in heaps of rubbish and scattered stones, which were being removed for clearance. Hereabouts 'is the well, sheltered by a large tree, at which the poor English ladies were murdered.'

There was next, as Bernier writes, a spacious court, enclosed on all sides by arched walls, that led to the abode of the emperor. It was entered by a majestic gateway, that reared itself against one of the arched walls, and bore aloft upon its top the *Nowbut*, or Nagarra Khanna, for striking up the great state kettle-drums. These were sounded at regulated hours of the day and night, and produced 'a certain symphony not displeasing to the ear heard from a distance.' The Nowbut-Khanna exists, but it is no longer used as a Music Gallery, but an Adjutant's Office. Thundering guns, instead of a kettle-drum, announced the arrival of the Viceroy from Simlà.

Facing the Nowbut-Khanna on the inside, about a hundred and twenty yards distant, is the first suit of the royal buildings, styled the *Dewanni-aum*, or the hall of public audience. The ranges of two-storied buildings, once about this place, with their walls and arches

adorned with a profusion of the richest tapestries, velvets, and silks, have all disappeared. The Dewanni-aum of Shah Jehan is considerably larger and loftier than the building of the same name at Agrà. It is a quadranglar hall, open at three sides, the roof of which is supported upon four rows of tall redstone pillars, formerly ornamented with gilt arabesque paintings of flowers, but now covered with the eternal whitewash. The building was now occupied by the troops, and it was a great disappointment for us to miss the celebrated Marble Throne which all travellers speak of with admiration,—though it was in a state, we were told, that did not make it a very great curiosity. This throne is in an elevated recess, or niche, in the back-wall, from which it projects into the hall, in front of the large central arch. There is a staircase to get up to it, the seat being raised ten feet from the floor. The size of the throne is about ten feet, and over it is a marble canopy supported on four marble pillars, all beautifully inlaid with mosaic work exquisitely finished, but now much dilapidated. In the wall behind is a doorway, by which the emperor entered from his apartments in the harem. This wall is covered with mosaic paintings in precious stones of various birds, beasts, fruits, and flowers. Many of them are executed in a very natural manner, and represent the birds and beasts of the several countries ruled over by Shah Jehan. On the upper part, in the centre of the wall, is represented, in the same precious stones, and in a graceful attitude, the figure of an European in a kind of Spanish costume, who is playing

upon his guitar.' This has been interpreted into a group of Orpheus, charming the birds and beasts with his music, and is what decides the work to be from the hands of a French artist, mentioned by Bernier under the name of La Grange, *alias* Austin de Bordeaux.

Upon this throne did Shah Jehan seat himself every day at noon, to receive the compliments or petitions of his subjects. He appeared on such occasions in great state, preceded by a *cortège* of mace-bearers, bearing silver figures upon silver sticks. His sons sat on each side of him, decked in costly apparel and jewels. Behind them stood in array eunuchs in rich liveries. Some of them drove off flies by moving *chowries* made of peacocks' feathers. Others waved fans of coloured silk or velvet, embroidered with gold and precious stones. The *chobdars* and other messengers waited next in respectful silence to receive the commands of the sovereign. On a fine large slab of white marble, raised some three feet above the ground, and fenced with silver rails, stood the vizier and other secretaries, in front of the throne, to hand up petitions to their master, and to receive and convey his imperial commands. Next to them stood in humble attendance tributary Rajahs, dependent chiefs, and ambassadors from foreign princes. Beyond them was the place for the *Munsubdars*, who showed themselves in the same attitude of respect and humility that marked the demeanour of the other attendants in the hall. In the furthermost part of the building, as well as in the outer

court in front of it, thronged all sorts of people and visitants in one promiscuous crowd.

Thus hedged round by divinity, sat Shah Jehan, as the Vicegerent of God upon earth, with his face turned towards Mecca—his Great Mogulship, after all, being elevated not more than ten feet above the level of mankind. 'As the people approached over the intervening one hundred and twenty yards, between the Nowbut-Khanna and the hall of audience, they were made to bow down lower and lower to the figure of the emperor, as he sat upon his throne without deigning to show, by any motion of limb or muscle, that he was really made of flesh and blood, and not cut out of the marble he sat upon.' He sat there for dealing summary justice to humble suitors and applicants. If any petition was raised afar in the crowd, it was ordered to be brought, and the contents read to him. The parties concerned were directed to approach, their case was heard, and the verdict given upon the spot. To give a sample of the justice of his Great Mogulship. 'A young man laid before Shah Jehan a complaint, that his mother, a banian, was possessed of immense wealth, amounting to two hundred thousand rupees, who yet, on account of alleged ill-conduct, withheld from him all participation. The emperor, tempted by hearing of so large a fortune, sent for the lady, and commanded her, in open assembly, to give to her son fifty thousand rupees, and to pay to himself a hundred thousand; at the same time desiring her to withdraw. The woman, however, by loud clamour, again procured admittance, and coolly

said:—"May it please your Majesty, my son has certainly some claim to the goods of his father; but I would gladly know what relation your Majesty bears to the merchant, my deceased husband, that you make yourself his heir." This idea appeared to Shah Jehan so droll that he desired her to depart, and no exaction to be made.'

Naturally, the hall where such justice was administered could not long remain to be a place of that kind. The Great Mogul fell in time from his high estate. He got quietly to eat off a fine pension. No suitor or applicant remained to him to disturb his noon-day *siesta*. The Dewanni-aum, no more trod by any human feet, fell into neglect. The marble throne has been for a long time covered with whitewash. The 'inlaid work on the pillars of green blood-stone foliage, together with the mosaics of birds and fruits, and the curious mosaics of Orpheus charming the beasts with his music, the masterpiece of Austin de Bordeaux, have nearly all disappeared.' When Bishop Heber saw it, 'this hall was full of lumber of all descriptions, broken palankeens and empty boxes, and the throne so covered with pigeons' dung that its ornaments were hardly discernible. How little did Shah Jehan, the founder of these buildings, foresee what would be the fate of his descendants, or what his own would be! "Vanity of vanities!" was surely never written in more legible characters than on the dilapidated arcades of Delhi!'

'On one of the pillars of the Dewanni-aum,' says

Sleeman, 'is shown the mark of the dagger of a Hindoo prince of Cheetore, who, in the presence of the Emperor, stabbed to the heart one of the Mahomedan ministers who made use of some disrespectful language towards him. On being asked how he presumed to do this in the presence of his sovereign, he answered in the very words almost of Rhoderic Dhu,—

> 'I right my wrongs where they are given,
> Though it were in the court of Heaven.'

This is evidently a version of the story the scene of which was the Dewanni-aum at Agra, and not the Dewanni-aum at Delhi.

The next suite of apartments is the *Dewanni-Khas*, or the hall of private audience. There is certainly much to admire in this building, but the expectations raised by reading are not half fulfilled. In richness of materials it may stand unrivalled, but in point of architectural design it does not possess more than ordinary excellence. The Chowsut Khumba has certainly anticipated it by half a century, and, since that, no radical progress is marked that might have been expected to be made under the impetus and auspices of a great architectural monarch. Of its kind, the Dewanni-Khas may be considered as the highest effort—the ultimatum of Mogul architecture. But as such, it does not exhibit that model of perfection which is a proof of the highest artistic genius. The spectator is merely charmed, not struck by any extraordinary magnitude or novelty. The building is simply elegant, not colossally great to carry out

the impressions of your reading. That which wealth, rather than genius, is able to create, has been created with eminent success.

Rising from a terrace, elevated some four to five feet from the ground, the Dewanni-Khas forms an oblong-shaped pavilion, which measures 150 feet in length, by 40 feet in breadth. The height is well-proportioned to these dimensions. The building has a flat roof, supported upon ranges of massive arcaded pillars, all of a rich bluish-white marble. Between each of the front row of pillars is a balustrade of the same material, chastely carved in various designs of perforated work. The cornices and borders are decorated with a great quantity of frieze and sculptured work. The top is ornamented with four elegant marble pavilions, with gilt cupolas. In short, the Dewanni-Khas is an open, airy, and lightsome building, possessing in the highest degree all those features which, suggested by local climate, form the peculiarity of Indian architecture. It is advantageously situated near the river, and affords, on a sultry night, the best place for delicious zephyrs to fan you to sleep.

Nothing that is recorded in fiction or fact comes up to the magnificence of this hall. Mere traces remaining of that magnificence are enough to show that the reality of wealth develops those ideas of grandeur, which surpass all the imaginings of imagination. The gorgeous Pandemonium of Milton, of which the idea may have been taken from Bernier's account of the Mogul court, is eclipsed by the Dewanni-Khas, the grandeur of which

is not apocryphal, but a realized fact. That 'jasper pavement,' which the mighty poet deemed to be so rich as to adorn the court of heaven, is seen here by every individual with his eyes broadly open. The pillars and arches are ornamented with tendrils of bright flowers and wreaths of bloodstone, agate, jasper, cornelian, and amethyst, that seem 'snatched as it were from the garden, and pressed into the snowy blocks.' There was a rich foliage of silver filagree work covering the entire ceiling. The Mahrattas in 1759, under their celebrated General Bhao, tore this down, and melted it into seventeen lacs of rupees. It has been replaced by one of gilt copper worked in a flower pattern. Never could the gorgeous splendour of this hall have been more emphatically summed up than in the inscription which is sculptured in letters of gold in the cornices of the interior room—'If there is a paradise upon earth, it is this, it is this, it is this.'

In this hall was the *Tukt Taous*, or the famous *Peacock Throne*. It was so called from its having the figures of two peacocks, with their tails spread, that were so naturally executed in sapphires, rubies, emeralds, pearls, and other precious stones of appropriate colours, as to represent life, and strike every beholder with the most dazzling splendour. 'The throne itself was six feet long by four feet broad; it stood on six massive feet, which, with the body, were of solid gold, inlaid with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. It was surmounted by a canopy of gold supported by twelve pillars, all richly emblazoned with costly gems, and a fringe of pearls

ornamented the borders of the canopy. Between the two peacocks stood the figure of a parrot of the ordinary size, said to have been carved out of a single emerald (?) On either side of the throne stood a *chatta* or umbrella, one of the Oriental emblems of royalty; they were formed of crimson velvet, richly embroidered and fringed with pearls, the handles were eight feet high, of solid gold, and studded with diamonds.' Tavernier, a jeweller by profession, and who saw this superb throne, estimates the cost of it at six and a half millions sterling, or six crores of rupees. The device was not original; it seems to have been taken from a representation of the *Karteek* of the Hindoos. The umbrella, also, was one of the insignia of Hindoo royalty. It was on the birthday of Soliman Sheko that the joy of a grandfather had been especially manifested by Shah Jehan's first mounting the Tukt Taous.

It is recorded by Bernier, that the 'king appeared seated upon this throne at one extremity of the great hall of the Am-khas, splendidly attired, his garment being of white flowered satin, richly embroidered, his turban of gold cloth, having an aigrette worked upon it, the feet of which were studded with diamonds of extraordinary lustre and value, and in the centre was a beautiful Oriental topaz of matchless size and splendour, shining like a little sun: round his neck was a string of pearls, of great value, which hung down to his waist. The throne on which he sat was supported by six pillars of massive gold, enriched with a profusion of rubies, emeralds, and diamonds, and his other insignia of state

were embellished with equal grandeur. It is impossible to form any accurate estimate of the value of these precious gems, since no one is allowed to approach near enough to inspect them so minutely as to judge of their water and purity. This much, however, I can say, that the large diamonds were in great profusion; and I have heard the throne estimated at four crores of rupees, nearly equal to sixty millions of French livres. The Emperor Shah Jehan caused it to be constructed in order to display the number of precious stones and glittering treasures which he successively amassed, partly from the spoils of the ancient Patans and Rajahs whom he subjugated, and partly from the presents which the Omrahs and foreign ambassadors made to him upon certain festival days, as the only sure passport to imperial favour. The art and workmanship of this throne are nothing when compared to the materials of which it is composed; and the best devices upon it are two peacocks inlaid with precious stones and pearls, which are imitably well finished by a Frenchman, named La Grange, an ingenious mechanic, who, after having duped many European princes, fled to this court, where he soon realized a handsome fortune. Under the throne appeared all the Omrahs splendidly attired upon a raised ground, with a richly-embroidered velvet canopy, and the balustrade which encompassed it was of solid silver. The pillars of the hall were magnificently ornamented with gold tapestry, and the ceiling was covered over with beautiful flowered satin, fastened with red silk cords, having at each corner festoons with gold tassels. Below

nothing was to be seen but rich silk tapestries of extraordinary dimensions. In the court, at a little distance, was pitched a tent called the *Aspek*, which in length and breadth somewhat exceeded the hall, and reached almost to the centre of the court. It was likewise surrounded with a large balustrade of solid silver, and supported by three poles, of the height and thickness of a large mast, and by several smaller ones,—covered with plates of silver. The outside was red, and the lining within of beautiful chintz, manufactured expressly for the purpose at Masulipatam, representing a hundred different flowers, so naturally done, and the colours so vivid, that one would imagine it to be a hanging parterre.' No mention of the Koh-i-noor appears in this account—it must have been somewhere, either in the Peacock Throne, or on the arm or turban of the monarch. Probably, the string of pearls spoken of was the same that Runjeet Sing afterwards wore round his waist. The cynicism of a poet may style all this as 'barbaric pearl and gold,' but it is what, after all, quiets the yearnings of all civilized men.

The Peacock Throne no longer exists. It was carried off as a trophy by Nadir Shah, and had to be broken up, in all probability, into ten thousand pieces of stone, now scattered all over the world. In its place is a simple marble throne that by itself is not an ordinary piece of workmanship. In strolling through the hall we paused before this throne; and as a monument of fallen greatness it failed not to affect us with the usual sentiment of 'all is vanity under the sun.' It may

be looked upon almost as the seat of Shah Jehan, and Aurungzebe, and Shah Alum,—and raises a host of associations that come rapping at the door of memory. Here stood the graceful Soliman, his hands bound in gilded fetters, entreating in the most pathetic language to be put to death at once, rather than be sentenced to die by slow poison,—thereby affecting many of the courtiers to tears, and making the ladies of the harem to weep aloud from behind the screens. Here came Sevajee in expectation of an honourable reception, but finding himself to be treated with studied neglect, could not control his feelings of indignation, changed colour, and sank to the ground in a swoon,—while a daughter of Aurungzebe, seeing the young stranger from behind a curtain, became enamoured of him. Here sat Mahomed Shah bandying compliments with Nadir Shah, and sipping coffee, while the corpses of a hundred thousand slaughtered Delhi-ites tainted the air. It is related, 'that the coffee was delivered to the two sovereigns in this room upon a gold salver, by the most polished gentleman of the court. His motions, as he entered the gorgeous apartment, amidst the splendid trains of the two emperors, were watched with great anxiety; if he presented the coffee first to his own master, the furious conqueror, before whom the sovereign of India and all his courtiers trembled, might order him to instant execution; if he presented it to Nadir first, he would insult his own sovereign out of fear of the stranger. To the astonishment of all, he walked up with a steady step direct to his own master. "I cannot,"

said he, "aspire to the honour of presenting the cup to the king of kings, your Majesty's honoured guest, nor would your Majesty wish that any hand but your own should do so." The emperor took the cup from the golden salver, and presented it to Nadir Shah, who said with a smile as he took it, "Had all your officers known and done their duty like this man, you had never, my good cousin, seen me and my Kussilbashees at Delhi; take care of him for your own sake, and get round you as many like him as you can."

The Dewanni-khas is now all desolate and forlorn. It is a matter of heartfelt regret to see the barbarous ravages that have been committed in picking out the different precious stones. There is a mark of violence on one of the pillars, which the Mahrattas attempted to break. No rose-beds or fountains about the building now—only the bare skeleton of it is standing. The Great Mogul's hall of audience was, till lately, used as a museum, the contents of which have been now removed to the new Delhi Institute.

The freest public lounge is not more open to access than is now the seat of Mogul jealousy—the *Seraglio*. 'There was scarcely a chamber that had not a reservoir adjoining it—with parterres, beautiful walks, groves, rivulets, fountains, grottos, jets of water, alcoves, and raised terraces to sleep upon, and enjoy the cool air at night.' Now that everything has disappeared, this description of Bernier seems to be almost imaginary—an account of the 'baseless fabric of a vision.' The 'parterres,' 'walks,' 'groves,' 'grottos,' and 'raised

terraces,' have all ceased to exist. The alcoves remain, and are under reparation. The fountains are out of order. The rivulet alluded to is a paved channel for the water of the fountains to flow in, and which runs intervening between the ranges of alcoves on either hand. They showed us the apartments called the *Rang Mahl* and the *Mootee Mahl*, always occupied by the principal of the Begums. Glowing as the account is, the remains of the apartments of the seraglio did not give us a very high impression of their comforts and conveniences. The Begums had, after all, to dwell in one-storied buildings, which the wife of a *keranee* does not do in Calcutta. The same had been observed by us as to the zenana of the Nabob of Moorshedabad.

Next, to the *Hummaums*, or royal baths, which consist of three large apartments surmounted by white marble domes. The inside of the baths is lined up to a great way with marble, having a beautiful border of flower-worked precious stones, executed with great taste. The floors are paved throughout with marble in large slabs, and there is a fountain in the centre of each, with many pipes. Large reservoirs of marble, about four feet deep, are placed in different parts of the walls. The light is admitted from the roof by windows of parti-coloured glass; and capacious stones, with iron-gratings, are placed underneath each separate apartment. The three baths are for being used differently as warm and cold. Nearly a hundred maunds of fuel-wood, we were told, are required to warm the water, and as this put him to an expense which could not be

often spared from his pension, the late emperor enjoyed his baths at rare intervals. No luxury that the Great Mogul enjoyed came up, in our opinion, to the luxury of these baths. The Peacock Throne did not give us a yearning to be a king even for a day, like Abou Hasan, in the Arabian Nights. The hand of the 'Light of the Harem' would not have made us rejoice in our extreme good luck. But the Hummaums really made us feel the wish of being metamorphosed into the Great Mogul, to taste the pleasures of their luxuriousness.

We then passed on to the *Tusbear Khannah*, or Picture Gallery. The walls of this apartment are painted in elegant flowers of a brilliant dye. They are, however, mere daubs in the eye of an European, and are therefore being smeared over with whitewash. It is doubtful whether the room had ever been put up with any pictorial ornament to justify its name—when the father of the late Emperor, having had a portrait taken of him, considered the shades—a great *blotch under the nose*, and his ladies thought 'as if he had been taking snuff all his life.'

The *Mooti Musjeed*, the private chapel of the emperors, is beautifully chaste in design and finish. It is now 'a crazy kiosk,' in a state of neglect and dilapidation, with peepuls growing from the walls and roof. It received the shock of a cannon-ball in the late Mutiny; would it had knocked Mahomedanism on its head. The Emperor Aurungzebe built, and acted as high priest at the consecration of, this mosque. He was often seen here 'to pray, clad as an old fakeer,'

which fully justified the surname of *Nemasee* bestowed upon him by Dara. People were at repairs to restore the building to something of its former elegance.

The *Shah Baug*, or the royal garden, as described by Bernier, was extremely beautiful, and refreshed by numerous elegant fountains of white marble, supplied from an aqueduct of the same material. Within its enclosure was an octagonal pavilion, called the Shah Boorj, or the Royal Tower. It looked upon the river, and was covered on the outside with plates of gold. The interior of it was also gold and azure, and decorated with beautiful pictures and splendid mirrors. Franklin, in giving an account of the state of Delhi in 1793, states:—'In the Shah Baug, or the royal gardens, is a very large octagon room, which looks towards the river Jumna. This room is called Shah Boorj, or the Royal Tower; it is lined with marble; and from the window of it the late heir-apparent, Mirza Juwan Bukht, made his escape in the year 1784, when he fled to Lucknow; he descended by means of a ladder made with turbans; and as the height is inconsiderable, effected it with ease. A great part of this noble palace has suffered very much by the destructive ravages of the late invaders.' Thirty-one years later Bishop Heber describes,—'The gardens, which we next visited, are not large, but, in their way, must have been extremely rich and beautiful. They are full of very old orange and other fruit-trees, with terraces and *parterres*, on which many rose-bushes were growing, and, even now, a few jonquils in flower. A channel of white

marble for water, with little fountain-pipes of the same material, carved like roses, is carried here and there among these *parterres*, and at the end of the terrace is a beautiful octagonal pavilion, also of marble, lined with the same mosaic flowers as in the room which I first saw, with a marble fountain in its centre, and a beautiful bath in a recess on one of its sides. The windows of this pavilion, which is raised to the height of the city wall, command a good view of Delhi and its neighbourhood. But all was, when we saw it, dirty, lonely, and wretched; the bath and fountain dry; the inlaid pavement hid with lumber and gardeners' sweepings, and the walls stained with the dung of birds and bats.' In our day, the Shah Baug appears to have gone to utter decay. The tower exists, and traces of gilding and enamel, alluded to by Bernier, remain to attest its former splendour. Here the Great Mogul seems to have aired himself with the cool breezes of the river, to have smoked, and gossiped, and shaken off the cares of state.

At the Delhi Gate of the palace there formerly were two very conspicuous statues of two stone elephants, with two warriors seated upon them. On the first of July, 1663, thus wrote Bernier :—'I find nothing remarkable at the entry, but two great elephants of stone, which are on the two sides of the gate. Upon one of them is the statue of Jeimul, the famous Rajah of Cheetore, and upon the other that of Puttoo, his brother. These are those two gallant men that, together with their mother, who was yet braver than they, cut out so much work

for *Eckbar*; and who, in the sieges of towns, which they maintained against him, gave such extraordinary proofs of their generosity that at length they would rather be killed in the outfalls with their mother than submit: and for this gallantry it was that even their enemies thought them worthy to have these statues erected for them. These two great elephants, together with the two resolute men sitting on them, do, at the first entry into this fortress, make an impression of I know not what greatness and awful terror.' The statues were first at the eastern, or river, gate of the fort of Agra, whence they were removed by Shah Jehan to adorn his new favourite capital. But, in the eyes of the *Puritanic* Aurungzebe, they savoured of idolatry, and were caused to change place for a less conspicuous position. They are now being put up at the gateway of the new Delhi Gardens.

The Jumna did not flow then immediately below the palace. Between the two there intervened formerly an extensive sandy plain for the parade of the provincial troops, and the exhibition of elephant-fights, as also for the arts of astrologers.

Of the famous gardens of *Shalimar*, nothing remains now. Their state, towards the end of the last century, is thus described by Franklin:—'The gardens of Shalimar, made by the Emperor Shah Jehan, were begun in the fourth year of his reign, and finished in the thirteenth, on which occasion the emperor gave a grand festival to his court. These gardens were laid out with admirable taste, and cost the enormous sum of a million

sterling: at present, their appearance does not give cause to suppose such an immense sum has been laid out upon them; but great part of the most valuable and costly materials have been carried away. The entrance to them is through a gateway of brick; and a canal, lined with stone, having walks on each side with a brick pavement, leads up to the Dewan-Khannah, or hall of audience, most part of which is now fallen down; from thence by a noble canal, having a fountain in the centre, you proceed to the apartments of the Harem, which embrace a large extent of ground. In the front is a divan, or open hall, with adjoining apartments; the interiors of which are decorated with a beautiful border of white and gold painting, upon a ground of the finest chunam. At the upper end of this divan was formerly a marble throne, raised about three feet from the ground, all of which is removed. On each side of this divan, enclosed by high walls, are the apartments of the Harem, some of which are built of red-stone, and some of the brick faced with fine chunam and decorated with paintings of flowers of various patterns. All these apartments have winding passages which communicate with each other and the gardens adjoining by private doors. The extent of Shalimar does not appear to have been large; I suppose the gardens altogether are not above a mile in circumference. A high brick wall runs around the whole, which is destroyed in many parts of it, and the extremities are flanked with octagon pavilions of red-stone. The gardens still abound with trees of a very large size, and very old.' The site of Shalimar is

to the north-west of Delhi. Though nothing may remain of this royal villa of the Moguls, its memory shall never fade so long as the Muse of Tom Moore continues to delight mankind.

Many a gorgeous building, erected by the Omrahs of the empire in emulation of the example of their sovereign, then decorated Delhi. Dara had a suite of palaces that were scarcely inferior to those of the emperor. The caravanserai of Jehanara is an instance of the architectural undertakings of that period. Ali Merdan is said to have excited the greatest admiration at the Mogul court, by the skill and judgment of his public works, and by the taste and elegance he displayed on all occasions of show and festivity. The greatest of all his works was the re-opening of Firoz Shah's canal, thenceforth distinguished by his own name. This canal, as it traversed the ancient *Mogul Parah*, nearly three miles in extent, was about twenty-five feet in depth, and as much in breadth, cut from the solid stone quarries on each side, from which most of the houses in the neighbourhood were built. Numerous under-ground channels led off to the various residences of the nobles, and the divisions of the city, affording to the whole community a bountiful supply of wholesome water. There were small bridges erected over it at different places, many of which communicated with the garden-houses of the nobility. It is doubtful whether the Water Supply Scheme for Calcutta, at the expense of a whole municipality, will turn out to be as magnificent as that executed in ancient Delhi from the resources of

a single nobleman. None of the buildings of those times, or the spacious gardens and country-houses of the nobility in the environs, now exist.

Delhi may not have now the fine buildings of Mogul times—the Omrahs' houses 'erected on a mound overlooking a beautiful *parterre*, laid out with reservoirs, conservatories, and fountains.' But neither has it now so many hovels, that gave to it, says Bernier, 'the appearance of a knot of villages rather than of a city, and made it resemble an encampment of regularly-arranged tents. It is owing to these thatched buildings, chiefly occupied by the court and camp followers, and by troopers of the cavalry, that Delhi is so frequently subject to fires. Last year about six thousand were burnt, at different conflagrations, during the prevalence of the hot winds, which chiefly occur in the two first summer months. The fire was so rapid and furious, that numbers of camels and horses, which could not be set free in time, were consumed in the flames, and even many of the poor females, who had never been out of the seraglio, and who are as timid as the roe when exposed to the public gaze, and not dissimilar to the ostrich of the desert, whose head once covered, considers its body concealed.' Not a thatch met our sight, as we surveyed the town from the top of the Jumma Musjeed. The Bezula Pahar was a cluster of houses. Considerable improvements have taken place since the British have come into the possession of the city, which wears now a cleanlier appearance, we believe, than it did at any time before. Not only have people multiplied, but knowing that they will have to carry

their heads upon their bodies now for a longer period than under the former princes, they have built substantial houses to lay those heads in.

The next age for consideration, with a reference to the topography of Delhi, is that of Aurungzebe, who had no music in his soul, and seems to have been born only for treason—treason to his father, to the state, and to his god. Like a crocodile, which is said to have no tongue, he was born without any taste, and therefore hated music, dancing, singing, buffoonery, poetry, sculpture, architecture, festivals, and everything that man loves to enjoy. He laid out no money on mosques, and, to prevent any grand mausoleum being raised to him, left a will enjoining that the expenses of his funeral were 'to be defrayed by a sum of four rupees and a half (about ten shillings), saved from the price of caps which he had made and sold.' If he had been earnest in such tailoring, he would have been a happier being, and not complained that 'uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.' The only instance in which he put brick and mortar together, or raised two stones one upon another, is the Motee Musjeed in the Fort.

One architectural monument of his age, however, that we see now, is the *Zinat-Musjeed*, more commonly called the *Koomari Musjeed*, or Maiden Mosque, built by Zinat-ul-Nissa, the virgin daughter of Aurungzebe, who remained in 'single blessedness,' like Jehanara. This is on the banks of the Jumna, near Duriagunge, and 'is a favourable specimen of the later style of Mogul architecture.' It is constructed of red-stone, with inlayings

of white marble. In its front is a spacious terrace, with a capacious reservoir faced with marble. 'The princess who built it, having declined entering into the marriage state, laid out a large sum of money in the above mosque, and on completing it she built a small sepulchre of white marble, surrounded by a wall of the same, in the west corner of the terrace. In this tomb she was buried in the year of the *Hegira* 1122, corresponding with the year of Christ 1710. There were formerly lands allotted for the support and repairs of this palace, amounting to a lac of rupees per annum; but they have all been confiscated during the troubles this city has undergone.'

To this age belong also the *Roshenara Gardens*, where there was a picquet of the British force in the late Mutiny,—as well as the tomb of the Princess *Zeebun-ul-Nissa*, another daughter of Aurungzebe, which is northwards of the Cabul Gate.

Next comes the age of Mahomed Shah. In his reign Delhi had many noble buildings, the remains of which were to be seen up to the beginning of the present century. Among the largest were those of his Vizier *Kummar-ud-deen*, of *Sadut Khan*, of *Sufter Jung*, and of *Asoph Jah*. The palaces of *Dara* and *Ali Merdan* were also then existing in a fair condition,—that of Dara being afterwards chosen for the site of the Delhi college before the Mutiny. 'All these palaces,' states Franklin, 'are surrounded with high walls, and take up a considerable space of ground. Their entrances are through lofty arched gateways of brick and stone, at

the top of which are the galleries for music; before each is a spacious court-yard for the elephants, horses, and attendants of the visitors. Each palace has likewise a *mehal*, or seraglio, adjoining; which is separated from the Dewan-Khanna by a partition-wall, and communicates by means of private passages. All of them had gardens with capacious stone reservoirs and fountains in the centre; an ample terrace extended round the whole of each particular palace; and within the walls were houses and apartments for servants and followers of every description, besides stabling for horses, *Feel Khannas*, and everything belonging to a nobleman's suite.'

Then were no khuskhus-tatties and punkah-cooled rooms, and 'each palace was likewise provided with a handsome set of baths, and a *Tuh-Khanna* under-ground. The baths of *Sadut Khan* are a set of beautiful rooms, paved and lined with white marble; they consist of five distinct apartments, into which light is admitted by glazed windows from the top of the domes. *Sufter Jung's Tuh-Khanna* consists of a set of apartments built in a light delicate manner; one long room, in which is a marble reservoir the whole length, and a small room raised and balustraded on each side, both faced throughout with white marble.'

The *Koodseah Bagh*, to the north-east of the city, outside the walls, and a name of frequent occurrence in the annals of the Sepoy Rebellion, is the garden built by Koodseah Begum, mother to Mahomed Shah. She was a woman of talents, had helped to form the character of

her son, carefully tutored him to avoid all opposition to the Seiad brothers, and exercised a great control over the administration of the state.

The *Tes Hazari Bagg*, in the neighbourhood of the Cabul Gate, is a garden in which is the tomb of *Mulka Zemani*, wife of the Emperor Mahomed Shah. 'A marble tablet, placed at the head of the grave, is engraved with some Persian couplets, informing us of the date of her death, in Hegira 1203,' or A.D. 1791.

It was in the reign of Mahomed Shah, that Delhi once again met with one of those calamities which, like the outburst of an epidemic, seems periodic to her destiny. From the conquest of the Moguls to the period under consideration, her repose had been uninterrupted by any disturbance from abroad. Under Shah Jehan she regenerated and grew to an opulence and grandeur that she had never known. But her greatness was not the legitimate and permanent effect of a wise and politic government, combining stability with progress, and energy with majesty. Like everything else that falls into the hands of the Mahomedan, she flourished to be a nine days' wonder, and then, lapsing into decay, was involved in irretrievable ruin. Her last days under the Moguls were like the last days of Aurungzebe, who says :—'Old age has arrived, weakness subdues me, and strength has forsaken all my limbs.' It was this state of imbecility that tempted Nadir Shah to undertake the invasion of India, and hurl the Great Mogul from his throne. He is said, though not on very credible authority, 'to have been

invited to India by Asoph Jah and Sadut Khan, and the loss of the battle of Kurnaul was concerted between those chiefs. Nadir Shah rewarded their treachery by spitting on their beards, and ordering them to be driven from his court. The two nobles, thus disgraced, agreed to end their shame by a voluntary death; but as they were rivals, and each suspected the sincerity of the other, they sent spies to discover whether the resolution was caried into effect. Asoph Jah, the more crafty of the two, took an innocent draught, and soon after pretended to fall down dead; on which Sadut, deceived by the artifice, swallowed real poison, and forthwith expired.'

The sole object of Nadir's invasion was plunder, and not the possession of territory. He had agreed to quit India, after his victory, on receipt of two crores of rupees. Marching from the battle-field to Delhi, he took up his residence in the royal palace, and seems to have premeditated no excess or outrage against the inhabitants. The first spark that blew his gunpowder disposition was lit by the Delhians themselves. In the course of the second day of his arrival there arose a whisper of his death, which, growing into a confounded hubbub, speedily communicated itself from the Delhi Gate to the Lahore Gate, and spread into every street and alley of the capital. Forth issued now thousands of men brandishing arms and bellowing curses, who had been in a sullen impatience at the intrusion of the foreigners. The people at the Chandney Chowk first rose upon the enemy, and their example was followed

in other parts of the city. Nadir at first tried by all gentle means in his power to suppress the tumult. But instead of subsiding, it increased, and filled the capital throughout the night with confusion and bloodshed. To disabuse the mind of the public of the false report of his death, he took care, early next morning, to come out on horseback from the palace. The first objects that met his eyes in the streets were the dead bodies of his soldiers. The populace had gone too far to recede, and, instead of being seized upon with fear at his appearance, assailed him with stones, arrows, and fire-arms from every house. One of his officers fell down dead at his side, by a shot which had been aimed at himself. This roused the hell of his passions, and he gave the orders for a general massacre of the Indians. Twenty thousand men were set upon the act of butchery. It raged from sunrise to mid-day. In every street or avenue in which a murdered Persian was found, were the inhabitants slaughtered without any distinction of age or sex. The city was set on fire in several places, and 'involved in one scene of destruction, blood, and terror.' The number of the slain is estimated at a hundred thousand.

Roshun-a-Dowlah, not far from the palace, and situated at the entrance of the Chandney Chowk, is memorable to the Delhians for being the place where sat Nadir Shah, in gloomy silence, during the period of the massacre. 'The king of Persia sat there, and none but slaves durst come near him, for his countenance was dark and terrible. At length, the unfortunate emperor, attended by a number of his chief Omrahs, ventured to

approach him with downcast eyes. The Omrahs who preceded Mahomed bowed down their foreheads to the ground. Nadir Shah sternly asked them what they wanted? they cried out with one voice, Spare the city. Mahomed said not a word, but tears flowed fast from his eyes; the tyrant, for once touched with pity, sheathed his sword, and said, For the sake of the prince Mahomed, I forgive.' He then ordered to stop the massacre; and, to the infinite credit of his discipline, it was immediately stopped. The mosque of Roshun-a-Dowla is of small size, built of red-stone and surmounted by three gilt domes. The date of the building is 1721. Near it, the Dureeba-Gate is called the *Khoonie Durwaza.*

Next to the satisfaction of anger comes the satisfaction of avarice—this is as much a law of nature as of human codification. The wrath of Nadir was cooled by the blood of a hundred thousand men. His avarice was next to be satisfied by the hoarded wealth of generations. First of all, the screw was applied to Mahomed Shah. Though Shah Jehan had left behind him a cash-balance of six to twenty-two crores of rupees—or about the sum that appears in the balance-sheet of the present government—there were now no more in the imperial treasury than three crores and a half, which were seized first of all. Then, there were in gold and silver plates, in valuable furnitures, in *kinkob* robes, and other rich stuffs, another crore and a half. The Mogul emperors, since the accession of their dynasty, had been indefatigable in the collection of diamonds and other jewels, the store

of which had continually increased, till, at the time of Nadir's invasion, they amounted to the value of fifteen crores, and were a very portable plunder for an invader to carry away. The Peacock Throne could not but have been a rich temptation for a man who had originally been the son of a shepherd,—though in discussing its value, it was not estimated at more than a crore of rupees. In that throne was the *Koh-i-noor*—the immemorial heirloom of Indian sovereignty from the days of the Pandoos. Col. Sleeman would have it that this great diamond was first found in Golconda by Meer Jumla, and presented by him to Shah Jehan, as a *nuzzer* for a passport to his aggrandizement. But Baber states that on his capture of the palace of Ibrahim Lodi at Agra, he found 'one famous diamond, which had been acquired by Sultan Allah-ud-deen. It is so valuable, that a judge of diamonds valued it *at half the daily expense of the world.*' Most probably this gem was no other than the famous Koh-i-noor, which is said to be an inch and a half in length, and an inch in width. Being carried off by Nadir Shah, it was afterwards seized in the plunder of that monarch's tents, by Ahmed Shah, from whom it descended to his son, Shah Shooja. This prince, having had occasion to place himself in the hands of Runjeet Sing, had been first subjected to starvation, then put upon half rations, till at last, wearied out by importunity and severity, he had to surrender the coveted diamond. Ultimately, it has found its way to England, and now glitters upon the crown of the

Queen of our empire—the first of jewels adorning the person of the first of sovereigns in the world.

Nadir had not been yet content by stripping Mahomed Shah almost naked of his robes, and making him eat out of brazen or earthen dishes, but would compel him to walk on foot by seizing on his elephants, horses, camels, and equipages. From stone-jewels, he went up to demand the jewel of a princess of the house of Timoor, for his son. He next applied the rack to the great nobles for the delivery of their effects, and sent a man to Oude for the two crores promised by Sadut Khan. Next came the turn of the inferior officers, bankers, and rich citizens, to give up their wealth. Guards were stationed, and none could leave the city by one of its ten gates. No species of cruelty was left unemployed to extort the contributions. Men of consequence were beaten to draw forth confessions. Great numbers died of ill-usage, and many laid violent hands upon themselves, to avoid the disgrace and torture. 'Sleep and rest forsook the city. In every chamber and house was heard the cry of affliction. It was, before, a general massacre; but, now, the murder of individuals. Greater than the physical calamities was the demoralization of the people. 'The inhabitants of Delhi, at least the debauched, who were by far the most numerous part, regretted the departure of the Persians; and to this day the excesses of their soldiery are topics of humour in the looser conversation of all ranks, and form the comic parts of the drolls or players. The people of Hindoostan at this time regarded

only personal safety and personal gratification. Misery was disregarded by those who escaped it, and man, wholly centred in himself, felt no for his kind. This selfishness, destructive of public and private virtue, was universal in Hindoostan at the invasion of Nadir Shah; nor have the people become more virtuous since, consequently not more happy, nor more independent.'

In fifty-eight days that he remained, Nadir demolished, burnt, and ransacked all Delhi, and undid the doings of several hundred years. The amount of booty that he is said to have carried off is, by the highest computation, seventy crores, and by the lowest thirty-two. No doubt, the Calcutta of 1866 is a greater, more populous, more ornamented and picturesque city, but it has not yet half the riches possessed by the Delhi of 1738. Half the spoil was in diamonds and jewels. There is a proverb of the Hindoostanees to the effect, that *sumeen* and *suhurat* (lands and jewels) are constantly turning on the wheel of fortune, and changing hands 'from you to me, from me to Peter Walter.'

The *Junter Munter*, or Observatory, similar to the Maun Mundul at Benares, or the Tara Kothie at Lucknow, is a building of the days of Mahomed Shah. This is some two miles from Delhi, on the Kootub road, built, in 1728, by Rajah Jey Sing, of Jeypore, who had been employed by the emperor to reform the calendar. 'The largest of the buildings is an immense equatorial dial, named by the Rajah the *Samrat Junter*, or Prince of Dials: the dimensions of the gnomon being as follows:—

	Ft.	in.
Length of Hypothenuse	118	5
„ Base	104	0
„ Perpendicular	56	75 (?)

This is now much injured. At a short distance, nearly in front of the great dial, is another building in somewhat better preservation; it is also a sun-dial, or rather several dials combined in one building. In the centre is a staircase leading to the top, and its side walls form gnomons to concentric semicircles, having a certain inclination to the horizon, and they represent meridians removed by a certain angle from the meridian of the Observatory. The outer walls form gnomons to graduated quadrants, one to the east and the other to the west. A wall connects the four gnomons, and on its northern face is described a large quadrilateral semicircle for taking the altitudes of the celestial bodies. Lying east and west to the south of the great equatorial dial stand two circular buildings open at the top, and each having a pillar in the centre; from the bottom of the pillar thirty horizontal radii, of stone, gradually increasing in breadth till they recede from it, are built to the circular wall; each of these forms a sector of six degrees, and the corresponding spaces between the radii, being of the same dimensions, make up the circle of 360 degrees. In the wall at the spaces between the radii and recesses, on either side of which are square holes at convenient distances to enable the observer to climb to such a height as was necessary to read off the observation, each of the recesses had two windows, or rather openings, many of which have been since built up.

On the edge of the recesses are marked the tangents of the degrees of the sun's altitude, as shown by the shadow of the pillar, and numbered from 1 to 45 degrees. When the sun exceeds that height, the degrees are marked on the radii, numbered from the pillar in such a manner as to show the complement of its altitude; these degrees are sub-divided into minutes, but the opposite spaces in the walls have no sub-division, being merely divided into six parts of one degree each; the shadow of the sun falling on either of the divisions shows the sun's azimuth; in like manner lunar and stellar altitudes and azimuths may be observed. These two buildings, being exactly alike in all respects, were doubtless designed to correct errors by comparing the results of different observations obtained at the same instant of time.'* The Junter Munter is all a stone building. The Hindoo Rajah had been assisted by many eminent scientific men from Persia, India, and Europe, in putting up the works. But he died before their completion. The barbarous Jauts, under Jawaker Sing, plundered and almost destroyed the Observatory, since which the buildings have lain in a state of ruin. Instituted under his royal patronage, the Junter Munter is all that is honourable in connection with Mahomed Shah's name—now remembered only in the songs and ballads of the *nautch-girls* of our country.

The *Sufder Jung*.—This is the next building for consideration in point of time. It is about half-way from Delhi to the Kootub, and is a grand mausoleum

* Beresford's *Delhi*, 1856, from Harcourt's 'New Guide to Delhi.'

in imitation of the Taj. The quadrangular enclosure within which it stands is formed by walks with elegant pavilions at the corners, and entered by a beautiful gateway facing the road. The ground covered is more than three hundred yards square, and is laid out in gardens and walks in the same manner as at the Taj. There are rooms over the entrance gateway, and fine open apartments on the sides, where visitors may put up for pic-nics. In the middle of the quadrangle is a terrace, from which rises the majestic structure. Three kinds of stones are observed to have been employed—white marble, red sandstone, and 'the fine white and flesh-coloured sandstone of Roopbas.' The white marble is of an inferior quality, and 'has become a good deal discoloured by time, so as to give it the appearance, which Bishop Heber noticed, of *potted meat.*' There are no minarets at the corners of the platform, for which the building does not appear with any better effect than that of its original model, though, in the opinion of Heber, it was what he thought to have been the case, had the Taj been without the minarets.

Just in the centre of the first floor is an elegantly-carved and highly-polished white marble cenotaph, bearing 'the date of this *small pillar of a tottering state,* A.H. 1167,' or A.D. 1760. Immediately below this, in the vault underneath, lie, under a grave of plain earth, the remains of the man over whom the edifice has been erected. The place was damp, dirty, and noisome, where we feared to catch the malaria, and saw the grave, from a distance, covered with a cloth, and strewed

with some flowers. Sufder Jung had been appointed by Ahmed Shah, successor to Mahomed Shah, to that vizierit, which had been the great object of his father Sadut Khan's ambition. 'During his absence in Rohilcund, his influence at court had been supplanted by a eunuch named Jawud, who was favoured both by the emperor and his mother. Sufder Jung, finding that his presence did not restore his authority, took a course which had become familiar at Delhi: he invited Jawud to an entertainment, and had him murdered during the banquet.' Mightily in a rage at having his favourite thus cut off by treachery, the impotent monarch chafed and stormed, but had no other means of revenge than to set his vizier at loggerheads with the great antagonist of his house. In this consisted the great kingcraft of those times. The Mogul court then seemed to resemble a vast chess-board, in which the two principal nobles of the kingdom manœuvred only to check-mate each other, and carried on a perpetual cat-and-dog warfare. The first great political rivals were Saadut Khan and Nizam-ul-Moolk, who respectively founded the future houses of the King of Oude and of the Nizam. Family antipathies are hereditary, like family diseases, and Sufder Jung bore the same intense animosity towards Ghazi-ud-deen the elder, and afterwards to his son of the same name, that existed between their respective fathers. On being set together to fight over the same prey, their civil wars and street affrays worried the people of Delhi for many a month,—whilst the nonentity of the king, amused by their warfare, laughed

within his sleeves, and alternately threw in his weight to preserve the equipoise between the two parties, that none might kick the beam. In the end, Ghazi-ud-deen drove his enemy off the field, and became possessed of supreme control in the royal household, when he revenged himself upon the emperor by putting out his eyes.

The tomb of Sufder Jung was erected by his son Shuja-ud-Dowla. It belongs 'to the ex-king of Oudh, [illegible] so little if anything is spent on repairs that, if some steps are not soon taken, the building will soon be in the same plight as are the different ruins round Delhi.'

To Sufder Jung has been raised a magnificent tomb; —by his rival, Ghazi-ud-deen Khan, has been left a magnificent *Madrissa*, or college, near the Ajmere Gate. It is a building of red-stone, 'situated at the centre of a spacious quadrangle, with a stone fountain. At the upper end of the area is a handsome mosque built of red-stone, inlaid with white marble. The apartments for the students are on the sides of the square, divided into separate chambers, which are all small, but commodious. The tomb of *Ghazi* is in a corner of the square, surrounded by a shrine of white marble, pierced with lattice-work. The college is now shut up, and without inhabitants;'—well for mankind, that there is no more taught the religion which inculcates stabbing, cutting of throats, and mowing off heads, as the most meritorious acts of life. In the beautiful proportions and ornaments of the Sufder Jung, and in the richly-cut marble screens of the Ghazi-ud-deen college, are

seen the latest specimens of Mogul architecture, showing that the decline of art is not simultaneous with the decline of power.

From the time of Nadir Shah, the Great Mogul, rifled of everything that he had in his pockets, seemed to lay weltering in blood from the wound of a deep gash in his abdomen. In vain did he try to be up on his legs. The death of Nadir Shah having taken place, and Ahmed Shah Doorani having seated himself on the throne of Candahar, the march of the latter prince to Punjaub created an alarm in the Mogul court of the *wolf!* the *wolf!*—similar to that in the story of the shepherd boy. In 1756, he came down and gave another deep stab to the prostrate Mogul—repeating nearly all the horrors of Nadir Shah's invasion, and playing over again in Delhi the same scenes of rapine, violence, and murder. Scarcely had this wound ceased to bleed, before another was inflicted that nearly made him give up the ghost, and brought forward the most momentous consequences. Ever since the day of the battle of Caggar, where fell the last great heroes of India, 'thick as the autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Valhambrosa,' the country had become subject to the yoke of a ruthless conqueror. But, in the nooks and corners of its wide domains survived and remained in power the scattered wrecks of its sons, who made every exertion for the maintenance of their country's honour, religion, and independence. The noble Rajpoot held his position as heir to the energy and enterprise of his ancestors. 'He withstood every outrage that barbarity

could inflict, or human nature sustain, from a foe whose religion commanded annihilation; and bent to the earth, rose buoyant from the pressure, and made calamity a whetstone to courage. By his perseverance and valour he wore out entire dynasties of foes, alternately yielding to his fate, or restricting the circle of conquest.' Nursed in the forest and cradled upon the rock, there grew to him, in the course of time, a brother-in-arms to uphold the Hindoo cause. That brother bore the name of Mahratta. The Jaut also was a Hindoo, and had extended his power almost to the south gateway of Delhi. At the time under consideration the Mahratta power was at its zenith. The man who wielded that power entertained the most ambitious project of having the crown of the *Chacravarta*, or universal potentate, to encircle the brow of a Hindoo, and of hoisting the Hindoo flag to wave once more over ancient Indraprastha. To carry these objects into execution, the grandest army on record was formed and despatched, under Sedasheo Bhao, to take possession of Delhi. 'It was held by a small garrison of Dooranis and their partisans. The great extent of the city walls enabled a party of Mahrattas to climb up a neglected bastion, and the citadel yielded to the artillery after attempting a short defence. The Bhao made an injudicious as well as ungenerous use of this conquest. He defaced the palaces, tombs, and shrines, for the sake of the rich ornaments which had been spared by the Persians and Affghans. He tore down the silver ceiling of the hall of audience, and seized on the throne (no longer so

precious as of old) and on all other royal ornaments. He even proposed to proclaim Wiswas Rao emperor of India, and was only prevailed on to postpone the measure until he should have driven the Dooranis across the Indus.' These audacities, perpetrated in the hall where, about a hundred years ago, Sevagee had to approach the royal presence with nine times nine obeisances, and been received with a haughty coldness, furnished ample cause to rally the dejected followers of the Koran round one common standard, and form a coalition for the cause of Mahomedan existence in India. The two races played at high stakes, and looked on with intense anxiety to the results of the crisis. Had not overweening pride blinded the judgment of the Hindoo generalissimo, the Mahomedans would long ago have numbered their days in India, and quitted its plains for those of their native Iran and Turan.

Thus had the finishing stroke, aimed to cut off the head of the Great Mogul, been parried for the time, only to make him drag on his life under an unbroken series of calamity. Like a bad shilling, he passed on from hand to hand—of Afrasiab Khan, of Scindia, of Gholam Kadir, of Perron—till at last the course of events placed him under the protection of the English. Never had the days of his life been so much embittered by misfortune, as when in the hands of Gholam Kadir. That Rohilla chief had obtained possession of Delhi, and with it of the person of the emperor. Filling the palace with his own guards, he committed the most dreadful excesses. It was he who stripped many of the rooms of

their marble ornaments and pavements, and even picked out the stones from the borders of many of the floorings. The apartments of the women, which appear to be invested with a sacredness even in the eyes of the most abandoned, were turned into the scenes of the darkest crimes. 'It is credibly told that he flogged the ladies of the zenana, and handed them over to the tender mercies of his rabble crew. Certain it is, that while himself lolling on the royal throne, he insolently ordered the aged emperor to be brought before him, and demanded from him his treasures. On Shah Alum bitterly declaring his state of utter destitution, he savagely swore he would put his eyes out if the hidden hoards were not produced, and, leaping from his seat, he hurled the emperor to the ground, planted his knee upon his chest, and struck out one of his victim's eyes, ordering the other one to be put out also.' The arms of Scindia rescued the unhappy monarch from the power of Gholam Kadir, and this miscreant met with a punishment even more than commensurate with his crimes. Being hard pressed by the Mahrattas, he made his escape, under cover of a dark night, from a sally-port at the eastern end of the fort of Selimghur. The Jumna flowed immediately beneath the bastion, and the ruffian, stuffing his saddle with the jewels plundered from the family of the emperor, crossed over with all his retinue, taking his flight towards Meerut. 'But the doomsman was on his track; his attendants soon left him, and his horse stumbling threw him so violently that he lay half stunned till found by a peasant, who recognized the

prostrate ruffian as the man who had once before wronged him. He was seized and carried to the Mahratta general's camp, and, loaded with manacles, carried at the head of the army (*in a cage*), 'mid the curses, insults, and indignities of the captors. His eyes were torn from their sockets, and his nose, ears, hands, and feet were gradually cut off'—and in this deplorable condition he was sent to Delhi. But he never reached that scene of his atrocities, death putting an end to his sufferings on the way.

Passing from the hands of Gholam Kadir into those of Scindia, the emperor was reinstated with every formal ceremony, but was actually held in custody, under a pension of 50,000 Rs. a year, in charge of Perron. The French general was a man of humanity, and treated the old monarch, the princes, and princesses, with a consideration they had not met with for many years.

Our account has now arrived at the period when the Great Mogul is to play the fifth act in his drama. The reader has already looked on his picture with 'Hyperion's curls and the front of Jove,' decked in all imaginable wealth and splendour. Let him now look on the picture, when he was in the last days of his fall and imbecility, *sans* power, *sans* respect, and *sans* the means of living. To give the first sketch from Franklin:—'On the 11th of March, 1793, we were presented to the King Shah Alum. After entering the palace we were carried to the Dewan-Khannah, or hall of audience for the nobility, in the middle of which was a throne raised about a foot and a half from the ground. In the centre

of this elevation was placed a chair of crimson velvet, bound with gold clasps, and over the whole was thrown an embroidered covering of gold and silver thread; a handsome *samianah*, supported by four pillars incrusted with silver, was placed over the chair of state. The king at this time was in the *Tusbear Khannah*, an apartment in which he generally sits. On passing a screen of *Indian* connaughts, we proceeded to the front of the Tusbear Khannah, and being arrived in the presence of the king, each of us made three obeisances in turn, by throwing down the right hand pretty low, and afterwards raising it to the forehead; we then went up to the Musnud on which his Majesty was sitting, and presented our nuzzers on white handkerchiefs, each of our names being announced at the time we offered them: the king received the whole, and gave the nuzzers to *Mirza Akber Shah*, and two other princes who sat on his left hand. We then went back, with our faces towards the presence, made the same obeisance as before, and returned again to the musnud. After a slight conversation, we were directed to go without the enclosure, and put on the *Khelauts* which his Majesty ordered for us; they consisted of light *India* dresses; a turban, jammah, and kummerbund, all cotton, with small gold sprigs. On being clothed in these dresses, we again returned to the Tusbear Khannah, and after a few minutes' stay, previous to which Capt. *Reynolds* received a sword from the king, we had our dismission; and some servants were ordered to attend us in viewing the palace. The present king, *Shah Alum*, is seventy-

two years of age; of a tall commanding stature, and dark complexion; his deportment was dignified, and not at all diminished by his want of sight, though he has suffered that cruel misfortune above five years. The marks of age are very strongly discernible in his countenance: his beard is short and white. His Majesty appeared to be in good spirits; his dress on this occasion was a rich *kinkhob*, and he was supported by pillows of the same materials.' This was during the days of his dependency upon Scindia and Perron. The gold *samianah*, the silver pillars, the kinkhob dress, and, to boot, the kinkhob pillows, do not speak of the misery and starvation that necessitated the emperor, as Bishop Heber states, to pick out the inlaid ornaments of the palace, and sell them to procure bread for himself and his children.

The next sketch is ten years later. It was the 16th of September, 1803, the great day that was to introduce a change into the destiny of India by the virtual transference of its sovereignty into the hands of the English. On that day, Lord Lake had an audience to take over the Great Mogul under British protection. His Majesty was graciously pleased to despatch his eldest son to greet and escort the victorious commander to his royal presence. The prince did not reach the British camp until three in the afternoon. To receive his Royal Highness, to remount him on his elephant, and to form the cavalcade, took another hour and a half. The distance from the camp to the palace was five miles. The whole city had turned out to witness the novelty of

the procession, and it was with difficulty that the cavalcade could make its way through the crowds to the palace. Near sunset, the English commander arrived at the imperial abode. The court of that abode was thronged with people. Thither, perhaps, had the 'oldest inhabitant,' of common phraseology, been attracted to compare how different was the triumphant entry now from the approach of that humble embassy, which in his young days he had witnessed to arrive there with costly presents for Feroksere. To receive the English general, the heir of Timoor was seated in the hall of the celebrated Dewanni-Khas. In that hall 'his predecessors, clothed in the most gorgeous productions of the loom, had sate upon thrones formed of gold, and made radiant by a dazzling profusion of the most costly jewels. Around them had stood hundreds of obsequious guards and dependants, waiting in mute and watchful attention the expression of the sovereign's will, and ready to give it effect as soon as uttered; while vassals from distant countries, or their representatives, tendered respectful homage to the lord of the faithful throughout India, and wooed his favour by presents worthy of his rank. Far different was the scene which met the eye of the British general and his attendants.' They beheld the unfortunate descendant of a long line of illustrious princes 'seated under a small tattered canopy, the remnant of his former state, his person emaciated by indigence and infirmities, and his countenance disfigured with the loss of his eyes.' Eighty-three years of sorrow and suffering had passed over his head, and 'poor, dependent, aged,

infirm, and sightless, the head of the empire illustrated in his person the wide-spread ruin which had overwhelmed the empire itself.' 'Strangers from a distant country were come to put an end to his miseries,—and though he was transferred as a state-prisoner from one custody to another, he had no more to suffer from any barbarous usage or want, but received a considerable sum for the support of his royal household.

Let us next give the portrait drawn by Bishop Heber:—'The 31st of December, 1824, was fixed for my presentation to the emperor, which was appointed for half-past eight in the morning. I went, accompanied by Mr Elliot and two others, with nearly the same formalities as at Lucknow, except that we were on elephants instead of in palanquins. We were received with presented arms by the troops of the palace drawn up within the barbican, and, dismounting at a court-yard, proceeded on foot, till we passed a richly-carved, but ruinous and dirty, gateway, where our guides, withdrawing a canvas screen, called out, in a sort of harsh chant, "Lo, the ornament of the world! Lo, the asylum of the nations! King of kings! The Emperor Acber Shah! Just, fortunate, and victorious." We saw a very handsome and striking court, with low, but richly-ornamented buildings. Opposite to us was a beautiful open pavilion of white marble, richly carved, flanked by rose-bushes and fountains, and some tapestry and striped curtains hanging in festoons about it, within which was a crowd of people, and the poor old descendant of Tamerlane seated in the midst of them. Mr Elliot

here bowed three times very low, in which I followed his example. This ceremony was repeated twice as we advanced up the steps of the pavilion, the heralds each time repeating the same expressions about their master's greatness. We then stood on the right-hand side of the throne, which is a sort of marble bedstead richly ornamented with gilding, and raised on two or three steps. Mr Elliot then stepped forward, and, with joined hands, in the usual Eastern way, announced in a low voice, to the emperor, who I was. I then advanced, bowed three times again, and offered a nuzzer of fifty-one gold mohurs in an embroidered purse, laid on my handkerchief. This was received and laid on one side, and I remained standing for a few minutes, while the usual court questions about my health, my travels, &c., were asked. I had thus an opportunity of seeing the old gentleman more plainly. He has a pale, thin, but handsome face, with an aquiline nose, and a long white beard. His complexion is little, if at all, darker than that of an European. His hands are very fair and delicate, and he had some valuable-looking rings on them. His hands and face were all I saw of him, for the morning being cold, he was so wrapped up in shawls that he reminded me extremely of the Druid's head on a Welsh halfpenny. I then stepped back to my former place, and returned again with five more mohurs to make my offering to the heir-apparent, who stood at his father's left-hand, the right being occupied by the Resident.

'The emperor then beckoned to me to come for-

wards, and Mr Elliott told me to take off my hat, which had till now remained on my head, on which the emperor tied a flimsy turban of brocade round my head with his own hands, for which, however, I paid four gold mohurs more. I then retired to receive the "Khelats" (honorary dresses) which the bounty of "the Asylum of the World" had provided for me. I was accordingly taken into a small private room adjoining the zenanah, where I found a handsome flowered caftan edged with fur, and a pair of common-looking shawls, which my servants put on instead of my gown, my cossack remaining as before. In this strange dress I had to walk back again, having my name announced by the criers "Bahadur, Boozoony, Dowlutmund," to the presence. I now offered my third present to the emperor, being a copy of the Arabic Bible and the Hindoostanee Common Prayer, handsomely bound in blue velvet laced with gold, and wrapped in a piece of brocade. He then motioned me to stoop, and put a string of pearls round my neck, and two glittering but not costly ornaments in the front of my turban, for which I offered again five gold mohurs. It was, lastly, announced that a horse was waiting for my acceptance, at which fresh instance of imperial munificence the heralds again made a proclamation of largess, and I again paid five gold mohurs. It ended by my taking my leave with three times three salams, making up, I think, the sum of about three-score. It must not be supposed that this interchange of civilities was very expensive either to his Majesty or me. All the presents which he

gave, the horse included, though really the handsomest which had been seen at the court of Delhi for many years, and though the old gentleman intended to be extremely civil, were not worth much more than 300 sicca rupees, so that he and his family gained at least 800 sicca rupees by the morning's work, besides what he received from my two companions, which was all clear gain, since the khelats which they got in return were only fit for May-day, and made up, I fancy, from the cast-off finery of the Begum.* On the other hand, since the Company have wisely ordered that all the presents given by Native princes to Europeans should be disposed of on the Government account, they have liberally, at the same time, taken on themselves the expense of paying the usual money nuzzers made by public men on these occasions. In consequence none of my offerings were at my own charge, except the professional and private one of the two books, with which, as they were unexpected, the emperor, as I was told, was very much pleased. I had, of course, several buckshishes to give afterwards to his servants, but these fell considerably short of my expenses at Lucknow. To return to the hall of audience. It was entirely lined with white marble, inlaid with flowers and leaves of green serpentine, lapis lazuli, and blue and red porphyry; the flowers were of the best Italian style of workmanship, and evidently the labour of an artist of that country. All, however, was dirty, desolate, and forlorn. Half the flowers and leaves had been picked out or otherwise defaced, and the doors and windows

were in a state of dilapidation, while a quantity of old furniture was piled in one corner, and a torn hanging of faded tapestry hung over an archway which led to the interior apartments. "Such," Mr Elliot said, "is the general style in which this palace is kept up and furnished. It is not absolute poverty which produces this, but these people have no idea of cleaning or mending anything." For my own part I thought of the famous Persian line—

"The spider hangs her tapestry in the palace of the Cæsars,"

and felt a melancholy interest in comparing the present state of this poor family with what it was 200 years ago, when Bernier visited Delhi, or as we read its palace described in the tale of Madame de Genlis.

'Akber Shah has the appearance of a man of seventy-four or seventy-five; he is, however, not much turned of sixty-three, but in this country that is a great age. He is said to be a very good-tempered, mild old man, of moderate talents, but polished and pleasing manners. His favourite wife, the Begum, is a low-born, low-bred, and violent woman, who rules him completely, lays hold on all his money, and has often influenced him to very unwise conduct towards his children and the British Government. She hates her eldest son, who is, however, a respectable man, of more talents than native princes usually show, and, happily for himself, has a predilection for those literary pursuits which are almost the only laudable or innocent objects of ambition in his power. He is fond of poetry, and is himself a very

tolerable Persian poet. He has taken some pains in the education of his children, and, what in this country is very unusual, even of his daughters. He too, however, though not more than thirty-five, is prematurely old, arising partly from the early excesses into which the wretched followers of an Eastern court usually plunge persons in his situation, and partly from his own subsequent indulgence in strong liquors. His face is bloated and pimpled, his eyes weak, and his hand tremulous. Yet, for an Eastern prince, as I have already observed, his character is good, and his abilities considered as above the common run.'

From the royalty of the Great Mogul we turn to the royalty of his Begum for a glimpse into those scenes which are enacted within the four walls of the Zenana, —a ground tabooed to all male feet. The account, the faithfulness of which will be recognized by every reader, is by a lady, who had gone to divert herself by sketching in the palace. She had occasion to ask for a chair, little knowing that the whole court would be thrown into commotion by her *undiplomatic request.* 'However, they sent a message to the king on the subject, who said I might have a stool, but not a chair, and accordingly sent me a very rude little bench. Some of his Majesty's guard marched in; most of them were boys, almost children. When I had finished, I desired some of the numerous by-standers to look into the camera, with which they were greatly delighted; and as we were going, a message came from the king asking me to show it to him. We accordingly turned back, and

three or four black slaves came to conduct me to the harem.

'They introduced me to the chief lady, Zinat Mahl Begum, or Ornament of the Palace, who struck me as old and ugly, and then led me to the king's apartment, where the old monarch was smoking his hooka. He is slender and feeble-looking, but with a simple kindly face, though he took no notice of me when I came in, which I suppose is etiquette. His bedstead, with four silver posts, was by him, and a crowd of women about him; one old woman was rubbing his feet. No one was handsomely dressed. The old king wore a gold skull-cap and a cotton *chapkan*. I sat down for a moment, and then told them that the camera must be put up out-of-doors. They led me into the balcony, but that would not do; so they took me to a terrace, where I put it up. The old king seemed pleased, and asked me to draw the queen, to which I willingly agreed. She was so long in adorning herself that it was dark soon after I began. They brought out boxes full of jewels; she put on about five pair of ear-rings, besides necklaces, a nose-ring with a string of pearls connecting it with the ear, rings for the fingers, besides ornaments for the head. Then she retired to change her dress, some of the women holding up the cotton rezai (wadded quilt) in which her Majesty had been wrapped, as a screen. She came back, dressed in red muslin spotted with gold, and sat down, hooka in hand, with two female servants with peacock fans, or rather *chúbs*, behind her. When I looked closer at her, I saw that

she could not be old, but she is very fat, with large though unmeaning eyes, and a sweet mouth. Her hair, like that of all the other women, of whom there must have been about fifty present, was *à la Chinoise*. Her little son, Mirza Jewan Bukt, came and sat beside her; but as soon as I offered to sketch him, he was hurried away to change his dress, and returned clad in green velvet and gold, with a *Sirpatch*, or aigrette of jewels, in his gold cap.

'The noise and chattering of the assembled crowd was deafening; but the chief eunuch occasionally brought them to order, and made them sit down. Her Majesty laughed very loud, as loud as she could, with her mouth wide open, at some jest which passed. Not one of all these women was doing anything, or looked as if they ever did do anything, except three, who were cracking nutmegs. What a life! The old king came in, and a man with a black beard, whom I took for one of his sons, and who remained standing; but the women sat and jested freely with his Majesty. He approved of the sketches. The little prince is he whom the king wishes to have declared heir-apparent, though he is the youngest of his ten or twelve sons. He has no less than thirty daughters.' Such was the *Zenana* of old Bahadoor Shah, a few years before the Mutiny. Truly has it been observed, that 'the poetry and romance of the harem exist only in warm imaginations, and in that propensity of our nature which lends to the unknown a beauty and a charm, which the prosaic hand of reality rudely tears away.' Bernier's description of the attend-

ants on Roshenari Begum, or Moore's sketch of 'the fair young slave that sat fanning Lalla Rookh with feathers of the Argus pheasant's wing,' are all very good to impose on the reader. But in the days of Aurungzebe the Zenana was no less the scene of the ill-disguised amours of Roshenari Begum, than in the days of Bahadoor Shah it was a collection of noisy, dirty, coarse-minded women, who spent their days in dressing, cracking jokes and nuts, intriguing and quarrelling, and breathing without change in a soulless atmosphere—with no scope or pursuit for a healthy exercise of their minds.

From Heber's as well as from Mrs Mackenzie's account, it appears that the Great Mogul was wonderfully tenacious of life, that his several wounds, inflicted by Nadir, Ahmed Shah, Sudasheo Bhao, and Scindia, had all healed up, and that he had recovered, to enjoy life again like a well-to-do man, who, freed from Adam's curse of making his bread by the sweat of his brow, and saved from all trouble of defending his empire, or attending to his subjects, sat like a *political Juggernauth*, receiving only homage and pension and nuzzers, who had no other duty in this nether world than to fulfil the commandment for multiplication, whose begum was careful only of making a purse and mustering jewels, and whose brood of children spent their days only in fiddling, guitaring, and singing verses, intervened now and then by a glass of liquor. He had to himself all these comforts and benefits, while Company Jehan went through all the fag of governing, cheered up by Lady India, who, on parting with the Hindoo and Mussul-

man, chose to give her hand to that adventurous young foreigner. Thus is the Great Mogul described in his sinecurism:—'Bahadur Shah is really a king; not merely by consent of the Honourable Company, but actually created such by their peculiar letters patent. Lord Lake found the grandfather of the present sovereign an emperor, in rags, powerless, eyeless, and wanting the means of sustaining existence. The firmans of the Padishah made the general an Indian noble; the sword of the latter made the descendant of Tamerlane a Company's king, the least dignified, but the most secure, of Eastern dominations. In public and private, Bahadur Shah receives the signs of homage which are considered to belong to his pre-eminent station. The representative of the Governor-General, when admitted to the honour of an audience, addresses him with folded hands in the attitude of supplication. He never receives letters, only petitions, and confers an exalted favour on the Government of British India by accepting a monthly present of 80,000 rupees. In return he tacitly sanctions all our acts; withdraws his royal approbation from each and all our native enemies, and fires salutes upon every occasion of a victory achieved by our troops.' Though he may not have been served with all the zeal inspired by that line of Sadi,—'Should the prince at noonday say, It is night, declare that you behold the moon and stars;'—he was suffered, however, to believe 'that he was the lord of the world, master of the universe, and of the Honourable East India Company, King of India and of the infidels, the superior of the

Governor-General, and proprietor of the soil from sea to sea.'

Meanwhile, Company Jehan prospered and flourished so as to become the great suzerain of the land—his bride being always the *Luchmee* to her man.* He began to feel the Great Mogul a bore, and to regard him as a puppet. Sir Charles Metcalfe while a resident was the first 'to intrench on the little outward marks of attention and deference, which soothed the poor old man in his inevitable dependence.' Lord Amherst would not deign to visit him with bare feet and a bowed head according to the Delhi court etiquette, but on terms of an honourable equality. He forced the king, then on the throne, to receive him as an equal, and seat him in a state-chair on the right hand of his Majesty. 'After an interchange of compliments, and the usual form of presenting *attar* had been gone through, Lord Amherst took leave, and was conducted by the emperor to the door of the hall of audience. On a subsequent day the emperor returned the visit with similar ceremonies'—bursting into tears by the shock his feelings received, and repenting of his condescension ever afterwards. Lord William Bentinck, when at Delhi, would not press upon the king, especially as his economy would not permit him to sanction the expense of the presents necessary for an interview with his Majesty; but he curtailed the magnificence of the Resident and reduced his powers,

* The word *luck* is evidently derived from the Sanscrit *Luchmee*. The Hindoo phrase *she is the Luchmee to her man*, signifies that she is the source of good luck to her husband.

lowering the court of Delhi thereby. Lord Ellenborough not only followed in the track of his predecessors, but went a step further by appearing himself with all the grandeur of a protecting Power, and the dignity of an Imperial conquering State. He chose to act the part of the Great Mogul in all respects, excepting that of his harem. All his friends and brothers, the princes of India, were commanded to meet him at Delhi. 'The splendour of that field of cloth of gold no one will ever forget who saw it. The myriads of tents and pennons, the thousands of elephants, the assemblage of troops of all the provinces of Western India, the armour and picturesque dresses of these, and the army of European artillery, cavalry, and infantry, in attendance upon Lord Ellenborough, formed a magnificence of spectacle truly grand and *Shah-Jehanic*. This display was made outside the Delhi palace, while inside sat, on a desecrated throne, brooding over his wrongs, the Mogul himself, his hundreds of sons and relatives, all Sultans, steeped in poverty with their attendants; inculcating hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness against the Feringhee usurpers. Lord Ellenborough prohibited the further presentation of the annual *Nuzzer* to his Majesty. This nuzzer, symbol of allegiance, or acknowledgment of suzerainty, had hitherto been regularly presented by the Resident as the representative of the Company. Lord Ellenborough would not, however, confiscate it. He does not approve of confiscation; therefore he ordered the amount to be added to the sum paid annually for his Majesty's Civil List. The king refused to receive it

in this manner: the nuzzer was a very important acknowledgment, its money value was nothing.'

Thus, one by one, were slights and insults heaped on the head of the Mogul, while he and his progeny went on multiplying by compound multiplication, till, at last, his palace, styled the paradise upon earth, became an Epicurus' sty, by being crowded with Sultans and Sultanas, 'who lay about in scores, like broods of vermin, without food to eat, or clothes to cover their nakedness, and literally ate each other up.' Here is a picture of his overcrowded court. 'Outside the walls of his palace the King of Delhi has no more authority than the meanest of his servants, but within that enclosure his will is fate, and there are twelve thousand persons who live subject to it. The universal voice of society ascribes to this population the habitual practice of crimes, of which the very existence is unknown in England, except to the few who form the core of the corrupt civilization of great cities. Its princes live without dignity, and its female aristocracy contrive to exist without honour. The intellectual qualifications of both sexes, with one or two exceptions, do not reach even the Mahomedan standard of merit—perhaps the lowest in the scale of modern humanity. But it is not the condition or the morals of the inhabitants of the royal palace, nor the maintenance of any exclusive jurisdiction, that form the chief reasons why the kingdom of Delhi should be abolished. The latter belong to a class of topics with which the readers of Malthus and Poor Law Commissioners' reports are familiar. The royal family of Delhi consists

of *twelve hundred* persons, with a sure prospect of further increase every month, and how is the East India Company to support all this army of princes and princesses? As yet the hardship has only fallen upon the monarch, who has been obliged to divide and sub-divide his income, until there are princes who receive only 25 rupees a month! Let the honest democrats of London and Manchester try, if they can, to imagine the case of a king's son, nephew, or cousin, however far removed, living in a state of royalty on thirteen shillings and sixpence a week, constantly addressed as 'Shah-i-Alum,' the King of the World, and feeling it necessary for his rank's sake, on choosing a wife, to settle on her a dowry of five lacs of rupees! While this farce of a monarch is kept up, the 'Sulateen' continues to multiply within the royal residence, and to live on the royal bounty, their sole occupation being confined to playing on the sitar, and singing the king's verses. There is no employment for them in the service of the state, and they are vastly too proud to condescend to labour, even if qualified to undertake it, which, as matters stand, is entirely out of the question.'

Then came the days of escheats, and annexations, and 'wars with a vengeance,' under Lord Dalhousie, and the pear became ripe by the death of the heir-apparent in 1849. The Governor-General took advantage of the opportunity to abolish the pageant of the Great Mogul, and opening a negotiation, won over the next heir to accept the terms of abdicating the throne, vacating the palace, recognizing the English, retiring to the

palace at the Kootub with certain titles and emoluments, and allowing the large family in the palace to be placed under proper regulations. Hitherto, the wrongs and insults, the prohibition of the king to go beyond the environs of Delhi, and the refusal of salutes to the princes, had engendered a hatred that, kept down by fear, festered in the mind without any vent or expression. But now, alarmed for their very existences, the king and all the royal family, the begums and eunuchs, began to harbour those treasonable designs, and to create those disaffections and dissensions, which brought on the terrible crisis of the Great Rebellion of 1857.

Immediately before the Mutiny the state of the palace is thus described :—'Within its walls there was a population of more than 5000 souls, of which no less than 3000 were of the blood-royal and descendants of Timour-leng. These latter, of course, were too proud to do anything which could not be done by their European brethren, but they seem to have lost all military spirit, and to have sunk into a state of abject debasement, and of poverty, unredeemed by self-respect or by usefulness. The king seldom stirred out of late years, or went beyond the palace walls; but inside their precincts he was subjected to constant annoyance from his numerous relatives—the Great Mogul Olivers were always "asking for more." It may be imagined how this wicked, lazy, sensual, beggarly crowd stormed and raved round the courts, when there came upon them a vision of plunder, conquest, jaghires, grants, treasures, zenanas,—how they yelled for blood and shouted, "Kill!

Kill!" They were in a state of such poverty that some of these royal families were in want of their meals, and their numbers had increased far beyond the provision made for them.'

The following is a picture of the Great Mogul after the Mutiny was over:—'In a dingy, dark passage, leading from the open court or terrace in which we stood to a darker room beyond, there sat, crouched on his haunches, a diminutive, attenuated old man, dressed in an ordinary and rather dirty muslin tunic, his small lean feet bare, his head covered by a small thin cambric skull-cap. The moment of our visit was not propitious; certainly it was not calculated to invest the descendant of Timoor the Tartar with any factitious interest, or to throw a halo of romance around the infirm creature, who was the symbol of extinguished empire. In fact, the ex-king was sick; with bent body he seemed nearly prostrate over a brass basin, into which he was retching violently. So for the time we turned our backs on the doorway, and looked around the small court, which was not more than thirty feet square. In one corner of this court, stretched on a charpoy, lay a young man of slight figure and small stature, who sat up at the sound of our voices, and salamed respectfully. He was dressed in fine white muslin, and had a gay yellow and blue sash around his waist; his head was bare, exhibiting the curious tonsure from the forehead to the top of the head, usual among many classes in the East; his face, oval and well-shaped, was disfigured by a very coarse mouth and skin, but his eyes were quick and bright, if not

very pleasant in expression. By the side of his charpoy stood four white-tunicked and turbaned attendants, with folded arms, watching every motion of the young gentleman with obsequious anxiety. One of them said, 'He is sick,' and the Commissioner gave direction that he should lie down again, and so, with another salam, Jumma Bukht—for it was that scion of the House of Delhi in whose presence we stood—threw himself back with a sigh, and turning his head towards us, drew up the chudder, or sheet of his bed, to his face, as if to relieve himself from our presence. At the head of his bed there was a heavy-looking, thick-set lad, of thirteen or fourteen years of age, who was, we were told, the latest born of the house—by no means 'a sweet young prince,' and whose claims to the blood-royal the Commissioner considered more or less doubtful, considering the age of the king and the character borne by the particular lady who had presented the monarch with a pledge so late in his life; but I am bound to add that, at all events, 'he has his father's nose,' and his lips are like those of Jumma Bukht.

'The qualms of the king at last abated, and we went into the passage—not but that we might have gone in before at any time, for all he cared. He was still gasping for breath, and replied by a wave of the hand, and a monosyllable to the Commissioner. That dim-wandering-eyed, dreamy old man, with feeble, hanging nether lip and toothless gums,—was he, indeed, one who had conceived that vast plan of restoring a great empire, who had fomented the most gigantic mutiny in

the history of the world, and who, from the walls of his ancient palace, had hurled defiance and shot ridicule upon the race that held every throne in India in the hollow of their palms? He broke silence. Alas! it was to inform us that he had been very sick, and that he had retched so violently that he had filled twelve basins. This statement, which was, it must be admitted, distressingly matter-of-fact and unromantic, could not, I think, have been strictly true, and probably was in the matter of numeration tinctured by the spirit of Oriental exaggeration, aided by the poetic imagination of his Majesty. He is a poet—rather erotic and warm in his choice of subject and treatment, but nevertheless, or may be therefore, the esteemed author of no less than four stout volumes of meritorious verses; and he is not yet satiated with the muse, for a day or two ago he composed some neat lines on the wall of his prison by the aid of a burnt stick. Who could look on him without pity? Yes, for one instant, 'pity,' till the rush of blood in that pitiless court-yard swept it from the heart. The passage in which he sat contained nothing that I could see but a charpoy, such as those used by the poorest Indians. The old man cowered on the floor on his crossed legs, with his back against a mat which was suspended from doorway to doorway, so as to form a passage about twelve feet wide by twenty-four in length. Inside the mat we heard whispering, and some curious eyes that glinted through the mat at the strangers informed us that the king was not quite alone. I tried in vain to let my imagination find out Timoor in him.

Had it been assisted by diamond, and cloth of gold, and officers of state, music and cannon, and herald and glittering cavalcade and embroidered elephantry, perhaps I might have succeeded; but, as it was, I found—I say with regret, but with honesty and truth—I found only Holywell Street. The forehead is very broad indeed, and comes out sharply over the brows, but it recedes at once into an ignoble Thersites-like skull; in the eyes were only visible the weakness of extreme old age—the dim, hazy, filmy light which seems as if it were about to guide us to the great darkness; the nose, a noble Judaic aquiline, was deprived of dignity and power by the loose-lipped, nerveless, quivering, and gaping mouth filled with a flaccid tongue; but from chin and upper lip there streamed a venerable, long, wavy, intermingling moustache and beard of white, which again all but retrieved his aspect. Recalling youth to that decrepit frame—restoring its freshness to that sunken cheek—one might see the king glowing with all the beauty of the warrior David; but, as he sat before us, I was only reminded of the poorest form of the Israelitish type as exhibited in decay and penurious greed in its poorest haunts among us. His hands and feet were delicate and fine; his garments, scanty and foul. And this is the descendant of him who, on the 12th of August, 1765, conferred on the East India Company the Dewanee (or lordship) of the provinces of Bengal, of Behar, and Orissa.

'Although the guilt of the king in the encouragement afforded by him to the mutinous and murderous

Sepoys was great and undoubted, there is some reason to suppose that he was not so much responsible for the atrocious massacre within the walls of his palace as has been supposed. From the very first he had little power over the Sepoys and their leaders—his age and infirmity forbade all physical exertion. It is certain that for several days he protected the unfortunate ladies who fled to the palace, and resisted the clamorous demands for their blood which were made by the monsters around him; but it is true, too, that he did not take the step which would have saved their lives. He did not put them into his Zenana. It is said he was afraid of his own begums, and the women of the Zenana, who would have resented such a step. At all events he did not do so. Our countrywomen were murdered in his palace; and we have assumed that he could have saved their lives. It may be that we are to some extent punishing in the father the sins of the children.

'He seemed but little inclined for conversation; and when Brigadier Stisted asked him how it was he had not saved the lives of our women, he made an impatient gesture with his hand, as if commanding silence, and said, "I know nothing of it—I had nothing to say to it." His grandchild, an infant a few months old, was presented to us, and some one or two women of the Zenana showed themselves at the end of the passage, while the Commissioner was engaged in conversation with one of the begums, the latest, who remained inside her curtain, and did not let us see her face.

'Here was this begum, a lady of some thirty-five,

very aggravating to the ex-Great Mogul, who was both in pain and anguish, and very anxious to get away from him. "Why," said she, "the old (yes, I believe the correlative word in English is) fool goes on as if he was king; he's no king now. I want to go away from him. He's a troublesome, nasty, cross old fellow, and I'm quite tired of him." Bowstrings and sacks! was not this dreadful language? But the ex-Mogul is a philosopher; he merely asked one of his attendants for a piece of coffee-cake or chocolate, put a small piece in his mouth, mumbled it, smiled, and pointing with his thumbs over his shoulder in the direction from which the shrill and angry accents of queenly wrath were coming, said, with all the shrug and *bonhommie* of a withered little French marquis of the old school, "*Mon Dieu!*—I mean—Allah! listen to her!" And so we left him alone in his misery. He numbers upwards of eighty-two years; but they are said to be only of lunar months, and that his real age is seventy-eight. It is needless to say that he will never, if sent, reach Caffraria alive.'*

Instead of Caffraria, the ex-Mogul was sent to Rangoon. His exile, with his begums and children about him, was a far milder punishment than assassination or the slow operation of the *pousta*, to which he would have been condemned under the *régime* of his own house. In two years he ceased to exist, and was gathered to his fathers, though not to be buried with them. Far from being consigned to the tomb of the ancestral dead—to

* Russell's 'My Diary in India.'

some magnificent mausoleum created by giants, and finished by jewellers—his remains were interred just behind the main-guard where he was confined, beneath a lonely and unhonoured grave in the moistened soil of Rangoon, 'and in somewhat close proximity to the cook-houses of the European soldiers, so that his ghost will be able to enjoy at least the savoury smell of several luxuries which were forbidden food to him whilst living.'

> 'Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
> The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
> So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
> For others' good, or melt at others' woe.'

Of the boasted House of Timoor, the only adult members now remaining are 'the elderly Zinat Mahl, that old tigress; her cub, Jumma Bukht, that "interesting youth" who is believed to have amused himself by shooting English ladies with a double-barrel; his wife, who has given birth to several children since his arrival in Rangoon; and his brother Shah Abbas.' They should be left to shift for themselves, and allowed to melt away in the crowd, till they sink into utter insignificance.

It is well that the Great Mogul is extinct,—and it would be well for mankind if the Grand Turk also were no more. No curse that has afflicted the human race has ever been so baneful as that which Mahomedan rule has proved itself to mankind. The Moslem rose as a storm-wave to entomb all the great works of ancient power and wisdom beneath its deluge, and to plunge the world into a state of barbarism that has perpetuated despotism, ignorance, and anarchy for many a long

century. He has never been better than a gloomy enthusiast, hating, spurning, and slaying all who did not believe and call upon the Prophet;

> 'One of that saintly, murderous brood,
> To carnage and the Koran given,
> Who think through unbelievers' blood
> Lies the directest path to heaven.'

His history is made up only of burnings, massacres, and pillages—it is one long uniform tale of cruelty without remorse, and of offence without prayer or penance. His government has been that under which life hung by a thread, and female honour was exposed to the risks of violence. What has been his conduct towards heirs and competitors for the throne, but a quiet disposal of them by the bowstring, dagger, or poison? How did he treat his wives and mistresses for their slips, but with the sack, halter, or living burial? What other has been the principle of his government than physical force, and plunder and extortion? In what opinion did he hold his subjects, but as beasts of burden and beasts of prey? In what light did he view woman but as a pretty toy, soulless as much as his turban, his pipe, and his amber mouth-piece? The Moslem has left indelible traces of his presence everywhere in the ruin of countries, and in the slavery of nations. His great object was to slaughter and destroy, and to make a glory of his destruction. He was born not for the progress, but the retrogression of mankind—not for amelioration, but for the perpetuation of evil. He never sought to dispel ignorance, and sowed no seeds of improvement

to elevate the condition of mankind. 'But for the accident which gave Charles Martel the victory over the Saracens at Tours, Arabic and Persian had been the classical languages, and Islamism the religion of Europe; and where we have cathedrals and colleges we might have had mosques and mausoleums, and America and the Cape, the compass and the press, the steam-engine, the telescope, and the Copernican system, might have remained undiscovered' to the present day. Under the progress which the world has made now, the Mahomedan has become an obsoletism,—and to tolerate his existence is to tolerate an anomaly—a diseased limb endangering the soundness of the whole system. If it were possible to destroy all Mahomedan institutions, and to eradicate all Mahomedan traditions, by one vigorous and simultaneous effort, and if all that is Mahomedan in name or spirit were to become extinct by a combination of circumstances, it would be well for mankind, and rid the world of its greatest enemy. The Mahomedan sits as an oppressive incubus upon society, hindering the onward progress of some three hundred millions of men, and to ignore the evil of his existence is the highest treason to the cause of humanity.

Of the architectural works of the English there are almost none to be seen in Delhi. It is right that they have not risked their reputation by undertaking any, for to build anything deserving of their name, they must beat the Kootub or the Jumma Musjeed. The *Church*, with its fine dome, may interest the traveller. It is in the Italian style, and was built, at an expense of

1,20,000 rupees, by Col. Skinner, a highly-distinguished commander of irregular troops in the East India Company's service. He lies interred here, 'after all his wanderings in the days of border warfare in India.' The church was erected, it is said, 'in consequence of the father having made a vow, that if his son Joseph, who was so dangerously ill as to be given over by the doctors, should recover, he would found a church as a thank-offering.'

There is also seen in this church a monument raised to the memory of William Fraser, who was one of the Residents in the Court of Delhi, and killed by the Nawab Shums-ood-deen, in 1835. To take away his life, the Nawab had employed a Mahomedan of the name of Kureem Khan—'known to be a good shot, and a good rider, who could fire and re-load very quickly while his horse was in full gallop.' On Sunday, the 22nd of March, Mr Fraser had been to a party given by a Hindoo Rajah, from which he was returning home late in the night, attended by one trooper and two peons on foot. Kureem Khan waited for him on the road to take advantage of the opportunity. 'As Mr Fraser's horse was coming up on the left side, Kureem Khan turned his; and as he passed by, presented his blunderbuss—fired—and all three balls passed into Mr Fraser's breast. All three horses reared at the report and flash,—and Mr Fraser fell dead to the ground. Kureem galloped off, followed a short distance by the trooper, and the two peons went off and gave information to Major Pew and Cornet Robinson, who resided near the place. They

came in all haste to the spot, and had the body taken to the deceased's own house: but no signs of life remained. They reported the murder to the magistrate, and the city gates were closed, as the assassin had been seen to enter the city by the trooper.

'Kureem Khan and the Nawab were both convicted of the crime, sentenced to death, and executed at Delhi. The Nawab was executed some time after Kureem, on Thursday morning, the 3rd of October, 1835, close outside the north or Cashmere Gate, leading to the cantonments. He prepared himself for the execution in an extremely rich and beautiful dress of light green, the colour which martyrs wear; but he was made to exchange this, and he then chose one of simple white, and was too conscious of his guilt to urge strongly his claim to wear what dress he liked on such an occasion. The following corps were drawn up around the gallows, forming three sides of a square; the first regiment of cavalry, the twentieth, thirty-ninth, and sixty-ninth regiments of native infantry; Major Pew's light field battery, and a strong party of police. On ascending the scaffold, the Nawab manifested symptoms of disgust at the approach to his person of the *sweeper*, who was to put the rope round his neck; but he soon mastered his feelings, and submitted with a good grace to his fate. Just as he expired his body made a last turn, and left his face towards the *west*, or the *tomb of his prophet*, which the Mahomedans of Delhi considered a miracle, indicating that he was a martyr—not as being innocent of the murder, but as being executed for the murder of

an *unbeliever!* Pilgrimages were for some time made to the Nawab's tomb; but I believe they have long since ceased with the short gleam of sympathy that his fate excited. The only people that still recollect him with feelings of kindness are the prostitutes and dancing women of the city of Delhi, among whom most of his revenues were squandered.

'One circumstance attending the execution of the Nawab Shums-ood-deen, seems worthy of remark. The magistrate, Mr Frascott, desired his crier to go through the city the evening before the execution, and proclaim to the people, that those who might wish to be present at the execution were not to encroach upon the line of sentries that would be formed to keep clear an allotted space round the gallows,—nor to carry any kind of arms; but the crier, seemingly retaining in his recollection only the words *arms* and *sentries*, gave out, after his *Oyez, Oyez*, that the sentries had orders to use their arms, and shoot any man, woman, or child that should presume to go outside the wall to look at the execution of the Nawab! No person, in consequence, ventured out till the execution was over, when they went to see the Nawab himself converted into smoke; as the general impression was, that as life should leave it, the body was to be blown off into the air, by a general discharge of musketry and artillery!'*

The monument in honour of Mr Fraser 'cost 10,000 rupees, is made of white marble in compartments, inlaid with green stones representing the weeping willow.'

* Sleeman's 'Rambles and Recollections.'

Close to the church are seen the remains of what was once the Delhi Government *College*, a building with a lofty-pillared verandah. The college had been founded on the site of Dara's palace, where had been held many a *soirée* of poets and philosophers by that prince. No pupil of the Delhi College has so distinguished a name as Mohun Lal. He was Moonshee to Sir Alexander Burnes, and had accompanied that gentleman to Cabool, in the Affghan expedition.

Not far from this is the *Magazine*, covering several acres of ground. To prevent its contents falling into the hands of the rebels, the magazine was blown up by Lieutenant Willoughby on the 11th of May, 1857. 'That indomitable officer, with a mind capable of conceiving, and a heart and hand resolute and steady to perform, has passed away, but his deeds can never die.'

Many a time has Delhi been the theatre of war and bloodshed, but never more so than during the great Sepoy Rebellion. The city was like a loaded mine, which took fire the instant the mutineers made their appearance at one of the gates from Meerut. In a moment a murderous fire was opened upon the European and Christian residents in all quarters, and the butcheries of officers, civilians, merchants, and missionaries, the violation and massacre of their wives and daughters, the spoliation and burning down of their houses, the demolition of the courts of law, the college, and the printing-offices, and the seizure of the Ludlow Castle, the Metcalfe House, the arsenal, and the park of artillery, inaugurated the epoch of the *finale* of Feringhee rule. The prelude

gone through, the Great Mogul was proclaimed to have once more commenced his independent reign. For a long time the centre of intrigue and disaffection, the imperial city now became the great focus and stronghold of rebellion. The red-handed Sepoys poured in from all parts of the Presidency to this great rendezvous, and the soldiery within the walls of the city swelled to the number of 60,000 men. Its state now has been very well depicted in the following short extract:—'The market-place of Delhi was crowded by a large number of soldiers and inhabitants, some vociferating, some shouting, and others earnestly conning over a proclamation which was written in large Persian characters, and pasted on a board stuck up for the purpose. It was a motley group. There was the fat greasy burgher, the rotundity of whose paunch sufficiently indicated the fulness of his purse, anxiously asking his neighbour about the current events of the day, and trembling for his hoarded riches, which may change hands, as he well knows, during the terrible time of war. There was the braggadocio Sepoy, his skull-cap set jauntily on his head, his eyes red with *bhang*, shouting that the Company's *raj* was over, and boasting of the murder of some ten or twelve Feringhees during the mutiny at Delhi. There also was the fanatic Mussulman running about frantically and calling on the followers of the Faith to arms, and to annihilate the *Kaffir* who kill swine, and oh, abomination eat them! "O ye people of Delhi," shouted he, "up, up, and be doing. Rejoice, for the day is come when the Feringhees will be driven from the land.

Their wives and daughters shall belong to you, and their children shall grow up to be your slaves and bondsmen."'

Such were the sights and sounds that met the eyes and struck the ears of men for many a day, during which the mutinous Sepoys exerted every nerve to prop up a visionary kingdom. The English, taken unawares, were for a time astounded. But in less than a month, collecting all the available troops, they moved down to Delhi, and sat before its walls for the recovery of that city. 'It was with no ordinary emotions,' says Dr Russell, 'I visited the remains of our trenches, and looked out over the decaying parapets upon the city and its great circling sweep of wall, and bastion, and battery; for I saw it was the pride, self-reliance, and greatness of a conquering race alone, which had enabled a handful of men to sustain and successfully conduct the most hopeless military enterprise that was ever undertaken. But at the same time I felt that had we been demi-gods we must have failed, if the enemy, to whom we were opposed, had possessed the ordinary intelligence and military skill of any European soldiery. At every step the audacity of the siege, the grandness of our courage, the desperation of our position, grew upon me. I visited our old cantonments—the Flagstaff, the Subzee Mundee, the house of Hindoo Rao, and so on, down to the canal. Our position, strong enough and well-chosen, was nevertheless enfiladed by the enemy's batteries at Kassgung, and the quantity of shot and fragments of shell lying inside our trenches show

how heavy their fire was. It was, indeed, one of the noblest exploits to take such a city as that before us, surrounded by strong high walls of masonry, defended by most formidable bastions and crenelated curtains, with good flanking fire at certain parts, and a very fine glacis covering three-fourths or more of the height of the wall, behind which was an army at least six times as numerous as our own. Most of those defences were put in order by our engineers; and it is a most extraordinary proof of the blind confidence of our Indian authorities in the *status quo*, that they prepared Delhi with such care and skill for a defence, placed inside it a garrison, and then denuded it of European troops. I was in great pain, going about on my crippled and swollen leg, but I thought it shame to talk of such sufferings in a place that had been the head-quarters of misery, wounds, suffering, and death.'

The main picket of the British forces was at *Hindoo Rao*, on the top of the ridge that is to the north-west of the city. The chief efforts of the Sepoys were directed against this post of the besiegers. From the 8th of June, 1857, until the fall of Delhi, it had to sustain *twenty-six* attacks. The name Hindoo Rao is from the son of the notorious Sirjee Rao Ghatkea, the brother-in-law of Doulut Rao Scindia, and the brother of Baiza Baee. Her Highness was a pensioner on the British Government. 'The brother also swallowed a pension, with as good a grace as the "Ancient Pistol" did Fluellen's leek. This worthy resided in Delhi, in which neighbourhood he was often seen figuring in top-boots

and other affectations of English costume. He formed one of the assemblage at Ferozepore in 1838, when Lord Auckland and Runjeet Singh diplomatized at each other. Being a pushing fellow, he thrust himself into a foremost place at one of the interviews between the Governor-General and the Maharajah; when a Seikh asked the Mahratta—"Are you not a pensioner of the English?" "Yes," was the pithy reply, "and so will you be soon."

Close to the Hindoo Rao 'is a much-injured domed building—the *Flag-staff Tower*, where the European residents on the 11th of May, 1857, took refuge before fleeing from the palace.' The 'well-known *Sammy House*, a small temple, and the chosen battle-ground on several occasions,' is on the extreme right of the ridge. The *Subzee Mundee* and *Roshenara Gardens* were on the right flank of the British.

The heavy siege guns arrived in September, when five batteries were constructed, and some fifty pieces of artillery opened their fire upon the doomed city. From the 11th of that month, 'day and night the pounding went on, and roll after roll of ordnance thunder, in a succession almost momentary, fell with electric effect upon the ear.' The Cashmere Bastion was the principal object of fire—'and the dreadful state of ruin which it now (*ten* years after the siege) lies in, attests the accuracy of the fire of the British guns.' It had 'only a few months before been restored and strengthened by the English Government for the protection or beautification of the city of the Mogul, but soon began to crumble

away under the play of English 24-pounders.' The 14th of September was the great day for the *storming of the city of Delhi*, and the attacking force was divided into four columns, with a reserve. The gallant party fixed upon to blow open the Cashmere Gate consisted of Lieutenants Salkeld and Home; Serjeants Carmichael, Burgess, and Smith; Bugler Hawthorne (who accompanied the party to sound the advance when the gate was blown in), and eight native Sappers under Havildar Madhoo to carry the bags of powder. This heroic little band, forming a forlorn hope, and feeling themselves doomed almost to certain death, waited in a most agonizing suspense for the appointed signal. It came, the firing suddenly ceased, the cheer of the rifles rang through the air, out moved Home with four soldiers, each carrying a bag of powder on his head; close behind him came Salkeld, port-fire in hand, with four more soldiers similarly laden; while a short distance behind, the storming party, 150 strong, followed up by the main body of the column in rear. The gateway, as in all native cities, was on the side of the bastion, and had an outer gateway in advance of the ditch. Home and his party were at this outer gate almost before their appearance was known. It was open, but the drawbridge so shattered that it was very difficult to cross; however, they got over, reached the main gate, and laid their bags unharmed.

'So utterly paralyzed were the enemy at the audacity of the proceeding, that they only fired a few straggling shots, and made haste to close the wicket

with every appearance of alarm, so that Lieut. Home, after laying his bags, jumped into the ditch unhurt. It was now Salkeld's turn. He also advanced with four other bags of powder and a lighted port-fire, but the enemy had now recovered from their consternation, and had seen the smallness of the party and the object of their approach. A deadly fire was opened on the little band from the open wicket not ten feet distant. Salkeld laid his bags, but was shot through the arm and leg, and fell back on the bridge, handing the port-fire to Sergeant Burgess, bidding him light the fusee. Burgess was instantly shot dead in the attempt. Serjeant Carmichael then advanced, took up the port-fire and succeeded in the attempt, but immediately fell mortally wounded. Serjeant Smith, seeing him fall, advanced at a run, but finding that the fusee was already burning, threw himself down into the ditch, where the bugler had already conveyed poor Salkeld. In another moment a terrific explosion shattered the massive gate, the bugle sounded the advance, and then with a loud cheer the storming party was in the gateway, and in a few minutes more the column,—and the Cashmere Gate and Main Guard were once more in our hands.'

There was a breach made also at the Water Bastion, —'and that part of the wall exactly facing the Koodseah Garden even yet gives evidence how dreadfully severe the cannonading must have been.'

The first column, headed by Brigadier Nicholson, carried the breach at the Cashmere Gate, and steadily advanced clearing the ground before them, and dis-

lodging the enemy from the church and kutcherry. Packed as the British troops were in a narrow lane, they suffered terribly from the galling fire kept up from the adjacent houses. To check their advance towards the Lahore Gate, two heavy field-pieces were run out and opened, but a rush being made, one of the guns was wrested from the enemy. The other gun remained to be captured. Nicholson waved his sword and led his men on, when a rebel bullet struck him in the chest, and he was carried off mortally wounded to the rear. The remains of that splendid soldier lie in the new cemetery outside the Cashmere Gate. 'John Nicholson's life has yet to be written. He was a Deputy Commissioner in the Punjaub Civil Commission, when he was suddenly called upon to assume a high military command in the attacking force. As a civil officer his reputation was of the very highest; he was in every place where he could be of the least possible assistance, and he effectually supervised every official in his district. This extraordinary man had more influence with his subordinates than perhaps any Englishman in the East has ever had. One class of natives actually worshipped him, and termed themselves "The Nicholsanee Fakeers." A native, speaking of him, said,—"The sound of his horse's hoofs were heard from Attock to the Khyber." In an official report of the Punjaub Government, this sentence occurs:—"Nature makes but few such men, and the Punjaub is happy to have had one." The present Governor-General, in referring to this heroic character, has used these words:—"His sterner qualities and his

high sense of duty are generally known, not so perhaps his remarkable deliberation, which with him preceded the infliction of punishment." At the time of his death he was but 35 years of age.'

From the 14th to the 17th of September, the Church, the Kutcherry, the College, the Kotwallee, the Magazine, and the Delhi Bank House were, one after the other, carried and recovered. On the 18th, the line of communication between the Magazine and the Cabul Gate was completed. On the 19th, the Burn Bastion, near the Lahore Gate, was taken possession of by a surprise. This bastion is so called from Colonel Burn, who, with a handful of men, made a most memorable defence of Delhi in 1804, against an overwhelming army of Holkar and the cannonade of a hundred and thirty guns. Here is the eulogy of Sir D. Ochterlony, then Resident, on that gallant defence:—'It cannot but reflect the greatest honour on the discipline, courage, and fortitude of British troops, in the eyes of all Hindoostan, to observe, that with a small force they sustained a siege of nine days, repelled an assault, and defended a city ten miles in circumference, and which had ever before been given up at the first appearance of an enemy at its gates.'

The 20th of September was the day of the final capture of Delhi. On that day, the imperial palace was entered, and found deserted. The cannons of the victorious Anglo-Saxons were now planted upon the conquered bastions, to pour death and destruction on the devoted city. No resistance was offered henceforth to the conquerors, who filled the squares, and poured

through every street of Delhi. It was all up with the Sepoys; their hornets' nest was broken, and their cause knocked on the head. In large masses they made the best of their way out of the city by the bridge of boats across the Jumna. The rebellious in heart and in deed all fled for their lives. From the ramparts of the citadel, the booming of cannon announced the re-occupation of Delhi by the British troops, and the proud ensign of the victors once more waved over the city—the last monarch of the House of Timoor ceasing from that day to indulge in his dreams of the restoration of a Mogul empire, till the time came for him to go across the sea, and expiate his crimes by a life-long banishment from the scenes of his evil deeds.

Under the promptings of angry passions, it had been intended to give over Delhi to demolition, and to raze it to the ground. It was Sir John Laurence who stayed the hand of destruction, that would have disgraced the English and classed them on a par with the Asiatic. The outcast population had been shut out from the city for many a month, and lived in 'miserable sheds stretching for miles along the road-side. More squalid and vile nought can be, save the wretched creatures who haunt them—once, perhaps, rich bunneahs, merchants and shopkeepers.' This is the language of an eye-witness in the June of 1858. Now even, though ten years later, we think that, in going over to the Kootub, we saw some of the 'miserable sheds' and 'wretched creatures' spoken of—the latter especially, in the beings of old withered Mussulmans and gypsy-like Mussulmanees,

who stood up to clamour for a little charity as our gharry passed the road.

The amnesty opened the way to people for returning to their forbidden homes, and Delhi is now once more a crowded and busy city, as though it had never passed through the crisis most terrible in the records of its history. It was thought that the re-establishment of British India upon its former footing would be the work, at least, of a quarter of a century. But it has taken only five and twenty months in the place of as many years, which is one of the best proofs that the Rebellion was not national, but a military revolt.

Though much of Delhi had been a miserable aggregate of hovels, it is described by an old traveller to have been 'of the bigness of London, Paris, and Amsterdam together, and of incomparable greater population and riches.' The highest population of Delhi was two millions in the time of Aurungzebe—that of Rome having been three millions, and that of London being now somewhere between the two numbers. It is not known how much the population had been, when, during the Mahratta government, there was no sleeping in safe skins without the walls, and all those who lingered in old Delhi made their way into the city. Three years before the Mutiny the number returned was upwards of 150,000. Not much below this, we think, would be the present population. Though the capital of the Mahomedans from their earliest conquest, it is remarkable that the Hindoo element has always been greater than their nation in Delhi. Notwithstanding their long-

continued emigration, and their natural increase under circumstances which afforded them great facilities for the rearing of families, the Mussulmans have never borne a greater proportion than one-tenth or, at most, one-eighth of the original inhabitants of the soil.

The Moguls again seem to have never had very large numbers of their nation in the Mahomedan population of India. The hostile feelings of the House of Timoor towards the Tartars and Usbegs, had effectually closed the door against the influx of those foreigners. 'Wherever the Roman conquers, he inhabits,' is an observation of Seneca, from which perhaps modern politicians derive their principal argument in favour of colonization. But it was the policy of the wise Akber to consolidate his empire by amalgamating the different Indians under the same laws and the same letters, under the same faith and the same fraternity—a policy, the noblest ever inaugurated by a conqueror. The Moguls were probably a more limited class than even the English are at the present day. In the time of Aurungzebe the Persians were a numerous and powerful body in Delhi. The descendants of the ancient Ghorians formed a considerable proportion of the men in power. In the army were many Persian and Affghan officers and soldiers. The Vizier of the Mogul empire was then a Persian. The same numerical greatness of the Patans is observable even now in Delhi. It is more common to see in the great thoroughfare of the Chandney Chowk, Mussulmans dressed in tight trousers and short tunics, with skull-caps on their heads, that indicate them to be of

the Patan origin, than heavy-turbaned Moguls in loose pyjamahs, flowing gowns, and embroidered slippers. The ancient *Mogulparah* has now no name or inhabitant. Never encouraged to emigrate and settle by the sovereigns of their nation, the Moguls have always formed a very small section in India, and the few families that survived the fall of their empire are wearing out and dying off in the lapse of time—the luxuries and pleasures to which they are addicted telling very much against the propagation of their class.

The early Mussulmans are described to have been 'stout and ruddy men.' Those of Aurungzebe's time had come to be 'slender, dark, and sallow.' The Mahomedan-Delhians of our day are extremely poor-built, effeminate, and wretched in their physical appearance. True, that the soil and climate have chiefly conspired to tell against their original mountain hardihood, and bring on this degeneracy. It is partly the consequence, also, of the stoppage of every infusion of the vigorous blood of their parent tribe. But we would attribute it more to moral than physical causes—to their vices and diseases, than to the temperature of the land over which the sun shoots fiery rays for ten months in the year. As a class, the Mahomedans are extremely vicious. The vegetarian Hindoos are by far a more sober people, and comparatively enjoy a better physical condition. It is the Mahomedan who is generally seen everywhere afflicted with the most disgusting diseases and leprosies—the effect of his anticipating the *houris* of heaven upon earth. On this subject medical and

mortuary statistics must throw light to arrive at accurate conclusions. It is a remarkable fact to notice, that the later Mogul emperors all died at very old ages. Shah Alum died in his eighty-sixth year. His son, Akber Shah, died at eighty. Bahadur Shah sunk into the grave at about the same green old age. This may show that longevity is hereditary rather than acquired from that temperance which is commonly supposed to be rewarded by length of years.

If a decent dress, and polished manners, and external urbanities, had not set off the Mahomedans, they would have been 'monsters of the wilds,' as Aurungzebe always styled the Persians. The Mahomedan has a praiseworthy regard of outward appearance,—and though he has ever such a large degree of self-esteem, he is seldom uncivil in speaking to an inferior. The vocabulary of no language abounds with so many words for polite address. In the adoption of these externalities, by all grades of the Hindoos in Delhi, consists their great outward difference from the Hindoos of Bengal. Our rich *mahajuns* of Calcutta, particularly those from the Eastern districts, do not in the least fear sinking in the estimation of the public from the shabbiness of their clothing, the meanness of their lodgings, or the fashion of their equipages. But in Delhi, a Hindoo is never without a *chapkan* over his *dhotee*, and a skull-cap on his head. The same colloquy, the same costume, and the same civilities, seem to have apparently effaced all external distinctions between a Hindoo and Mahomedan of Delhi. The only mark by

which one may make out their races, is that the former buttons his tunic on the right side, and the latter hooks his on the side of the heart.

Nothing like 'the bigness of London, Paris, and Amsterdam together' is now seen in the size of Delhi. Including the suburban houses of the English, the walled town would not be much more than half the size of modern London singly. It is no longer thickly peopled, and highly-adorned with useful and ornamental works, from Budderpore on the south, to Kushak Shikar, near Hindoo Rao, on the north, when Delhi was in its glory, and was of the size as described above. The great capital of Northern India has yet all the features and attributes of a metropolis, but, in comparing it with Calcutta, the latter has decidedly the advantage in general magnificence. Delhi has nothing that can be put in competition with our splendid squares. There are no such places for driving and walking as the Maidan and Strand. The Hooghly would be degraded by a comparison with the Jumna,—and though the whole splendour of the town at once bursts upon the view from the opposite shore, the *coup d'œil* is not half so grand and striking as that presented by the City of Palaces when approached from the Botanical Gardens. In point of vast and beautiful domes, high ornamental gateways, and richness of materials, Delhi has an immense superiority to all that one has to see of their kinds in Calcutta. The Kootub may immeasurably distance the Ochterlony monument, and the Jumma Musjeed ought not to be mentioned in

the same breath with St Paul's Cathedral. But it is very much to be doubted whether, in its best days, Delhi had any such tasteful buildings as our Fever Hospital, our Metcalfe Hall, and our classical Mint. It is not fair, however, to institute a comparison between a fallen and a rising city.

Nor is there to be seen now a sixteenth part of those 'incomparable riches' which Delhi once possessed. The ancient wealth and opulence of that city have all disappeared. Its trade has gone to ruin long ago. There was a time when Delhi sent out governors to Bengal, Allahabad, Guzerat, Lahore, Cashmere, and the Deccan. To Delhi came the annual revenue from all those provinces. In Delhi were ostentatiously displayed, and lavishly spent, great fortunes made in remote soubhadaries by oppression and corruption. In Delhi were the King and his Court. It was the place to which all, from the highest omrah to the lowest peasant, looked forward with hope and anxiety and awe. But it is long since that the glory of that proud city has departed. The wealth once deemed inexhaustible has passed away. So far back as 1783 the state of its trade was no better than as follows:—'The bazars in Delhi are but indifferently furnished at present, and the population of the city miserably reduced of late years: the Chandney Chowk is the best-furnished bazar in the city, though the commerce is very trifling. Cotton cloths are still manufactured, and the inhabitants export indigo. Their chief imports are by means of the northern caravans, which come once a year, and bring

with them, from Cabul and Cashmere, shawls, fruit, and horses: the two former articles are procurable in Delhi at a reasonable rate. There is also a manufacture at Delhi for *bedree hooka* bottoms. The cultivation about the city is principally on the banks of the Jumna, where it is very good; the neighbourhood produces corn and rice, millet and indigo. The limes are very large and fine. Precious stones likewise are to be had at Delhi, of very good quality, particularly the large red and black cornelians; and *peerozas* are sold in the several bazars.' Indigo, that is spoken of by Abul Fazil to have sold at ten to fifteen rupees the maund, is still grown, manufactured, and exported as before. But the manufacture of cotton fabrics have ceased from the day that hand-looms failed to compete with machinery. Cabul grapes, pomegranates, and raisins, are now both abundant and cheap. Precious stones must continue to sell here, till the city is de-Mahomedanized, and Anglicized in spirit and taste.

Perhaps nobody in Delhi now recollects the art of enamelling tiles, that is to be seen in the Leela Boorj. But in many particulars the modern Delhians evince no want of ingenuity and industry. In the delicate and laborious workmanship of mosaics, in the enamelling of jewellery, in the elegant manufacture of carpets and shawls, they are highly skilful. Miniature-portrait painting is also practised in great excellence. Ismail Khan, residing in the 'Kala Baolee,' has the greatest reputation for his 'very beautiful artistic work.' There is another Mahomedan in the Chand-

ney Chowk, who is also a skilful artist in miniatures. ... ...

. The little merchandise that is in Delhi is chiefly in the hands of Hindoos—its merchants, shopkeepers, jewellers, upholsterers, coach-builders, and stable-keepers, are all Hindoos, excepting a few of them. The office is the great object of ambition to the Mahomedans—their nation has been bred and accustomed to it for many generations, and they sigh for 'the restoration of the old Mahomedan régime with precisely the same feelings that Whigs and Tories sigh for the return to power of their respective parties; it would give them all the offices in a country where office is everything.' Though so inferior now, the Chandney Chowk is still a very splendid and showy street. The shops are gay and gaudy enough, the stream of life flows through it ceaselessly, and the great city-roar is continually in your ears. No place could have been better chosen for the *Kotwallee* than this crowded noisy thoroughfare, where men are apt to break the peace,—and 'every bargain is a battle.'

Living in Delhi is yet nearly as cheap as in the Hindoo or Mahomedan times. High food and high wages, without corresponding intelligence, enterprise, and energy for acquisition, are evils that are telling severely on the middle classes of Bengal. The statesman may congratulate himself on the emancipation of the ryot from thraldom, but our gentry rues the hasty and premature introduction of those reforms which are yet unsuited to the state of civilization in our country. In

Delhi, the necessaries of life are had at such low rates yet as they must be within the reach of the veriest pauper, and make starvation unknown in the land. The freshest flesh, without the tare of bones, sells at *two annas* the seer—a fact that must water the mouth of every *grist* within the Ditch. Sweetmeats, that, in Calcutta, have risen two hundred times in value, and made it a great hardship for parents to solemnize the bridal feast of their sons and daughters with a decent appearance, are here cheap, unadulterated, and excellent. The cheapest thing in Delhi is the fruit. The Bengalee has his cocoanuts and plantains—the Delhi-wallah has his oranges, limes, melons, and *sao-fuls* (apples). But the most rich and abundant fruit of India—the mango, is, unhappily, a desideratum to the Delhians. In our several rambles in and about the town, scarcely any mango-tree fell under our observation. It was not without reason, therefore, that in the reign of Shah Jehan, couriers were stationed between Delhi and Mazagong, to secure an abundant and fresh supply of the finest mangoes for the royal table.

Visited the *Delhi Institute.*—This is a place in which one may spend an hour or two with great pleasure. The building is constructed in elegant taste, and is an ornament of the city in a European style of architecture. The outer surface of the building is covered and ornamented with a stucco made principally from the dust of pulverized red-stone, which has taken a fine polish, and given that appearance of stone to the building, which is possessed by the numerous Mahomedan structures.

Hitherto, chunam had been made to look like marble in all Indian architecture. But the substitution of this more enduring stone-dust plastering is an improvement, which is likely to recommend its general introduction all over the country. In the Fort, we saw the apartments in the Harem, the Tusbear-Khannah, and the Motee Musjeed, to be plastered in this fashion with the dust of white marble, where the stones required repair and washing. The sum which the Delhi Institute has cost to build is over two lacs of rupees—and would even eight lacs more have sufficed to give Delhi a building of half the size, durability, and grandeur of the Jumma Musjeed? The age of cheap food and lodging has gone, and that of high wages and rack-rent has succeeded.

In the premises of the Delhi Institute are the Station-Library, the Government College, and the Museum. The first is on the ground floor, in the westernmost corner of the building. Previous to the Mutiny, the *Delhi Library* was the largest in the Upper Provinces, when it contained 9000 volumes. There was no time for us to examine its treasures, and we passed on to the *Museum*, that is in the adjoining hall. Near the steps leading into the hall are two broken statues in red-stone, that first of all attract your notice. They are of half size, being from the waist to the head—one of them headless, and the other noseless. Nobody about the place could tell us whose images they were, though from the very first we did not fail to suspect them of having been the statues of Jeimul and Puttoo. On asking the guide whether they had ever been upon the backs of two ele-

phants, and receiving an answer in the affirmative, all our doubts as to the identity of the statues were removed. The Rajpoot *pugree*, and the Hindoo robe buttoned on the right side, were further confirmations. It next remained to make out which of them was the statue of Jeimul, and which one of Puttoo. The headless statue was altogether out of consideration. The one that had its face entire, excepting the nose, had all the features of a grown-up man and developed maturity. Now, at the time that Puttoo perished in the defence of Cheetore, he 'was only sixteen years old, and had lately married, To check any compunctious reluctance that he might feel in leaving his wife behind, his heroic mother armed the young wife as well as herself, and with her descended the rock, and the defenders of Cheetore saw her fall fighting by the side of her Amazonian mother.' This left no uncertainty as to the statue of Jeimul. The truth of Bernier's description is at once acknowledged, it being impossible not to read in the stern features of the statue,

> 'The unconquerable will,
> And study of revenge, immortal hate,
> And courage never to submit or yield,'

that distinguished the gallant Rajpoot chief, who defended the fortress of Cheetore against the genius and resources of Akber. The expression of *Anger* in Hogarth's picture of that passion, is not more true to nature than the expression of high-spiritedness and stern resolution in the statue of Jeimul. There is a great deal of mind in his countenance, which speaks highly in favour

of the art of the Moguls, though this is the only instance in which one has to judge of their sculptural skill. The muscular development of the body, as exhibited in the broad chest and rounded shoulders, has been executed with great exactness. The folds in the sleeves of the robe are almost of European perfection. The *pugree* is a very good likeness of the modern Marwaree turban.

Poor Puttoo, if we may be allowed the expression, having survived his death for nearly three hundred years, has at last become headless. His friend and colleague has yet to run his career—the chipped nose may sprout again under skilful sculptural surgery. The *pugree* and robe are interesting points in the history of Indian costume for the Social-Science wallah. There can be no doubt that the statues were erected by a generous conqueror in admiration of the great gallantry of his enemies.

Inside, the principal oblong hall is fitted up as a gallery, hung up with half-length portraits of many of the celebrated characters of our modern history, from Sir Charles Metcalfe to the present Governor-General. The collection is interesting to a physiognomist, who may read the histories of their lives in many of the faces, particularly in that of Sir Henry Lawrence. Sir Charles Metcalfe has his eye upon you, wherever you move about in the hall. Lord Canning pleases above all others by the calm dignity written upon his features. His is a name that shall always be associated with that of Clive—the one as the *conqueror*, and the other as the *saviour*, of India. As the collection appears to bear a

reference to all those notabilities whose names are inseparably connected with that of Delhi, one misses the portraits of Lord Lake, Sir David Ochterlony, and Sir Archdale Wilson.

There is a portrait of Hindoo Rao, who is fortunate to have his name made familiar to the reader of Indian history by the events of the Sepoy Mutiny. The swarthy Mahratta, and his glittering diamonds and pearls, appear to be great incongruities. He looks a very stout man—the rich pudding of a pension would make any man do so. But, after all, his eyes have great fire in them.

The Museum is divided into departments 'agricultural,' 'zoological,' 'ethnological,' 'archæological,' &c. In the agricultural department we counted the various cereals of the district to number *one hundred and twenty-one* species. The specimens in the zoological and ornithological repositories are few and not very curious. The ethnological department contains pictures of all the different people under the sun. Indeed, Shakespeare's description of man as 'the beauty of the world, and the paragon of animals,' seems to be applicable only to the noble *Aryan*, and not either to the *Malayan* or the *Negro* species. These have not 'the human face divine,'—but its caricature. Never was a saying more true than that 'the proper study of mankind is man.'

By far the most interesting part of the Museum was tha archæological cabinet. Here is a collection of coins to interest the numismatic student. There are also curious Arabic and Persian manuscripts, and cali-

graphic specimens of great beauty—one or two of them in gold characters. Most of all interesting to us was a little image that turned up in sinking a well at Soonput, near Paneeput, in December, 1864. The place is remarkable for being one of the five *pats* or *prasthas* assigned over to the Pandava brothers, and has derived its name from Rajah Sonee, the son of Bhoput, who reigned 920 B. C. The image is of clay, baked and polished like Chunar pottery. The figure is sitting cross-legged with a club in each hand. Below the left knee is observed a very short inscription, in a very old Nagari character. General Cunningham has read this inscription, and supposes the idol to be an Aditya, or image of the sun. The age of it he thinks to be at least 1200 years. This agrees with the period—the seventh century—when *Puranism* had, like Briareus, assumed a hundred heads and forms to contend with Buddhism. There were then followers of Brahma, Indra, Ganesha, Surya, Chandra, and a host of gods, all of whom succumbed to the powerful Shivites and Vishnuvites. The only trace of the worship of Surya found in our day is in Benares, where, in a corner of the quadrangle of the temple of Unna-poorna, is a small shrine dedicated to the sun. The idol representing that luminary, however, is seated in a chariot drawn by seven horses, with a glory round his head—a representation of the old *Sol* of Homer.

Russell relates of 'a nice little parson, who was all solicitude about a pattern for his pulpit-ornaments in the new church at Delhi. He said to me, "Did you

observe the ball and cross on the top of the church?" "Yes." "Well; the Sepoys fired at them. The ball is full of bullet-holes; the cross is untouched!" My good friend wished to imply that something of a miraculous interposition had diverted the infidel missiles, and I did not desire to shake his faith by observing that the cross was solid, while it was evident the ball was hollow.' This identical ball has been since taken down, and deposited as a treasure in the Museum. It is of hollow lead, full of bullet-holes, some of them larger than a thumb's head. In the same manner did the Mogul emperors preserve Morad's howdah as a curiosity. It got bristled with arrows in the battle of Agra, and was preserved to the time of Feroksere, when Khafi Khan, the historian, saw it stuck as full of arrows as quills upon the fretful porcupine.

In the eastern wing is the Government College. It was vacation, and the school was not open. Few Mahomedan boys attend this institution — their parents and guardians being yet of Caliph Omar's opinion, that the world needs no book but the Koran. Not Galileo himself can make them get over their prejudice against *doorbeens* or telescopes, and convince them that the *Khut-i-abyaz*, or Milky Way, is not made of the marks left in the sky by *Borak*, the rough-shod donkey on which the Prophet rode from Jerusalem to heaven. There was, many years ago, a European head-master at the school of Meerut, who could not make his pupils gulp down the fact, that the sun was seen for six months together in the Polar regions. 'If the sun did

not go down the horizon,' the boys said, 'how could the people there observe the *Ramasan*, and fast for half the year?' The teacher gave up his geographical lessons in despair. The fusion of the Mahomedan element, to form a common national Indian mass, requires the heat of the melting point of granite—or 2372 degrees of the political Fahrenheit.

In an intellectual point of view, Delhi is yet far behind Calcutta. It has scarcely made the progress to form an enlightened public opinion, to call public meetings, to make public speeches, to speak out its idea through the press, to discuss questions of social reform, to make a move for the intellectual elevation of women, and to project political associations. Before another generation the Hindoo public mind of Delhi—for there is no knowing what the Mahomedan may be brewing in his head—can hardly be expected to have its energy aroused to any undertaking for national regeneration. For his long, zealous, and approved services, for his high professional abilities, and his unexceptionable conduct, the Baboo, who occupies the mathematical chair in the College, is going to be rewarded with a Khillut in the forthcoming Durbar.

The *Queen's Gardens* adjoin the Institute. They may not be of great extent, but are of great beauty, heightened by a charming disposition of lawn and trees after the English taste,—and being in the very heart of Delhi, one may walk there in ten minutes, stroll through them, and enjoy all that is to be enjoyed. Observed a large oblong-shaped white marble bath of the Mogul

times, cut in a huge block, in which the emperors probably had their duckings on a summer afternoon. Near the gateway, Jeimul's elephant is being put up. Shade of Pilpay! we must invoke thy aid to describe this elephant to our reader:—'In a certain country, there existed a village of blind men, who had heard of an amazing animal, called the elephant, of the shape of which, however, they could procure no idea. One day an elephant passed through the place; the villagers crowded to the spot where the animal was standing; and one of them seized his trunk, another his ear, another his tail, another one of his legs. After thus endeavouring to gratify their curiosity, they returned into the village, and sitting down together, began to communicate their ideas on the shape of the elephant to the villagers; the man who had seized his trunk said, he thought this animal must be like the body of the plantain tree; he who had touched his ear was of opinion, that he was like the winnowing fan; the man who had laid hold of his tail said, he thought he must resemble a snake; and he who had caught his leg declared, he must be like a pillar. An old blind man, of some judgment, was present, who, though greatly perplexed in attempting to reconcile these jarring notions, at length said,—You have all been to examine the animal, and what you report, therefore, cannot be false; I suppose, then, that the part resembling the plantain tree must be his trunk; what you thought similar to a fan must be his ear; the part like a snake must be the tail; and that like a pillar must be his leg. In this way, the old

man, uniting all their conjectures, made out something of the form of the elephant.' Even so had we to figure in our mind's eye the statue of Jeimul's elephant—for, as yet, the animal has been set up on three of his legs, he has got only one of his ears, and the trunk is being adjusted. The statue is a huge life-sized one, very creditably executed in black marble—the trunk cleverly enough done to look like the 'lithe proboscis.'

Through the gardens passes a branch of Ali Merdan's canal, like a gushing rill. This is the principal source of vegetation to the gardens of Delhi, and of drinkable water to its inhabitants. The canal formerly yielded great profits. The Nabob Sufder Jung derived an annual revenue of twenty-five lacs from it. During the decay of the Mogul Empire the canal went to ruin. It was not re-opened till 1820 by Sir Charles Melcalfe, when 'the population of the city went out in jubilee to meet its stream, throwing flowers, ghee, &c., into the water, and calling down all manner of blessings on the British Government.' . . . . . .

Festival of Dewallee.—It is at a very good time that we have come to Delhi. The Chandney Chowk is a grand scene of enjoyment. There the shops are all show and glitter. The greater portion of the population of Delhi is in motion during this season of rejoicing. The whole world of fashion is out upon the great promenade,—and the peasantry from the country, arrayed in their holiday clothing, walk through it up and down in gay parties, passing by and looking on at the gaudy shops.

From the Kotwallee to the Lahore Gate, the whole street, bordered by booths and shops, looks like an interminable fair. The Hindoostanee mercantile year closing at the time of Dewallee, those in trade have to scrub, and wash, and decorate the exteriors of their houses, or otherwise their credit is seriously shaken. To no one does the season bring in such a good harvest as the dancing-girls, who are a good many of them in this luxurious city. Up in the second stories, they keep up music, and singing, and dancing, to the great entertainment of admiring crowds.

The principal amusements of the occasion consist in illumination, and the exhibition of dolls, toys, and confectionery—the two latter being reciprocally exchanged by families in their circles of relatives, friends, and acquaintances. In coming home yesterday from the Hoomayoon, we saw the whole street lighted up by little glass lamps, cherags, and candles, arranged in various devices and V. Rs. against the walls and upon the housetops. The confectionery shops were very attractive with their pyramids of sweetmeats. Not a little variety was shown in them from gilded cakes and comfits, to models of sugar-temples, ruths, men, and animals. Before one shop was gathered a large crowd to see a curious *sugar-fort*. Well may the Delhians now indulge their martial propensities in building castles of sugar, but not any of stone. The doll shops were also objects of great admiration to the multitude.

Three consecutive days are given to the fête, and though enlivened by no variety, the tiresome repetition

does not take off the edge of the appetite for the festivities. The Mahomedans now fully enjoy the Hindoo festival; they dare no longer act the mar-feasts of yore. Though there were thousands of gazers and sight-seers, and the thoroughfare was one crowded mass of men from end to end, nobody, like Bernier, thinking an insurrection or riot to be probable, had come out 'into the street armed and prepared for any exigency that might arise.'

The gayest and most brilliantly-lighted up house was that of Lalla Choona Mull. The principal hall was illuminated with wall-shades, chandeliers, candelabras, and blue, green, and red lanterns, the light of which, being reflected from the mirrors and four glass hemispheres hung at the four corners, made the scene one of dazzling brilliancy. Hundreds of visitors, attired in their best dresses, crowded the place to excess. Our host had carried us there, and introduced us to the owner of the house, who sat upon a rich carpet that covered half the floor of the room, receiving his friends and relatives. He was a tall thin man, of whitish complexion, on the other side of fifty. He seemed to recollect seeing our faces at Calcutta, though we could pretend to no such recognition of him. He made us sit by him for half-an-hour, and inquired for many of his friends in Calcutta. Choona Mull has principally made his fortune from extensive transactions in English piece-goods, and is now the wealthiest man in Delhi. He spoke of the model of a railway locomotive prepared by

his nephew, and pressingly invited us to see it on the next morning....

Yesterday was the anniversary of the Dewallee, and all Hindoos of this place observed it by celebrating the poojah of Luchmee, as done by us in Bengal. There was also the annual gambling among them—our host and his son having kept up till four o'clock in the morning, staking, and auguring from the vicissitudes of play their good or bad luck in the coming year. The son was a winner, and the father did not care much for the forebodings of disappointment. The passion for play among the Hindoos is from a long antiquity. It is spoken of in the Rig-Veda, when the throws of the dice killed the ennui of our ancestors. The Pandava brothers are well-known to have staked their kingdom and even their wife on the chances of the dice-board. Now that sharp laws hold all gaming and betting under restraint, the passion is indulged in only on the anniversary of the Dewallee, as a religious observance to know the auspices of the new year.

There is a very common saying all over India about *Delhi-ka-Ludhoo*, a comfit which one rues as much to eat as to have not eaten, and our servant, having gone the round of the principal sweetmeat shops in quest of this curious eatable, returned from his wild-goose errand with a baked dough-ball, to give us a hearty laugh at the hoax played upon his simplicity.

Delhi had always glowed in our imagination as the land of fairy figures and graces. It being a sacred

month as well as a sacred season, we saw endless processions of Hindoo women bending their way towards the Negumbod for a bath. The *bai-jees*, gaily dressed to display their charms, could not fail to attract one's notice as he passed through the Chandney Chowk, and saw them obtrude their faces from their verandahs with —death to all romance—the hooka in their mouths. In vain we looked for a pretty creature among the peasantry met with to work in the fields. To our disappointment —and we believe, too, to the disappointment of our reader—we must record that all that we saw of the fair sex in Delhi was unlike the romantic pictures of reading or hearsay.

In returning from our rambles this morning, we called again on Choona Mull, and, at the head of the staircase, met with his nephew, Omrao Sing, who is a tall, well-made, and fair-looking young man of five-and-twenty, or somewhat more. Though quite strangers to each other, his cordial reception and affability soon made us feel at home in his company. Like most Delhians, he has been principally educated in Persian and Hindoostanee, and knows little or nothing of English. But his little laboratory, full of mechanical tools and instruments, speaks high in favour of his cultivated taste, and of his pleasures in mechanical contrivances. He procured a little steam-engine to study its mechanism, and has by his own unaided powers constructed the model of a railway locomotive. His want of English has been a great drawback to his progress, and the books and publications that he gets out from England have to be

explained to him by an interpreter. On an open terrace he got up steam, and showed us the working of his tiny brass locomotive. Just half-an-hour before our arrival the Commissioner, with some of his friends, had come to see the same experiment. The present is a trial model, and its success has encouraged him to construct another upon a larger scale, which we advised him to place in the forthcoming Industrial Exhibition at Agra. Nothing like turning our collegiate education to practical purposes and public usefulness. The man of the press and the man of the platform are no less needed by India than the man who can build steamers and railways for her. Omrao Sing repairs his own clocks and watches. He has a taste for chemistry, and has himself constructed an electric machine for his experiments. In short, we left him with a strong impression of his remarkable powers, and his being an undoubted mechanical genius.

To speak now a few words about our host, and then take leave of him. He is a hearty old sexagenarian, who has yet a keen relish for all the good things of life. He, too, has put some money in his purse, and is sufficiently well off to enjoy the few years on this side of the grave without any cares or anxieties. His son is a fine, stout, and well-limbed young man, of steady habits, and of an unostentatious taste, for one of his age and circumstances. There was no lack of attention and hospitality on their parts; but their own *Lallaisms* and our *Young Bengalisms* had kept us from mixing together on very familiar terms. When it became known to them, too late, that we drank something more than

milk and water, and that our dishes were made not purely of vegetables, the old man regretted very much his not having cultivated the intimacy of one mess. The males have their cups and *kababs* outside, but the women, we were told, were strict Hindoos in their own apartments. In all the essential points of our national character—in habits, feelings, and principles, the Hindoo women of Bengal and the Hindoo women of the Upper Provinces are one and the same beings.

In the afternoon, went out again for a last look at Delhi. By evening our goods began to be packed for starting early the next morning by the first down-train. The son of our host came, sat by us, chatted for a few minutes, and then we mutually bade each other good-bye. Next came the father, to feed us with choice viands, and to make all manner of apologies for his shortcomings. On our part, we expressed our most sincere thanks for his kind welcome and hospitality. The mutual leave-taking gone through, with a thousand kind words in the language and wishes of all sorts for health and prosperity, the old man retired. We then made a little *bucksheesh* to each and all the servants. Taking our last supper at Delhi, we went to bed early, to get up at peep of dawn, and be off from the city of the Pandoos, most likely never to behold it again.

It is time to close our account, here, leaving open a clue for resuming our narrative on a future occasion, should circumstances ever again take us to the parts beyond Delhi, on the completion of the railway. But the Durbar of the Governor-General is so near at hand,

both in point of time and place, and to which people are going from all parts, that we would like to carry the reader with us to enjoy the great political fête, and part with him then and there.

November 10th.—'To be an emperor of China,' says Dr Gutzlaff, 'is perhaps the highest dignity to which a mortal can aspire, and which may satisfy the ambition of Alexander and Napoleon.' But of all human conditions, the most brilliant, unquestionably, is that of Governor-General of India. During the period of his government he is the deputed sovereign of the greatest empire in the world—the ruler of a hundred and fifty millions of men, and the suzerain of dependent kings and princes, who bow down to him with deferential awe and submission.

From time immemorial the autocrat of India has exacted homage from his vassals to his highest earthly sovereignty. In his day, the Hindoo had his *Rajsuye*, from the celebration of which he derived a consequence and supremacy which made him the Lord-paramount in the realm. The Great Mogul had those grand and imposing *Durbars* which caused him to be regarded as surrounded with fabulous splendour. It is the fashion now to hold similar political assemblages, but for which, however, there is no properly significant word in the language.

Circulars have been issued, and invitations sent round to many a prince and chief, and to the *élite* of the land, to meet the Viceroy of our Queen in Durbar. The circumstance has created an unusual stir and sens-

ation in the land, and all India rings with the note of preparation. In the city which was the favourite capital of Akber, have the princes and dignitaries been called upon to assemble. On a broad open plain, which has most probably seen many a pageant held by that monarch, is the Governor-General also to hold his great Durbar. Few particulars are on record as to the pomp and magnificence with which the ancient Hindoo held his *Shabhas*. But if the language of poetry be not wholly incredible, 'many a king and prince, clad in costly garments, graced the assembly with their presence. The steps of the magnificent hall were adorned with cloths embroidered in gold. Garlands of fragrant flowers waved on all sides, and drums, trumpets, and other instruments produced in harmonious concert a vivid impression on the ear, and spread joy and cheerfulness in the assembled company.'* The Durbars of the Great Mogul are well-known to have been held with the utmost display of human grandeur. 'His camp equipage consisted of tents and portable houses, in an enclosure formed by a high wall of canvas screens, and containing great halls for public receptions, apartments for feasting, galleries for exercise, and chambers for retirement; all framed of the most costly materials, and

* 'Strabo expatiates on the magnificence of the Indian festivals Elephants, adorned with gold and silver, moved forth in procession with chariots of four horses and carriages drawn by oxen; well-appointed troops marched in their allotted place; gilded vases, and basins of great size, were borne in state, with tables, thrones, goblets, and lavers, almost all set with emeralds, beryls, carbuncles, and other precious stones; garments of various colours, and embroidered with gold, added to the richness of the spectacle.'—*Elphinstone.*

adapted to the most luxurious enjoyment. The enclosure was 1530 yards square. The tents and wall were of various colours and patterns within, but all red on the outside, and crowned with gilded globes and pinnacles, forming a sort of castle in the midst of the camp. The camp itself showed like a beautiful city of tents of many colours, disposed in streets without the least disorder, covering a space of about five miles across, and affording a glorious spectacle when seen at once from a height. The king's usual place was in a rich tent, in the midst of awnings to keep off the sun. At least two acres were thus spread with silk and gold carpets and hangings, as rich as velvet, embroidered with gold, pearl, and precious stones could make them.' In imitation of the Mogul emperors, the audience-hall of Runjeet Sing had its 'floor covered with rich shawl carpets, and a gorgeous shawl canopy, embroidered with gold and precious stones, supported on golden pillars, covered three parts of the hall.'

In size, costliness of materials, and grandeur, our Governor-General's camp equipage cannot vie with that of the Mogul. It does not take two months to pitch, like Shah Jehan's suite of royal tents. He needs no pompous demonstration to govern the people by striking their imagination. All that glitters is not gold. A chain is not the less galling because it is gilded. His is the object to govern by a moral and intellectual force—by an enlightened public opinion. Still, however, his temporary city of tents has imposing appearance enough to amuse and gratify the eye. It

occupies a large space, pitched with great regularity. The principal Durbar Hall is spacious as a royal saloon. It has great artistic outward embellishments and internal decorations. There, 'soft Persian carpets receive the feet in beds of roses.' There, rich kanats and purdahs, gorgeous canopies, scarlet hangings, and decorative fringes, make up a display of skilful ornamentation, and of the utmost pageantry of state.

To the *Rajsuye* of the Hindoo Maharaj Chacraverta, came princes and potentates from as far as Assam on the east, and from Cashmere and *Camboja in the Paropamisan Mountains* on the west. They came with rich and rare presents in token of allegiance. Crowned heads stood porters at the gate, and performed the duties of scullery—for the ceremony required every office to be filled by royal personages. In the Durbars of the Great Mogul were present many a prince and grandee of the realm—Rajahs, Soubhadars, and Munsubdars, from Bengal, Guzerat, Cabul, Candahar, and other provinces of the empire. There were also ambassadors and envoys from foreign courts—from the King of Persia, from the Sherif of Mecca, from the Prince of Abyssinia, from the Khan of the Usbegs, as well as from the King of England. To the Levee of our Viceroy have been invited the descendants of the ancient Hindoo Solar and Lunar princes, a Rajah from the seaboard of the Coromandel, a Begum and Nabobs, the Lieutenants of Bengal, Oude, and the Punjaub, the *élite* of the Civil and Military Service, and the Members of the Fourth Estate. There are to be men of letters, men

of science, and men of taste—men who wield the sword for the defence of the state, and men who wield the pen and make themselves heard to the ends of the empire. There would also be native worthies from Bengal, whose rank, intelligence, loyalty, and irreproachable public character have given them a prominence among their countrymen.

Round a circle of thirty miles, have thousands of men, elephants, horses, camels, bullocks, carts, and ekkas, forming the retinue and equipages of the princes and chiefs, encamped themselves in the most picturesque groups. To witness the grand fête, men from the Hills, from Bengal, and other parts of the Presidency have poured themselves in swarms. The flow of human streams is endless through all the highways and by-ways leading to Agra—marked by an interminable trail of dust for miles. More than two hundred thousand outsiders have gathered at the great political *mela*. The great jewellers have laid out their precious goods and wares for sale. Hotel-wallahs have opened their restaurants. Stable-keepers from Calcutta have sent forward their gharries and horses. It is a harvest for them all. The large concourse has made food dear and accommodation scarce. Friends and relatives have been written to secure houses, but none are available. One native gentleman has engaged an accommodation at three hundred rupees, for which the usual monthly rent is twenty rupees. Single rooms in the native town are asked for five rupees a day. Gharries for hire are absolutely unprocurable.

This day afternoon has been fixed for his Lordship's arrival from Delhi, and public entry into Agra. It is a rare pleasure to enjoy the sight of the landing and reception of a Governor-General. The solemnities, the processions, and the martial pageants displayed on the occasion, occur only once or twice in a decade, and the day ought to be set apart in the calendar as a public holiday in the capital where it takes place. As the hour of his Lordship's approach became nigh, the spectators on foot began to fill the streets. Next came the gentry on horses or in ekkas. Then followed the equipages and retinue of some of the sirdars and chiefs, the officials, and the big authorities. There was not a door, window, balcony, and roof, which did not throng with gazers. From the housetops in the neighbourhood looked down the females of the native Zenanas. The roadway from the bridge of boats to the Tripolia was a crowd of men. There was a picturesque multitude upon the tila or eminence in Peepurmundee. The city police formed the first row to keep off the crowds from the thoroughfare. In their fronts stood the European infantry. Upon the glacis of the fort waited the artillery. Near the ghaut were the cavalry and the body-guards. By four o'clock the train appeared from Delhi with the Viceroy, and the thousands assembled to welcome stretched their eyes on the look-out for him. The state-carriage rumbled along the bridge of boats. His Lordship first sent off Lady Lawrence under an escort *vid* the road along the river. Then, getting up on horseback, he touched the soil of Agra, and the soldiers presented

their arms, the bands struck up, and the guns boomed forth the royal salute from the parapets of Akber's ancient fort. The Viceroy, with the Commander-in-chief and a Maharajah on his right and left, escorted by an army of halberdiers, body-guards, and troopers, and followed by a splendid train of equipages, proceeded slowly on towards the Durbar grounds,—whilst the din and shouts of men, the tramp and neighing of horses, and the clatter of swords, filled the air with a deafening noise. To quote the poet, 'it was one unbroken line of splendour,—and seldom has the Eastern world seen a cavalcade so superb.'

The Durbar-fête is to last for seven days, and various rejoicings and festivities are to please 'the children of a larger growth.' Like the Moguls, the Governor-General is not to be 'weighed in golden scales against silver, gold, perfumes, and other substances in succession,' and then distribute them among the spectators. He is not to scatter 'almonds and other fruits of gold and silver,' to be eagerly caught up by the assembly. Nor are any 'vessels filled with jewels to be waved round his head or poured over his person,' and then given away in presents to the bystanders. Far other gaieties and amusements are to entertain those whom curiosity or duty has brought to the place of meeting. He is first to go through the ceremonious interchange of visits to the various princes. Next he is to present the crosses and ribands of the knighthood of the Star of India. This is to be followed by a splendid illumination of the Taj. Then there are to be princely banquets, and parades,

and military manœuvres of the troops. The Great Durbar to come off the last, and close the jubilee.

During the forenoons and afternoons of the 12th and the 13th the unceasing salutes heard through the din and dust apprized people far and near of the exchange of visits made by the Viceroy and the Rajahs. Never have two royal persons met together without jealousies and squabbles inevitably springing up among them. The large number of potentates come to the Durbar have engaged themselves in a heraldic controversy, and become litigious and punctilious about etiquette and precedence. It was gossipped throughout the town, that Jodhpore would not sit below Scindia, and Scindia below Jodhpore. To satisfy both parties, the Governor-General has resolved upon separate interviews with them.

On the evening of the 13th came off the illumination of the Taj. The sight of it was an epoch in a man's life. There were the finest of architecture, light and music, foliage and flowers, fair faces and soft associations, which mingled together to form one of the rarest spectacles ever presented of *Romance Realized.* The great gateway was lighted up with rows of saucers. The groves all round were illuminated with festoons of lamps. On each side of the green alley hung thousands of vari-coloured lanterns from the trees. The innumerable fountains spouted forth their waters, that diffused a coolness through the fragrant air, and fell in lulling sounds upon the ear. The arbour in the middle was a scene of dazzling brilliancy. Small bamboo

frame-works, studded with lamps, were set in the middle of the channel to reflect the flames in the smooth mirror of the waters. From the gateway were flashed jets of electric light that chased away darkness. Nothing could be more beautiful than the leaves of the mango and lime trees, shining in the light of the fantastic illumination, 'which shed a lustre round as soft as that of the nights of *Peristan*.' On either side of the long vista, sparkling with the play of countless lamps, rose music, and came on the breeze in 'delicious dream-like harmonies.' More than five thousand people were supposed to have been assembled in the garden, in every variety of gay, brilliant, and tasteful costume. The witchery of the scene was particularly heightened by the groups of female forms disporting round, and going 'like gay moths about a lamp at night.' In the midst of all stood forth in graceful majesty the Taj with its white alabaster form—as if Mumtaza herself had waked from the slumbers of the dead to witness the fairy scenes around her.

The most charming of all sights was the illumination of the Jumna. The whole bend of the river, down two or three miles, sparkled with little lights like a sea of stars. Ceaseless and countless were the little lamps that slowly and gaily floated down the sluggish stream in tiny shallow paper cups, and closed the scene far as the eye could reach. 'As Lalla Rookh and her companions passed along a sequestered river after sunset, they saw a young Hindoo girl upon the bank, whose employment seemed to them so strange, that they stop-

ped their palankeens to observe her. She had lighted a small lamp, filled with oil of cocoa, and placing it in an earthen dish, adorned with a wreath of flowers, had committed it with a trembling hand to the stream, and was now anxiously watching its progress down the current, heedless of the gay cavalcade which had drawn up beside her. Lalla Rookh was all curiosity,—when one of her attendants, who had lived upon the banks of the Ganges (where this ceremony is so frequent, that often, in the dusk of the evening, the river is seen glittering all over with lights, like the Oton-tala or Sea of Stars), informed the princess that it was the usual way in which the friends of those who had gone on dangerous voyages offered up vows for their safe return. If the lamp sunk immediately, the omen was disastrous: but if it went shining down the stream, and continued to burn till entirely out of sight, the return of the beloved object was considered as certain. Lalla Rookh, as they moved on, more than once looked back to observe how the young Hindoo's lamp proceeded; and, while she saw with pleasure that it was still unextinguished, she could not help fearing that all the hopes of this life were no better than that feeble light upon the river.'

The maid or matron, as she throws
Champac or lotus, Bel or rose,
Or sends the quivering light afloat
In shallow cup or paper boat,
Prays for a parent's peace or wealth,
Prays for a child's success or health,
For a fond husband breathes a prayer,
For progeny their loves to share,
For what of good on earth is given,
To lowly life, or hoped in Heaven.—*H. H. Wilson.*

The Grand Durbar took place on the 20th November. The vice-regal tent was prepared and decorated with every pageant for the occasion. There was no squatting on the floor in the true Oriental fashion, but chairs and benches were placed round for the seats of the princes and magnates. The Viceroy took his seat in a large gilded chair at the head of the assembly, with all the imposing magnificence of the Indian Suzerain. Though he was not surrounded by lieutenants, and secretaries, and officers 'wearing high heron plumes and sparkling with diamonds,' the glittering uniforms of his staff, the immense retinue, and the crowd of high and beautiful ladies in gay costumes, made up a show that is scarcely exhibited by any court in Europe or the East. The greatest display was made by the Rajahs and Chiefs appearing in their richest jewels, satins, shawls, and cloths of gold. Near fifty princes and potentates were assembled in the hall. There was the Rajah of Jodhpore—the scion of the ancient Rahtores, the descendant of Rajah Maun, magnificently dressed and covered with pearls, diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. The Rajah of Jeypore, sprung from the ancient Rajah Nala of romantic memory, and the illustrious Jey Sing, was there gorgeously attired in gold and jewels. No one enjoyed so high a lineage and prestige as the Rana of Odeypore, and the descendant of Ikshaku, 'Raghu, and Rama was represented by his vakeel. There was the Maharajah Scindia, who recalled the memory of Sevajee, and of the Mahratta empire. The Bhurtpore Rajah did the same of the royal Jaut

Suraje Mull. Pomp and beauty, indeed, in that assembly of princes shone with a lustre which the eye could scarcely bear, and spread on every side. But far away from the Coromandel was one—the Rajah of Viziana-gram, who glittered superior to all, just as a Hindoo poet would say, is 'the *Parijata* among other heavenly trees.' His noble appearance, handsome features, and magnificent dress made him

> 'The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
> The observed of all observers!'

To mention what is unexampled, and what never graced the assemblies of the Hindoo or the Great Mogul, there was in that hall her Highness the Begum of Bhopaul. The royalty of all Rajasthan was come to the great meeting. It would take a long space to notice them all—so we pass them over in silence. But not in silence pass Rajah Sir Dinkur Rao, and Rajah Sir Deo Narain Sing. There, too, was one, who commanded the general respect of his countrymen for his venerableness, his rectitude, and his remarkable consistency. In youth his habits must have been temperate, and to his temperance does he owe his singularly green old age. Long has he passed his eightieth year, but he still retains the vigour of his body and mind. Toiling for half a century in the cause of his nation's education and well-being, and bequeathing a literary legacy for distant unborn generations, he had retired to a quiet haven to spend the evening of his life. But his sovereign had reserved honours for him, and quitting his seclusion, his peace, and his prayers, he had once more

come before the world to receive those honours. It is long that Bengal has ceased to have her national historic characters—and the name, next to that of Rammohun Roy, that shall adorn our historic page, is that of the author of the *Subdo Kulpo Droom.* The venerable Rajah Sir Radhacanth Deb was there, and not the less venerable Baboo Prosono Comar Tagore, whose respectable birth, position, and judicial repute, have made him a foremost man among his countrymen. In the history of Indian jurisprudence he is to be mentioned as the first proposer for the amalgamation of the Supreme and Sudder Courts.

Few things illustrate more strikingly the great conservatism of the world, than the punctiliousness and care which are required, even in the nineteenth century, to observe the forms and rules of etiquette old by two thousand or more years. They fail not, however, to make a deep impression on the mind. The great object of these Durbars is not only political consequence to the governing power, but also political good to the governed. They offer the best opportunity to the Viceroy to give advices personally to the assembled Rajahs themselves. Nothing is more needed by them than a knowledge of the right principles of administration. The religion, the laws, the literature, and the arts of Asia, may all be fairly contrasted with those of Europe without suffering much damage or depreciation by the result. But no comparison can hold between the respective forms of government which the two portions of the old world exhibit. The British constitution is un-

doubtedly the best of all human political contrivances. Nothing approaching to it has ever been known in India or the East. The Oriental mind has produced the religion of the Vedas and of Buddha—that of the Guebers, of the Koran, and of Christianity itself, which is the principal basis of the civilization of Europe. It has framed such copious and refined languages as the Sanscrit and the Arabic. It has furnished the world with codes and jurisprudence, that Lycurgus and Solon adopted for their guide. It has produced songs and poetry scarcely inferior to the effusions of Homer. It has originated arts and inventions that minister yet to the necessities and comforts of mankind. In all these respects, it has an evident right to originality, and may claim an equality, if not a superiority, to the European mind. But it is decidedly wanting in the knowledge of the construction of a civil polity. It has never known, nor attempted to know, any other form of government than despotism. Political science and political reform appear, like the oak and the elm, to be the plants of the soil of Europe. Never has any effort been made for their introduction in the plains of Persia, or the valley of the Ganges. Though the most important of all branches of human knowledge, politics have never engaged the attention of the people of the East. They have never studied the theory and practice of a constitutional government. They have never conceived anything like republicanism. They have never understood emancipation from political servitude. They have never known what is a covenant

between the subject and the sovereign. They have never had any patriotism or philanthropy—any common spirit and unity of feeling for the public weal. Now that it is in contemplation to teach native rulers the art of government, they should improve their tastes and habits, acquire those sterling qualities of the mind which inspire attachment and loyalty, get over the pride and prejudices which are a bar to progress, and be educated in those sound principles of administration, which conduce to the preservation of order, and the physical and moral well-being of the people. They should know the progress that the world has made in humanity — a humanity that is extended even to the inferior animals. They should learn to govern for the good, not of the fewest, but the greatest number.

Here, dear reader, we take our leave, thanking you for your patient courtesy, and hoping to meet with you again.

THE END.

ERRATA.

VOL. I.—Page 201, note, *for* Edcrest *read* Everest

305, last line but one, *for* in a populous *read* is a populous

VOL. II.—Page 49, line 22, *for* Chohanse *read* Chohans

„ 54, „ 7, *for* Brahminism *read* Brahmoism

JOHN CHILDS AND SON, PRINTERS.

TRAVELS OF A HINDOO.

Opinions of the Press.

'We are glad to perceive that the author of the sketches entitled "Trips and Tours," which were for some months published regularly in the "Saturday Evening Englishman," proposes to bring them out in a revised form in two volumes. One of the London publishers has been charged with the getting-up of the work, and we have no doubt it will form a valuable addition to the drawing-room library. When the sketches were originally published they were read with great interest, and many a reader anxiously inquired of us the author's name. They will now have the satisfaction of receiving the work in a durable form; and we trust the reading public of India, such as it is, will not be backward in extending their patronage to the literary undertaking. There are comparatively few books of Indian travel, and of varying merits; but there is not one which paints the ancient and classic spots of Hindoostan from a Hindoo point of view. Baboo Bholanauth Chunder has supplied this desideratum.'—*Hindoo Patriot*, 16*th December*, 1867.

'The clever author of the "Trips and Tours," a series of papers about Indian towns and cities which periodically appeared in the "Saturday Evening Englishman" some time ago, intends republishing them in a separate form. I am very glad to hear this, and hope the book will have a large sale. It deserves to succeed, for it is really a most entertaining work, full of anecdotes, legends, and traditionary tales, and written withal in a very agreeable and chatty style.'—*Mirzapore Advertiser*, 19*th January*, 1868.

'The contrast, in ordinary times, between the state of the people of permanently settled Bengal and of the hitherto periodically leased North-west, is thus described by a native traveller from the former province:—"As we proceeded, everything about us bespoke of Hindoostan,—the stalwart and muscular men, their turbaned heads and tucked-up *dhooties*, their Hindoo colloquy, the garment-wearing women, the mud-roofed houses, the fields of *jowara*, the dry soil and air, the superior cattle, the camels, the absence of the bamboo and cocoa, and the wells in place of tanks. In sea-board Bengal, bogs, fens, and forests cover nearly a third of its area. In the Doab, almost every inch of land is under cultivation. From Allahabad to Shecoabad there are four large cities, and villages at frequent intervals. A similar distance in Bengal is no doubt dotted with the same number

of villages, but not one town equal to Futtehpore, Cawnpore, or Mynporee. There, townships deserving of the name occur only along the banks of the Bhagiruttee. If villages in the Doab are less picturesque, they are at the same time less subject to epidemics than the woody villages of Bengal. In a Bengal village hardly any better food is generally procurable than coarse rice, and lentils, and *goor*. In the rural districts of the Doab, flour, vegetables, fruits, milk, and sweetmeats are as abundant and excellent as in a metropolis. The food of a people is the best criterion of its condition. Here the rural population is more intelligent and spirited than the same class in Bengal. The ryot in Hindoostan is no less a bondsman to the *mahagun* than the ryot in Jessore or Dacca. But he is more independent-minded, and would not tamely put up with the outrages that are inflicted by a Bengal zemindar or indigo-planter. Unquestionably, the humblest Doabee lives upon better food, and covers his body with more abundant clothing, than the humblest Bengalee. The cattle here are various. Camels, buffaloes, horses, donkeys, and oxen, are all made to assist man in his labours. In Bengal, the oxen alone form beasts of burden. The fashion of Hindoostanee cooleyism is to take the load over the waist, and not upon the head. In Calcutta, the Baboos who talk big of politics and reformations, do not know what it is to ride. In Hindoostan rural women perform journeys on horseback, and princesses discuss the merits of horsemanship. The fondness of the Doabee women for coloured millinery certainly evinces a more refined female taste, and to them may remotely be traced the impetus which is given to the various dye manufactures of our country. The agricultural women of Doab use ornaments of brass and bell-metal. The same class in Bengal is in the habit of wearing shell ornaments—ornaments that first came into fashion with the savages, though sometimes a pair of Dacca shell-bracelets may cost the sum of two hundred and fifty rupees.'—*The Indian Administration*, by H. G. Keene.

'The Bengalee writer, from whom we have above borrowed an account of the different aspects of Bengal and the North-west, also furnishes an interesting picture of the Hindoostanee feeling when the Income Tax was being levied. He is describing a visit that he paid to an up-country friend at Agra:—"Nothing could have been more welcome after the long day's touring and sight-seeing, than to sit to the excellent supper got up by our host—a pleasant sequel to sum up one of the most pleasant days of our life. The supper was in a style to tempt a Catholic to break through his Lent. The conversation turned upon the principal subject of the day—Income Tax. Throughout Hindoostan it is regarded as a national mulct for the rebellion. The mysterious 'wants of the state' are incomprehensible to the popular understanding. As yet, the Indians have not a common national mind to feel a concern for the welfare of a common State. They are busy about their own private fiscal prosperity, and indifferent to any outside calls of common interest. It never enters into their

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